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HONEST DEBTORS

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"a prudent wife is from Jehovah"

To my wife.

O.P. Gifford

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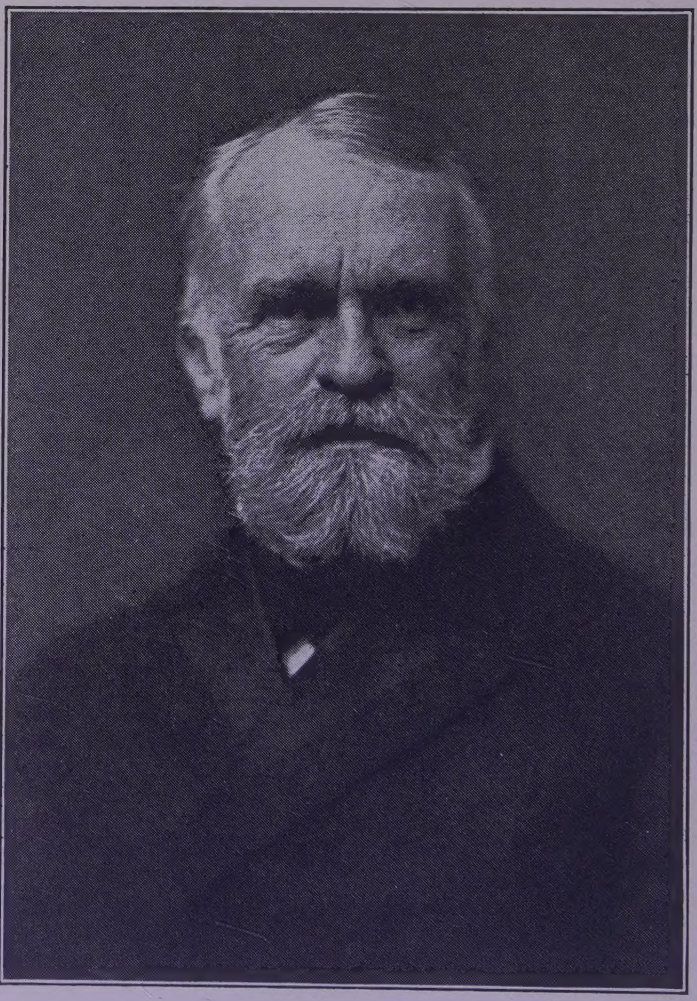

ORRIN PHILIP GIFFORD, D. D.

HONEST DEBTORS

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

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By

ORRIN PHILIP GIFFORD, D. D.

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PREFACE

MANY of the addresses of Doctor Gifford from pulpit and platform have been printed and circulated in more or less ephemeral form as pamphlets or as newspaper articles. Much of his work exists in type-script as it was prepared for the author's own convenience. By the courtesy of Doctor Gifford a selection from each of these bodies of material has been made available to the publishers of this volume.

For the arrangement of the material the publishers are responsible, but the sermons and addresses appear as they were delivered, substantially unchanged, with all their wealth of allusions to the events of the times that gave them occasion.

The well-known abilities of Doctor Gifford that have given his work charm and appeal are strikingly in evidence here: Fulness of thought, and compression of utterance; a wide range of information, furnishing a well-ordered treasury of apt illustration, and epigrammatical statement that proves the artist's patience and skill in clarifying, crystallizing, and cutting his gems of expression.

Not alone style will be remarked, but useful matter also. The sermon that occupies the title rôle, and some of its immediate associates, cannot fail to be of interest and service in these years when Christian living is rightly interpreted in Jesus' own terms as Stewardship of Life.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA., August 30, 1922.

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PART I

SERMONS

I

HONEST DEBTORS

"I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also."—Romans 1 : 14, 15.

THREE civilizations meet at the Cross of Christ. Language is the highest possible expression of thought. Thought is the soul of civilization. Governments decay; institutions perish; buildings go into ruins; but language persists.

The empire founded by Alexander is a haunting memory; the thoughts wrought out by Socrates and Plato are persistent. Alexander entrusted his thoughts to institutions and forms of government; Plato and Socrates entrusted their thoughts to the Greek language.

Christ built no cities, founded no governments, left no institutions, but the thoughts of Christ have reorganized the world. He entrusted them to words. The Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin civilizations voiced one common thought: "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

Three Civilizations Met in Paul

Three civilizations met in Paul—the Hebrew, the Roman, and the Christian. He was a Hebrew, of the seed of Abraham, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin; born and reared in a Jewish home, educated in Jewish schools. But it is not a Hebrew who says: "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians;

both to the wise, and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." The Jew had no sense of obligation to the world. He dealt in cash payments wherever he went. Paul Krüger of South Africa welcomed no nation to his republic; he stood fully armed beating back the British invasion. All who entered the Transvaal must comply with the institutions when they entered. So Paul the Pharisee would not cross the street to make a convert. He would go from Jerusalem to Damascus to hinder an onslaught. The religion of the Jew brought no sense of obligation.

It is not Paul the Roman who says: "I am a debtor both to the Greeks, and to the barbarians; both to the wise, and to the unwise." Rome owed nothing to the world. The world owed everything to Rome, and she was busy collecting her debts. She pushed her collections out to the ends of the world; she assessed her taxes on kingdoms and empires; she sat at the receipt of customs in the four quarters of the globe.

But a new civilization had come into Paul's heart and life—the Christian. He stood at the ends of the two civilizations and at the beginning of another. He said: "I, Paul the Christian, am debtor to the Greeks, and to the barbarians; to the wise, and to the unwise."

Christ introduced a new principle of life. The debtor is commonly thought of as one who owes for what he has bought and has not paid for. A man buys a house; he pays $2,000 down, and gives a mortgage for the rest, and the borrower is evermore the slave of the lender. If a tenant cannot pay his rent, he is put out on the street, and loses nothing. A man with a mortgage who does not pay his interest loses all that he has put in. The merchant belongs to the debtor class. He stocks his

shelves with goods that are not paid for. The purchaser, leaning over the counter and running his eye up and down the stock, envies the merchant. So the debtor class is the class that owes for what it seems to have and has not yet paid for. What had the Greek and the barbarian, the wise and the unwise, done for Paul that he was in debt to them? Nothing. But the new principle is that the man who has the truth is in debt to the man who lacks the truth. The man who has power is in debt to the man who is weak. So, as much as in him is, he is under obligation to share his truth with the man who has it not.

One day one of the Pharisees asked Christ, "What is the greatest commandment?" And he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." And the man said, "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus answered, "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, who stripped him and left him half-dead." A rich priest and a Levite went by that way. They stood near enough to see him, but he had done nothing for them, therefore they were under no obligation to do anything for him, and they passed by on the other side. A Samaritan, coming that way with his beast of burden, saw him. The man had done nothing for him, but he could do something for the man, therefore he was a debtor. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Put yourself in the man's place, and if, by the wayside, you find a man stripped and half dead, your beast of burden belongs to him; your cash and credit belong to him; your strength and time belong to him. That is not Judaism; that is not Roman Imperialism; that is Christianity. But there are a great many in the Christian church who

still think that indebtedness arises when some one has done something for you. It arises when you can do something for the other man.

The Civilization the World Lacks

What had Paul that the world lacked? The gospel. The gospel is made up of facts and truths. The facts of the gospel are about a dozen. Jesus of Nazareth was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King. He was taken down into Egypt to save his life. He was reared in a humble home in Nazareth. He was baptized for the fulfilment of righteousness. He received the gift of the Holy Ghost. He was tempted forty days in the wilderness. He came out and gave his life to the world in teaching. He was convicted of blasphemy, for he made himself the Son of God. He died on the cross; he was buried in a borrowed tomb; he arose the third day, and ascended on high, leading captivity captive. He poured out the Spirit on his waiting disciples of the world. These are the facts. But inside this row of facts is a mighty truth. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever shall believe in him shall have everlasting life." "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up," that he may draw all men toward him. He bore our sins in his own body on the tree. He is the resurrection and the life. The man who grasps these facts by faith, grasps the truth, and the truth regenerates. The wire on Elmwood Avenue is visible; the current is invisible. When the trolley-wheel touches the visible wire with a visible touch, the invisible current drives the car. The body of man is made of the dust of the earth; the soul is the breath of God. He who receives the body, receives the soul. If your friend should

telegraph you tomorrow from Washington, "I am coming," and should die on the way, you would not welcome the body. The body has been forwarded without the spirit—the fact without the truth. The fact in Jesus Christ's gospel carried truth, truth that regenerates and redeems. What the soul is to the body, what the current is to the wire, the truth is to the fact. He who presents the facts by faith, and he who lays hold of the facts by faith, lays hold of the truth, and it is the truth that gives strength and righteousness.

Now, this gospel that Paul was ready to preach at Rome and thus discharge his indebtedness, was the power of God unto salvation. So what Rome lacked is power. The morning lesson from the first chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Romans, is a true photograph of Rome, and Rome wallowed in its weakness. It was unable to strengthen itself into the likeness of God's thought. What the world lacks today is power. The forces of nature are terrific, and the laboratory of nature is packed with men who are searching for power. Civilization waits on power. When man found a beast of burden that could carry his load for him, half the work was done. When he found steam-power that carried him and his burden, the journey became a delight. We have passed on now to electric-power, and new ranges of achievement have now opened to us. When we mastered the perpendicular railroad, we ran our buildings twenty stories toward the clouds.

The world waits for power. Every grain of sand on the seashore struggles toward the center of the earth. And the whole force of gravity is to make matter a dead weight. When man wants to make a building, he has to get under and lift against this force of gravity. When he has power to do the building, then building is a pastime

and amusement. Men's minds are filled with great ideas. They wait for power to execute them. Oh, if men were only strong to carry out their thoughts? If you were only as good in the street as you muse yourself to be by the fireside! But when I do good, evil is ever present with me. It is the dead weight. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I want power. That is what the world wants. That is what the gospel of Jesus Christ gives, and the man who has found the secret of power, and refuses to share it, is a thief. The man who knows how to save the soul, and is mute and dumb, is a bad man. Wherever this gospel has gone and has been received, it has proved itself to be a power of God to salvation. Now the man who has a truth like that and will not share it, is worse than the heathen who waits for it. And Paul, knowing he had this power in his own keeping, acknowledged himself an honest debtor, and said he was willing to preach the gospel of that power to the weakness of Rome. The gospel of Christ is the righteousness of God.

Men are not only weak, but they are wicked. When they get strength, they use it to carry out wicked purposes. What man lacks is righteousness of motive, of thought, of act. An unseen finger has written on the walls of our modern civilization this simple question, "What would Jesus do?" The business man lifting his eyes from his desk, finds it written on the walls of his counting-room; the school-teacher on the walls of the schoolroom; the doctor on the walls of his office; the woman on the walls of her home—What would Jesus do? That question was answered over eighteen hundred years ago when Jesus told us what God did do in the flesh; for Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh, and Jesus Christ is the righteousness of God. He is the right kind of a

life, and the man who follows Christ's example, lives a righteous life.

How the New Civilization Comes

Paul stands there in his power of righteousness and his power of religion, and says, "I am willing to share it with the men of Rome." It is a curious thing that men put thoughts into words, and these words and thoughts taken into life, transform life; and yet the mind is so made that that is a fact of life.

Suppose a man does not pay his honest debts—he shrinks from his obligations. First of all, he wrongs his neighbors. I have a friend living in a suburb near Boston. He belongs to the vast class of suburban dwellers in that section of the country; his office is in Boston, his home in the suburbs. And he tells me of this curious condition of things. He found that he must pay two, three, or ten cents more for everything he buys in the suburbs than he pays in the city. He asked a neighbor for the secret of this, and the neighbor said: "My grocer tells me that it is because a certain proportion of the people who live in the suburbs never pay their debts, and the dealers, to save themselves from bankruptcy, must spread it over the honest people." This gentleman was standing one morning on the street corner, over against the finest tenement in the block. A grocer was wearing out his knuckles on a back door. He turned to this gentleman finally, saying, "Do you know where Mr. R. has moved to?" The gentleman replied, "No, I do not." With a sigh, the grocer said: "It is always so. He owes me $75." He has saved that out of the community. So, down in that section, the average suburbanite never buys a house; he gets a month's rent and then flees in the night-time. Now, in order to strike a

general average, it must be spread out over the community, and honesty pays the debts of dishonesty.

You take a church that is made up of five hundred members, two hundred and fifty of whom shirk their honest obligations in caring for the home and the foreign work, and the load comes with double burden on the honest members of that church; for if it is dishonest to rob your grocer, it is as dishonest to rob your God; if it is dishonest to rob your landlord, it is just as dishonest to rob your Christ. And the result of it is a low spiritual temperature all through the church. It is a burden on the honest people when men will get the advantage of a Christian civilization and not do their part in bearing its burdens. "I am a debtor," said Paul. You are no less debtors. What have you done to share the gospel that is so much to you with the world? Ever and again on the street I see a boy who has managed to get a "hitch"; he is getting a ride for nothing. The Christian church has a great many "hitched" on who are getting their gospel without paying their fare for riding. It is a double burden.

In the second place, the dishonest man injures himself more than he injures his fellow. I would rather live in a neighborhood where I had to pay ten cents a pound more for my butter, and fifteen dollars more for my rental, and pay it, than to be the man who will eat butter at my expense and live in a house for which I pay.

The Master said that a nobleman went away into a far country, and before he went, he left talents to his slaves; and one slave with one talent wrapped it in a napkin and buried it, and it stayed there undisturbed; and the man seemed to be as well off while the master was gone. The master returned, and that was the day of judgment. The talent was dug up and carried to the master; it was

taken from the man, and he was cast into outer darkness. But science teaches us that the day of judgment is now; the disintegration of character goes on now, and the man need not wait for the nobleman to return, but the disintegration begins with the first shovelful of earth that is dug—begins with the thought that prompts the digging. There is not only unfolding into a nobler life, but there is degenerating into a viler life.

One of the saddest studies of Christian character is this: To see a man take the gospel of Christ and refuse to obey its genius, and lose its power in his own life. Charles Darwin said that when he was a young man he was charmed with poetry and delighted with music; but when he became an old man, he writes that Shakespeare nauseates him, poetry has lost its charm, and music is a bore; and he says, "The upper part of my nature seems to be atrophied in such things." He has tracked the earthworm so long that he has lost touch with the genius of Shakespeare. When he was on board the steamer Beagle he was laughed at by the sailors because he was orthodox in his belief of the Bible. When he became an old man he says, "I must write myself an agnostic." He had measured the length of an earthworm and lost God; he had mastered the secret of the plant and lost eternal life; he had found a monkey and lost heaven. He did not need to wait for the day of judgment. His day of judgment overtook him this side of the grave, and he stumbled wearily into the kindly arms of mother earth, having lost his faith, lost his knowledge, lost his moral impulse and power, because he had not been keen enough to see that the laws of God run through the religious life just as surely as they run through nature.

The man who holds this gospel truth, that holds in itself power, and refuses to obey the genius of that

gospel, loses the power of it, and loses the righteousness of it; and there is the secret of the non-development of this power of a Christian character, right under the shadow of the altars of a living God.

Some months ago a minister in the great Northwest, going out to look up a mission field, knowing that there were deer in the forest just beyond, made an arrangement with a merchant in the town to go with him on a deer-hunt. A light snow had fallen the night before. They separated, the business man going to the left, and the minister to the right. They made an appointment to meet at a certain tree. The minister took the gun, the compass, and some matches, and journeyed into the woods. The business man swung around and came to the tree at the appointed time, and the minister was not there. He waited awhile and then went back to the town to meet a business engagement. The night fell. They formed a searching-party; they followed the minister by the tracks in the snow until they found he had tracked a deer; they went after him for over a mile, until they came to where he found he was lost, and knew it. He went back and got his gun and matches, and looked at his compass and then started off into the woods again. He laid his gun against a tree and studied his compass, and deliberately marched away from the town. They found him about midnight shivering over a little forest fire, and when they asked him why he did not follow the compass, he said, "When it said south, I knew it meant north." He was wiser than his compass. There he sat waiting for some one to find him, because he knew more than his compass.

Men, women, have you grown wiser than the Word of God? The Word of God points you to the mission field. Are you going, in your thoughts and in your sympathies,

in your prayers and in your gifts? The world points you to the unsaved soul beneath your own roof, to the man you do business with, to your neighbor across the way. The gospel of Christ has become very dim and indistinct, it has lost its power over your life; you are not as righteous as you were ten years ago. Why? Because as a dishonest Christian you have not paid your debts. Power and righteousness, to be realized, must be shared. The gospel, to be known, must be preached and lived and shared; and the man who shrinks from the genius of it, loses the power of it.

II

HOPE OF GAINS

"And when her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, and drew them into the market-place unto the rulers."—Acts 16 : 19.

In the Hebrew record of the Exodus we read that the pillar of cloud and fire served two purposes. It was a guide to Israel and destroyed Egypt. From it Jehovah looked upon Israel, and there was light; he looked upon Egypt, and the way was dark. The slave escaped, the master was overwhelmed. Walls of water stood up on either side, and Israel passed through dry-shod; the walls toppled over, chariot-wheels stuck, horses tangled in their harness, and soldiers were anchored by their armor.

The Double Meaning of God

Centuries after the Exodus, descendants of the escaped slaves kept the feast of the Tabernacles once a year in memory of the tent life in the wilderness. The evening before the beginning of the feast, two huge lamps, one upon each side of the altar of burnt-offering, were lighted as the darkness gathered. They poured out a flood of light on temple, courts, streets, and over the walls of the city into the gorge beyond. Troops of worshipers danced and sang praises in the light. The lamps were symbols of the pillar of fire. Standing in the flood of light Christ said: "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

God revealed himself in two ways through the pillar, saving and destroying. God revealed himself in two ways through Christ, saving and destroying. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." "I am come to destroy the devil and his works." "God is love." "God is a consuming fire." The same God who called Moses to carry Israel across the desert, as a nurse carries a sick child, bade him smite Egypt, turn the empire into a huge morgue. "There was not a house without one dead." Bade him scourge the land till it writhed in agony, bade him bury the Egyptian army in an unmarked grave. The God who made the heavens and the earth, and gave the earth to the children of men, who walked with man in the cool of the day, drove him from the garden, and fastened the earth like a burden upon the bowed back of labor. Love demands love, if it gets hate it curdles. Purity demands purity, if it gets impurity it revolts; righteousness, if it gets unrighteousness, flames. The more I love my friend the more I give, the more I demand. If a man does not care for a woman he takes no notice of her character, actions, company; but if he gives her his heart, he demands a return. A man fences his field and guards what he loves. Because he loves his boy he demands carefulness of life. "The Lord our God is a jealous God." The shackles that fell from Israel broke the heart of Egypt.

The same truth comes out in nature. The force of gravity holds the stones in place to shelter the worshiper, to give an oasis of silence in a sea of noise; but if you step from the pinnacle the same force will crush out your life on the pavement below. The third rail is alive to drive the car and to murder the man who touches it. Water in the stomach quenches thirst and prolongs life; in the lungs, it strangles and shortens life. The same

Christ who bent tenderly over the sinning woman and bade her go in peace, smote the cheek of hypocrisy till it tingles through the centuries. The Christ who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," also said, "It is better for a man that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble." It is better to go without dividends than to declare them at the cost of child labor. The same Christ who bade all weary and heavy-laden laborers come unto him and rest, denounced the religious leaders of his day as hypocrites, whited sepulchers, not merely caretakers in a graveyard, but themselves graves. He pictured a great white throne: before it came nations, and from it went men to joy and heaven, and also men to hell and torment.

God revealed himself in Egypt, saving and smiting. God reveals himself in nature, curing and killing. God reveals himself in Christ, drawing to himself and driving from himself. Christ is a savor of life unto life, and of death unto death. In the parade of the Roman conqueror the clouds of incense meant victory to the Roman, slavery to the conquered.

To Destroy Demons, to Save Men

This same God was in Paul on European soil. When Paul walked the streets of Philippi, he was the Christian church entering Europe. He spoke mercy to Lydia by the riverside, hope to the jailer in the prison, but cast out the demon from the slave girl, and bankrupted the syndicate that drew gains from her shame.

Christians must face evil as well as seek prayer-meetings. The cloud must destroy Egypt as well as save Israel, nay, rather, it must destroy Egypt to save Israel.

Christ must cast out demons as well as save men. To save men he must cast out demons. The church must smite evil as well as comfort weakness, must smite in order to comfort. A knife is better than a poultice in treating a cancer.

Christ was merciful with men, but merciless with demons, and if men become identified with demons they must suffer the consequences. It is not enough to use the street in going from home to prayer-meeting; we must cleanse it of demons. The church has the conscience of the community, has the open vision. "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness." When Sinai was used as a stable for the Egyptian calf, the Law was in danger; both could not exist together in the same camp. When the temple court was used as an exchange, the true worship was in peril. Cattle and Christ could not be in the temple court at the same time. The church would save more men if she had more power over demons that ruin men. Buddha was in the passive voice, Christ was in the active voice; we have a great many Buddhas in the modern church.

In casting out the demon that enslaved the girl he struck the men who profited by her slavery. This blow revealed their motive—"hope of gain."

The Motive That Is as Gravity

Motives give character to deeds. What the soul is to the body, motive is to action. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and his thoughts give meaning to his deeds. The act may be the same, its effect the same on the man acted upon, but the reaction utterly unlike. A man is drowning, another man plunges in and saves him at the risk of his own life. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he will lay down his

life for his friend." The heroic act fills the papers, the man steps into the temple of fame. We learn later that the man saved him that he might punish him; drowning was too easy, the savior had pursued this man for months, and plunged in to get a grip on him and torment him for years. The public changes its judgment. We learn later that the man was employed to track the would-be suicide, was promised a thousand dollars to save him if he attempted death; we lose interest in the man who will risk death for dollars —that is the national disease. We learn that the man who plunged in was a stranger, but risked death for a Carnegie medal; we lose interest in him. Hope of gain does not appeal to the heroic in man, it is too common a motive, it is as wide-spread as the force of gravity, it holds too many of us down to earth. It is the mainspring in the mechanism of the commercial watch. Of all motives that ensoul the deed the commonest and the meanest is hope of gain. John Milton tells us that the least erect of all the spirits that fell from heaven was Mammon. He trod the pavement of heaven face down, and so was compelled to face the burning marl of hell when lost. Motive shapes a man's attitude and habit and so determines character.

Achan, tell me, why did you risk the defeat of an army, disobey Joshua, steal the gold and garments? "Hope of gain." Gehazi, tell me, why did you follow Naaman when he went back to Syria, why lie about the coming students to the school of the prophets? You, a student, a body-servant of Elisha! why did you risk leprosy? "Hope of gain." Tell me, Judas, son of Kerioth, the only man of Judah in the twelve, why did you steal from the Bethany home to the temple, sell Jesus for thirty pieces of silver, sit with him at supper, follow him to the place

of prayer, kiss him? "Hope of gain." Tell me, Benedict Arnold, what motive stirred you that you would deliver all you could of the young Republic to England for gold? "Hope of gain."

Why do men strip the hills bare of trees, leave desolation, challenge floods, turn the life of the forest into the dry rot of the yellow press? "Hope of gain." Why do men build great mills, chain childhood to machinery, turn youth into money? "Hope of gain." Why do men pack storage warehouses with meat, eggs, butter, and pilfer pennies from the pocket of poverty for food? "Hope of gain." Why do men compel the Government to pass laws guarding food from lying labels? "Hope of gain." Why do men fasten the burden of license on the back of the State, build breweries, distilleries, fit up saloons, rot grain, and rot men? "Hope of gain." Why do men plunder government, buy lawmakers, rob the Republic? "Hope of gain." Why do men hunt the home and sell in the open market white slaves? "Hope of gain." Long before the struggle in the streets of Philippi, in all the centuries since, hope of gain has been a mighty motive driving men as the dynamo drives our modern machinery. There is no place in heaven for human hearts and wills driven by that motive. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" (Then follow the states that make up the republic of unrighteousness:) "Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor *covetous,* nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." Covetousness makes a hell of earth: we may be sure there will be no corner for it in heaven. Covetousness, like the Dead Sea, soils every stream that empties into it.

Covetousness Capitalizing Religion

Covetousness, hope of gain, reaches the climax when it capitalizes religion. Apollo was the sun god of Greece. The legend says he slew the Python at Delphi, his spirit entered into women who could read the future. The Python spirit was believed to be in the slave girl. Men bought her, traded through her on the superstition of their fellows. Greed of gain cannot go beyond using religion for profit, selling salvation for gold, opening the future with golden keys, guaranteeing salvation for a price, coining superstition by sacrament, offering to lessen deserved punishment for gold. These men of Macedonia lived on the ignorance of their countrymen, using the demonized slave girl for revenue. When the demon was out, the power was gone, and then they turned on the man who had shorn them of power. The demon went out when bidden; covetousness began to rage. It is easier to cast out demons than to cure covetousness. Avarice and appetite are the warp and woof of the liquor traffic. Francis Murphy could conquer appetite in thousands, but who can conquer avarice? Keeley can conquer that appetite, but the gold cure cannot master the thirst for gold. There are physical limits to love of liquor, but no limit to hope of gain. Lust burns itself out, but hope of gain has no limit. The hardest foe to conquer in Philippi was not the slave girl and her demon, but the owners moved by covetousness. Christ could cast out demons, but Judas was beyond even Christ's power.

We could not justify Paul in trying to buy into the slave syndicate, neither could we justify him in passing the challenge unmet. Once the church profited by slavery, lottery, liquor-selling; she has passed that point,

her hardest task is before her, to break up syndicates of selfishness, to defy forces that have no motive but hope of gain.

The noblest profession becomes a curse when pursued for hope of gain. The artist who paints for money as a motive loses his art. The doctor who ministers to suffering with the vision of money as the end loses his secret. The lawyer who sells himself in the market-place, and becomes a pilot for pirates, is soon classed with the company he keeps, and known by the master he serves. The preacher who serves for gold ranks with Aaron, not with Moses.

The men who are in business for gain alone, who manipulate legislators for profit, awaken the suspicion and arouse the hatred of their fellows. It is better to have a loaf with peace than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Pity the civilization that has no higher motive in this twentieth century of the Christian era than the motive of Philippi, the Macedonian motive that Paul crossed the sea to save Europe from.

My brother, pray God to keep you from hope of gain as a motive, and give you passion for souls as a motive. Salvation by Christ means likeness to Christ, and Christ's master passion was love to God and for men.

III

CHRISTIAN USE OF MONEY

"And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."—Acts 2 : 44, 45.

Jesus Christ came into the world to fulfil prophecy, to save from sin, and to control life. The average Christian has learned only the first two-thirds of this proposition. The gospels abound in statements that "these things came to pass that prophecy might be fulfilled." The book of Hebrews is a long argument to show how Christ fulfilled the ritual of Judaism. Aaron was a priest from among men; Christ was a priest after the power of an endless life. The high priest went into the Holy of Holies every year to cleanse the flesh. Christ went once to cleanse the soul from sin. The priest carried the blood of bulls; Christ carried his own blood.

We find all people looking for God. "God made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth . . . that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him." In the Athenian streets was an altar dedicated to the unknown God, and Paul said to them, "Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you." As we look into our own hearts we find the secret of the search, for every man carries in himself a passion for God, and every man's life is spent in a search for God. When we reach Christ the search ceases and the development of the soul begins along right lines.

Christ Redeems to Control

So long as sermons are preached on man's need and Christ's satisfaction of that need, men applaud. Such preaching quickens the imagination, feeds the intellect, strengthens the will. But when a man passes from that to the control of life, and says that Jesus Christ saves that he may use, and redeems that he may control, and dies for that he may live in—then they say the preacher is meddlesome. But Christ came not only to save from sin but to control that which he has redeemed. Many years ago the Britons and the Boers made a treaty, and the Britons made a boundary and said to the Boers: "Beyond that you shall not go; inside of that you may do as you please." Jesus Christ makes no Briton and Boer treaty with any redeemed soul. He assumes absolute control of your internal life. You are not only to do on the streets what he says, but to do in your homes what he commands. He has not left any of us private rights, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ." When I buy a chair that chair is mine, to sit on when I please, and to place where I choose. When I buy a man, where slavery holds, that man is mine. The man who is property, cannot own property. The man who is owned cannot own things. Paul says, "I seek not yours but you," knowing well that when I get you I get yours. When you buy the hoops that are around the barrel you buy the barrel; for either without the other is useless. And no small part of the uselessness of Christianity today is that you give the hoops and keep the staves.

The kingdom of heaven is like leaven, which a woman mixed in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened. If you have ever watched leaven you have

noticed that instantly a part of the meal becomes leavened it becomes a leavener and lifter and transformer; that is what it was leavened and lifted and transformed for, not that it may be lifted to a new life, but that it may use its life to a new purpose, and it touches all the particles around it until all become leavened. I have sometimes in eating cake come across a bit of hard flour, that was not moistened or sweetened or lifted. It had the benefit of the moisture and sweetness and uplifting all around it, but it was not lifted up or helped by these things; it was simply a disgusting ball of hardness. Did you ever see a man like that? When the world bites into such an one it says, "Faugh, hypocrite!"

The kingdom of heaven is like seed sown. The instant one particle of earth surrenders to the seed it lays hold on the next particle, and they are lifted into the life of the plant; but the instant it stops doing that the life goes back again into the earth, and the plant dies. You see two trees, one on either side of the street; one is dead and the other alive. At a distance you cannot tell the difference, the trunk and the limbs and the bark are the same; but on examination you find that one is carrying no sap through its branches. It is dead. There is a great deal of dead wood in Christian churches, people having the form of godliness but not the power. They are knit into organizations, but have had no life for years; ministered to by the sun, but they have nothing but dry rot in cell after cell.

Christ's Work Determined by Yours

When Christ came into the home in Cana of Galilee he regulated his actions by the people's actions, and acted according to what they would do. Mary understood him and she said, "Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." He

turned the water into sparkling wine, but they set the limit of his power by what they did. He entered the house to be master, and every slave was subject to his will. Jesus Christ enters into your life to be its master. Your life will die out unless you are willing to obey the command, "Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." When Christ was in the boat he sat in the end of it and taught. When the people had scattered he pushed out and had the nets let down, and after he had filled the boat with fishes he bade the disciples who owned it leave it and become fishers of men. Christ fed the multitude with loaves and fishes, but afterward he said, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood, ye cannot enter life"; and to do that is to be transformed to his will. And when the people who had been filled with the loaves and fishes heard that, they turned and fled. Christianity as a convenience is one thing; as a master, it is another. So long as Christ fed the people they gladly followed him, but when he said, "I will be master or nothing," they left him. Christ comes into the life to control it absolutely or to have nothing to do with it.

These disciples had learned the lesson. Christ had been with them, then he had been crucified; God had raised him from the dead, Peter had preached that marvelous sermon, Pentecost was past, and then came the absolute surrender of everything they owned. They "had everything in common." Can you have Christ in common and not have things in common? Can you have salvation and not have a sharing of things in your life? Is salvation a Wagner car in which you have the right of way, or is it a highway to be shared with others? God pity you if you think salvation is separation from the world's burdens and cares, to wear a laurel wreath on a brow that is filled with selfish plannings. They emptied

out their money, they sold all they had, and laid everything at the feet of the apostles. The principle was then established and has never been repealed. I do not ask you because they did so to sell your property and turn the money in to the board of this church. The board of this church is not wise enough to accept the responsibility; the apostles were. But that is not the principle. They showed their surrender to Christ by their surrender to the apostles. How do you show yours? You haven't made it, and how can you show it? When Christ comes into a man's life everything he has becomes Christ's for his service.

Two Lives: Which?

A baby is born down in the avenue. It seems for weeks to be nothing but an animated appetite, but it has five open doors through which impressions come—senses of taste, of touch, of sound, of smell, and of sight. This outer world pressing on the little life on every side opens the doors, and the impressions stream in, the soul wakens and the little child has an impression of light and darkness, of warmth and cold, of hunger and satisfaction, and out of these impressions it weaves a little web that we call thought, and the soul grows more and more, until from receiving impressions it begins to work out and make impressions. It begins to think itself, and so the little life grows up conscious that while it has the little body, yet the soul is not the body. The child thinks more profoundly on these questions than we think. It realizes first that there is a difference between the body and the soul, and it begins to reason from this. It asks strange, far-reaching questions which puzzle us to answer. A man is sleeping in a Wagner car. The porter wakens him and goes on. The man knows that while the porter

wakens him he is not a part of him. So the world comes and wakens the child, and the child knows that it is not the world, although the world wakens it. By and by the train stops, and the man leaves the car. The man was neither the porter nor the car. The child is conscious that if at any time its soul should leave the train of life it would go to another station; and so the children stretch out their hands to heaven, knowing that there is a difference between body and soul.

Now, to this growing child there are two lives possible. One, in which all the attention is given to the impressions that come to the body. There are men who lay the whole emphasis of life on the passions and appetites. That is what Paul meant when he said, "To be carnally minded is death." When a flagstaff is raised the flag is fastened at the top, just touching the staff, so that it may flow out freely in the morning breeze. But we have seen flags sometimes that refuse to catch the breeze; they wrap themselves tightly around the pole and hug it the more tightly the stronger the wind blows. And the wind blows them to tatters while they still hug the pole. A man's body is only meant as a flagstaff from which the mind may float out like a flag to the morning breeze. Yet I have seen minds which just hugged the pole all the time until they were wound round and round with appetites and passions and things, until they were whipped into rags and tossed into God's rag-bag for eternity.

The other way of living is to lay the emphasis on thoughts, to use the mind as a flag and the body as a flagstaff. If you go down on the street-car you will find two kinds of people in it. There are the passengers, and the conductor and motorman. The passengers presently leave the car, but the conductor and motorman never leave the car; it is their world, their source of income,

their point of contact with outside life. Some men use their bodies in this way; they never rise away from it. Others use it as the passengers use the car, as a convenience and a conveyance. Keep your body under. Men were made to stand on their feet, not on their heads.

The Secret of Greatness

But now Christ comes and knocks at the door of your heart and demands entrance. He is ushered into the drawing-room and he is welcomed to the parlor. But is he going to stay there? He has brought a new thought of life, and he is not only going to control the body but the mind and will. He goes from room to room, from cellar to attic, from closet to closet, and demands the right to flood them all with his light and warm them with his warmth and redeem them with his presence. And God pity you if you have a room where he has not right of way. He goes to your library and kitchen and dining-room and demands them; he comes to your safe and demands that. He has a right to it. "Ye are not your own," ye are bought with a price that covers everything you own. That is the principle that underlies the emptying out of things. When Christ comes to the life of a man who has been intemperate, if he does not turn the intemperance out, you say he is not in the life. If he comes to a man who is sensual and does not turn that out, you say he is not in the life. But if he comes to a man who is covetous and does not turn the covetousness out, you say nothing. Jesus Christ came not only to redeem the body, but the mind; not only to the bar-room but to the business-house.

When Christ enters into a life he enters into it to control it and lift it to a higher level and a diviner

meaning. The students of Harvard asked Colonel Higginson the secret of greatness. He said: "Dedicate yourself to some great movement; dedicate yourself to something that is so much higher than yourself that you forget yourself, and success will come." Christ is bigger than you. Have you got hold of him? If you take hold of him he is great enough to make you forget self, and when you forget self you will forget everything else, and success will come. The world is to most of us a great plate-glass mirror in which we look at ourselves. When Christ comes he shatters that mirror.

The close of the last century has brought to our view two great men. Inseparably connected with South Africa is the name of Cecil Rhodes. He was the youngest son of an English clergyman, and with the usual portion of a younger son. His father gave him a good education; that was all he gave him to start in life with. No man owes any more to his son. The oak tree when it packs the acorn with its own life, bids it make its own tree. I would American fathers were as wise. Let the boy make his own life. Give him an education and let him out, and do not wrap him up like a mummy in riches. When Rhodes was at Oxford studying he sat at the feet of Aristotle and learned this rule, "Find some great purpose that is large enough to justify you in using your best effort, and try to reach it." That is enough for any man. He went back to South Africa and thought and thought and thought: "What is large enough to justify my effort? Money? Oh, I have seen so many men accumulating things and then become so burdened with things that they lost the upward glance. Money is not worth it. Is the church worth it? Not as it is

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organized today," he decided. What then? I can live for my country. He thought through the subject of religion. He was an evolutionist and a believer in Darwin, and he said: "I do not know whether there is any God or not, but there is a fifty per cent. chance that there is. I will throw myself on the positive side that there is." Some of you have one hundred per cent. of faith and have not thrown yourselves on that side. Then Cecil Rhodes said, "If there be a God he must reveal himself to men." And how? "Through evolution, through the survival of the fittest. Then it will not be the black man or the red man or the brown man that will survive. It will be the white man." Then of the white races which is the fittest? The Anglo-Saxon, he decided. Then God is working through the Anglo-Saxon, and I will throw myself on the side of the Anglo-Saxon. "If I were God, what would I do with South Africa? I would paint it in British red." You and I may not agree with him in his interpretation of Providence; but—oh for fifty men in Buffalo who would throw themselves into the breach for God whom they do believe in! The men who threw in their money to the apostles did no more than did Cecil Rhodes. He accumulated an enormous fortune and became a multimillionaire, and he used every dollar of it for the betterment of humanity and the building up of the British Empire in South Africa. He considered himself a trustee of the state; he belonged to the British Empire, body and soul. What we want to see in the church of Christ today is men and women who believe in Jesus Christ, who have given themselves entirely to Christ.

The other man whom I would mention is Mr. Ford, of Boston. He started in life a poor man. For a time

he taught in a Sunday school in Boston which Moody attended. He afterward became an editor, and for years was the editor and publisher of the "Youth's Companion." He was very successful in business, and raised the circulation of "Youth's Companion" to many times what it had been; but all through the years of his marvelous prosperity he sat at a little desk in a small room and worked for the glory of God. The one thought of his life was, "I am a steward of Jesus Christ." He lived quietly and indulged in none of the appetites and passions that men say are so needful. Year after year, as the golden tide rolled in, he so arranged his business that when he died his money should revert as trust funds to Jesus Christ. For years he paid twenty thousand dollars a year into the running expenses of one church in Boston. He developed a great people's church, with its wonderful educational institutions, and paid out thousands to city missions; and when he died at a ripe age, leaving a fortune of twenty-five hundred thousand dollars, he bequeathed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of it to his daughter while she lived, to revert to missions at her death, and all the rest to the cause of Christ. It is a comparatively easy matter, to give a quit-claim deed of one's property and leave the responsibility of spending it to others. But for a man to sit down deliberately to the drudgery of a long life, moving in a narrow circle, make thousands of dollars and give it all to God, this is the giving of self. If I never knew a name but his I should believe in the power of the gospel, for I have seen it worked out in a human life.

A man stood for years as a paying teller of a great financial concern. He was led into temptation and drew out forty thousand dollars to spend in gambling hells. He is awaiting trial and punishment. Is he any worse

than the Christian man who withdraws from Christ the bulk of his estate and spends it on his family? Think it through quietly. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." But, Martha, you have no business with many things; one thing is needful—Jesus Christ.

IV

RELIGION AND BUSINESS

"So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the whole world worshipeth."—Acts 19 : 27.

Ephesus was the third starting-point of Christianity. Christianity was born, cradled, and kindergartened in Jerusalem. The first preachers and converts were Jews. The first seeds were sown and the first harvest gathered in the field of Judaism. The Master commanded that his followers should go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, but the apostles settled down in Jerusalem. The divine purpose cannot be thwarted by human laziness; persecution compelled scattering of the seed. The stalk clings to the seed it has ripened, but the flail divorces seed from stalk, and the hand sows the divorced seed. "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere, preaching the word."

Antioch became the next center. Gentile Christianity sprang up, and foreign missions followed.

Where the Law Did Not Hold

Ephesus is specially identified with John and his gospel of love. Tonight our study is of Ephesus and Paul. Ephesus was built on the Cayster River, a mile from the Icarian Sea; it had one of the most commodious harbors on the Mediterranean. Through the city ran great roads north and south, commanding the commerce of the prov-

ince of Asia. Its population was very large and mixed, its markets the Vanity Fair of Asia. It was essentially a Greek city, though under Roman rule. Laws do not create character nor change temperaments. "The East is East, and the West is West." England rules India, but it is still India. Ephesus was a city of palaces and temples. The most wonderful building, and one of the wonders of the world, was the Temple of Diana. Destroyed by fire the night that Alexander was born, it was rebuilt, enlarged, and beautified. Men and women poured out money and jewelry without stint to build the most beautiful place of worship in the world. Its peristyle was of one hundred and twenty pillars of Parian marble hewn in Ionic architecture, its doors of carved cypress, the staircase leading to the roof a single vine from Cyprus. The roof was supported by pillars of jasper set on bases of Parian marble. On these pillars hung votive offerings of priceless value. Within the walls were the masterpieces of Greek artists and sculptors. At the end of the room stood the great altar, adorned with the masterpiece of Praxiteles, behind this a purple curtain, and back of the curtain the image worshiped by all Asia. A rude figure of a woman, said to have fallen from heaven, the lower limbs swathed, the body covered with breasts, symbolizing the fertility of Nature. Life was worshiped, and out of the worship grew a horrible cult of sensuality. When the temple was completed Mithridates stood on the roof and shot an arrow, saying the distance should be the radius of a circle within which all should be safe from law. The arrow sped a furlong; a circle of a furlong radius was sacred to crime and sensuality. This bit of ground became a moral bog, breeding disease and death. The priestesses were prostitutes, the temple the center of the red light district.

The passions we fight, Diana worship emphasized. Diana, under another name, rules the worship of India, and yet some men say, "Why send the gospel to the heathen?" Business waits upon religion. Christianity is the needle, commerce the thread following it into the web of life. The missionary saves a man and makes a market; he saves a soul, and the saved soul calls for clothing for the body, and business follows. The missionary lives in a house, the convert leaves his hut for a house, and business prospers. Business follows the missionary as the harvest follows the seedtime. The missionary reduces the spoken to a written language, opens the mind of the heathen, and business makes books. Every form of religion breeds business. The worshiper of Diana must have an image of his god, and Demetrius goes into business. Business capitalizes emotion, sentiment, taste.

A man came into Ephesus preaching a new religion. God is spirit. His Son has become flesh, was crucified, rose again. The Holy Spirit has been given. Faith in the Son of God saves from sin. If God is spirit, then men do not need images. If salvation from sin comes through faith, then men do not need images.

When Business Men Thought Religion Meddling

So long as Paul was content to lead men out of half-light into full light no one complained, for the disciples of John were not buyers of images. So long as he was content to heal the bodies of men, no one complained, for health is good under any form of faith, bodily healing did not interfere with business in images. So long as the preacher meddled only with the book business, image-makers were not troubled. Turned from black letters, some might buy images. Men in one kind of

business are not specially troubled when sales are slow in another trade. A man in the book business is not disturbed when steel is sluggish, nor the steel man when leather is slow. Demetrius did not move till his craft was in danger. When "our craft is in danger" we act. A man may preach "God is spirit" for years and no maker of shrines will stir, but when he says, "They be no gods made with hands," and people begin to believe it, the time has come for men of the class of Demetrius to move against the preacher.

Daniel Webster spent years in the Senate defending the Constitution when it needed amendment, not defense; as a pilot he was skilful in guiding the ship of state, but it was a slave-ship still; he made and kept many friends. Charles Sumner went as Senator from the same State, but he had a Puritan conscience, he appealed to the law that hath her seat in the bosom of God, demanded freedom for all beneath the flag; the answer was a caning that nearly cost him his life. Slavery, the Diana of those days, was in danger, and the apostle of the peril was answered with a club.

Paul had changed the mind of Asia. Changed minds mean changed markets; down with the man who makes the change! It is an old story, a struggle as old as history. Business and religion are after the same man; so long as we can compromise and each get a share, no one complains, but when either takes the whole investment the struggle begins. But for the birthright Jacob and Esau might have continued friends. So long as Aaron taught religion and the slaves worked, Pharaoh was tolerant; but when Moses demanded the right to lead the people aside to worship, suspending work, Pharaoh replied that the people were lazy, and added to the toil. Another demand was met by an added

burden. "Make the same number of bricks, and spend part of the time gathering straw."

Herod enjoyed John's sermons, and tried to do many things as the prophet directed. But Herodias was after the same man; he was her investment, she clipped her coupons from him. Like many an evil woman in cities today, she profited by a man's passion. The struggle was on between John and Herodias, and she won. Felix and Drusilla sat on the same throne. Paul struggled for the soul of Felix, but Drusilla won it. If Paul had won, Drusilla would have lost the throne. Christ's trouble dated from the day he drove business from the Temple. The religious leaders had turned the house of prayer into a den of thieves, and Christ cleansed it, but the task emptied the pockets of the investors. The South rebelled because property was in danger; if slavery had not paid, morals would have been easier and emancipation cost less.

Business supports religion, builds her churches, pays her bills; let her keep to her own side of the road. But business methods spring up that wrong men, and religion must resist or lose all she is after, not money, but men. Two nines are after the same pennant on the field of struggle; they do not dare face each other without an umpire, for hot blood easily prompts to violence. The eleven on the gridiron dare not begin the struggle without an umpire; the struggle for men is much more real, and when methods destroy men the church must protest. In hunting whales the man in the topmast has the wider vision; if you will not launch out when he shouts, "There she blows," then why send him aloft? Ofttimes it is clear aloft when fog shuts out the vision on deck. The man aloft, thinking only of men, has a clearer vision than the man on the deck thinking also of money. The

man steering may not understand the machinery below as well as the engineer does, but he sees what the machinery manager cannot see, the compass and the ocean. Paul was a better judge of men's needs than Demetrius was, though not so good a maker of shrines, but men and not shrines are the main thing in life.

Business may be divided into four classes:

Classes of Business

I. *The method good, and the product also good.* This is ideal business, and many pursue it. They are big enough to do right and prosper. The output helps, and the method of making does not hurt.

II. *The method bad, and the output good.* What men buy from the mill helps life, but the making ruins life. Rubber is needful in modern civilization, but the way of getting rubber is a blot on civilization. If our scent were keener we could smell the blood and sweat and be sickened. Better to walk than to ride on automobile tires that cost life; better let the building burn than quench the fire through hose that cost life. Better to go to bed at dusk than to light lamps with phosphorus matches that ruin the makers.

III. *The methods good, but the output bad.* The methods of the brewery and distillery may be good, with model buildings, sanitary surroundings, but the output is destructive to man and civilization; the church must fight.

IV. *The methods bad, and the output bad.* Then all decent men agree that a change is needful.

The first class is commendable. The last must be destroyed. The second and third changed in so far as method or output hurts men.

In harmony, in heavenly harmony this universal frame began,
From harmony to harmony through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

And anything that brings discord and spoils the full diapason must be regulated. The Creator ended his work with man. His Son came to redeem man; the church has only one task, to begin and end with man. Begin with man a sinner and end with man a saint, and all that meddles with her task must be meddled with.

Where Religion Must Interfere

David didn't touch the lion till it touched the lamb, then he could do one of two things—run or fight. A hireling would have run, "the good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep." When both lion and shepherd are after the same sheep the struggle is inevitable. "And let it come, I repeat it, sir, let it come."

Bricks were essential to Egyptian civilization; but for bricks Joseph could not have stored wheat and saved Egypt; but when the making of bricks enslaved the descendants of the men Joseph saved, it was time for Moses to struggle.

The church has something else to do than to darn the worn lives spoiled by the feet of business eagerness. If salve will heal, then salve the sore; but if a knife is needed, then use the knife. Some men can walk a tight rope looking up, all cannot; and it is the business of men who care for pilgrims to build a bridge so broad that the weak can cross the stream safely. If it is better for a man never to have been born than to cause one child to stumble, then the church can be in no better business than in removing stumbling-stones on the highway of civilization. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord,

make his paths straight," though the making cuts into some estates of men.

A strike raged in Westmoreland County, Pa., for months. Men had been shot, stoned, bruised, mangled, as men are when strikes stir up strife. The superintendent of the mine thought the Slavic priest was meddling, so he wrote him a letter in which he said:

> I will, therefore, ask you to drop everything concerning your church organization until you have advice from me.
>
> I shall insist on your carrying out these instructions and trust that we will have no further derogatory information. I hope you will acknowledge receipt of this letter, with a promise to carry out my instructions.
>
> Thanking you in advance, I am,
>
> Yours truly,
>
> _____.

Another letter followed in a few days complaining that no answer had been received and no promise to carry out instructions. The priest replied through the papers, saying that he had been neutral up to the time he received the letters, they called his attention to certain facts, and he must defend the men; saying further that he was not the priest of or for any company, but a priest of the Roman Catholic Church and for the people who constituted the congregation, and that he would not accept advice nor carry out any instructions of any company nor its officials. He was afterward arrested and fined for trespass because he visited one of his members living in a house belonging to the company.

Without passing judgment on the facts at all, we are confronted with a condition that calls for serious thought. "How much better is a man than a sheep," or even a coal-mine!

If seven-days-in-a-week toil unfits men for manhood,

then the church, organized to save men, must try to save men from toil that spoils men. If late hours on Saturday night kill the Sabbath, even though the shops and stores be owned and run by Christians and the church share in the profits, if the custom hurts men the church must speak. In making men the church must meddle with what unmakes men; in saving men, with what spoils men.

Russia's prophet has gone to his reward, dying outside the Greek Church because he dared to prophesy for men. The legend of Alexander I was the turning-point in his life. The legend runs that Alexander left the throne because he saw what it rested on, and what it cost in human life and comfort to sustain it. One day he saw a soldier condemned for visiting his dying father, condemned to eight thousand blows; four thousand killed him, and Alexander, making himself known to the doctor, put his clothes on the murdered man, sent the body to the palace; the funeral of Alexander followed, and the living man put on the dead soldier's uniform, took the remaining blows, and died in Siberia. Tolstoy stepped out of his comfortable home, took the peasant's share, suffered where he could not modify the cause of suffering, and like his Master, died without the walls.

Across the centuries comes the challenge of the Christ: "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny *himself*, take up his cross daily, and follow me." That following will lead to surrendering everything that he may save men. God's great gift is life through Christ, the acceptance of that life means giving it the right of way in all relations and duties. It is better not to have been born than to follow Christ to capitalize him and turn the knowledge of his secrets into pieces of silver.

V

THE HOLY SPIRIT

"And John bare record, saying, I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon him. And I knew him not; but he that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me: Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God."—John 1 : 32-34.

KNOWLEDGE comes to the many through the few. A man especially fitted by temperament, training, and opportunity discovers a great truth that is hidden from his fellows. He shares the truth with others, and it is added to the common wealth. The miser with money is mean enough, but the miser with truth is meaner still. The miser with money may keep his gold; but he who is miserly with truth finds it decaying on his hands, just as neglected soil finds itself burdened with decaying vegetable, and a man who will not share his Christian life is cursed by it—it spoils upon him and he is spoiled by it. The magnetic needle has discovered the magnetic current; it shares its discovery with the great ocean liner, and every steamer on the ocean is governed by this discovery. Columbus tries to find a new way to the old world across the ocean, and he comes upon a new world. He returns to tell of his discovery. Millions come across the sea, following the thread of his discovery; other millions stay at home in the old world, but those who doubt the existence of the new world are benefited by the discovery, for the new

world nourishes the old and keeps it from starving; it ministers to it in a thousand ways and keeps it strong and young. Stephenson discovers the locomotive-engine and the nations become his passengers. Fulton discovers the steamboat, and the ocean is spanned in a few days. Franklin finds the lightning, and it becomes his messenger, the world's errand-boy, to flash by wire and wireless, across continents and seas, the communications of thought and of desire.

Suppose the magnetic needle had refused to share its secret, that Fulton had died with his secret, and that Franklin had perished before announcing his discovery, what a different world this would have been! And it is only as men are willing to share the truth that the world is filled with light.

The Discovery of God

A man is born in a hut beside a rolling river. He finds that the river means life, and he builds an altar to it and worships there. His son also builds beside it. The son journeys; farther on he finds other rivers and builds other altars, until he comes to the mother of all rivers, and an altar is built by the ocean, and he worships it. To each of these he gives a different name. He goes back to the narrow worship by the side of the single stream, but he is never again the same; his thoughts go out to the larger sea. That is the history of religion. A nation has a tribal name for God, and men think if they leave their home they must leave their God behind them. But as they travel they find that other men have other gods, and that all tribal worship turns to one God. Finally, Abraham is able to discover that there is one God over all. He worships him and becomes the father of the faithful. And now this belief is wrought into the fiber of the na-

tion. "The Lord our God is one God." It is a wonderful discovery, that all the forces of the universe center in one great life; and the people hold this belief generation after generation, until a prophet stands upon the banks of the Jordan and makes a new discovery: that God is a Father, that he has a Son. It is a wonderful discovery. Men have discovered the north star, and it has been a means of safety to millions. But some one found that the north star is double; it has two stars, but they shine as one for us. The astronomers learned of this, for knowledge comes from one to many, and they brought their instruments to bear and studied night after night, and behold! it is a triple star. Instead of two there are three stars, which whirl around each other. And yet they are one through all the centuries. John, standing by the Jordan, saw that God is one, but there is the Father and the Son. These two are one, yet before the worlds were made, before the stars were spoken into being, before God breathed life into the ground, he had a Son. And the Son was in the bosom of the Father, and the filial relation between these two is complete and perfect. The human family is but a faint, far shadow of the divine. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." God is the only real, eternal Father in the universe, and you and I have but faint far shadows of God in relation to his eternally begotten Son. We find that the old world and the new are one. This continent on this side the sea and the other so far away on the other side are one. Go to the bottom of the sea, and you will find them knit together by masses of rock. So God comes to us as the Father and God as the Son, and between the two runs the tide of human thought; but drop the plummet down, and you will find that the two are one. There are millions of people who never heard this

truth, yet the life of the Christian church is built on this truth, and the islands of the sea would not be what they are today were it not for this tremendous truth. Suppose John had been as doubtful about his truth as you are about yours, the world today would be Jewish. Man is under divine obligation to tell the truth; else he would not have been born.

Christ the Discoverer of the Holy Spirit

But Christ himself is a discoverer, and he discovered the Holy Spirit. And thus we have the triune God. "Upon whom the Spirit shall descend and abide, he is the Son." "And I will send you another Comforter, and he shall guide you into all truth." Christ's discovery is shown to us first of all in his mode of living. Before this time holy men spake as they were caught up and moved by the Holy Spirit, but there was no discovery of the Holy Spirit. Just as at the World's Fair there was a great Ferris wheel on which you could be lifted to a tremendous height. The majority of the people lived on the level of the earth, but now and then one went on the wheel and was lifted for a vision. They spoke, but did not live, as they were moved by it. It was only a tuning of the great orchestra that should fill the universe with divine harmony. Christ came that he might show the Father, but his gift to the world was the Holy Spirit, and this he has poured out upon us. For weeks men have been working on Utica Street laying car-tracks; the other day I heard a car swinging by. A friend comes to my house, and when he is going away I tell him to take a car. The car is what is in my mind, but what is the car? It is a revealing of a terrific electric force, and it is driven by the force which it reveals. Go into the car-shop and you will find that every part of the car is built

to manifest the electric current. Jesus Christ came to manifest the Holy Ghost. He said, "I will send you another Comforter, and he shall guide you into all truth." "Remember Lot's wife." Why? Because she died looking over her shoulder. The average Christian lives thinking of a dying Christ on Calvary. The living Christ has given you the Holy Ghost. The average Christian stands with John and thinks of the Father and Son, but God has poured out the Holy Ghost which gave him power and force. Have you received the baptism of the Holy Ghost? Have you been baptized by fire? Apollos was a man mighty in the Scripture, and yet he led converts by the score who had never heard of the Holy Ghost. It was the discovery of the Holy Ghost abiding in a man, moving him, and showing in all his outer activities, which Christ exhibited. You have seen the Brooklyn Bridge, and as you have looked at it you have seen passengers walking along it, and then there is a broad way for horses, and then there is a cable line, and then the trolley bed where the power comes from above. There is the weary pilgrimage on the footpath, there is a glimmer of divine truth in the broader way; there is the grip cable-car where you get some of the energy, and you are heated by coal burning in stoves; then comes the Holy Ghost light, where a man is filled with the divine current, where the power of his being is the Holy Ghost dwelling in him. Jesus Christ came to reveal that force and light. Have you learned it? Do you know it? Is the light of your life Holy Ghost light? Is the warmth of your heart Holy Ghost warmth, and your power Holy Ghost power? The first man was of the earth, earthy; the second man was of the Spirit, divine. The first man can bestow nothing but what God gave him; the second can bestow all that God gave him.

The Christian a Man Plus God

The second man starts a new civilization. We hear a great deal about evolution. Jesus Christ was never evolved from the old Adam. " Ye must be born again, or ye cannot see the kingdom of God." You go into a hothouse and you see a bewildering mass of beauty. It is the season of chrysanthemums. The gardener talks to you about the evolution of the chrysanthemum. He says it started as a little daisy, and from it was evolved this beautiful flower. Evolved? It was transferred to a hothouse built by a man, the flower tended by a man. Then the chrysanthemum is a daisy plus a man. Remove the flower from the hothouse and the heat and the soil, take away all the human element, and in ten years you will have a daisy. The chrysanthemum is a daisy plus a man, and the Christian is a man plus God. They talk to me of the evolution of the locomotive. They show me this strange littlè rattletrap which Stephenson evolved out of his brain; and then they show me the splendid machine of today, and say this was evolved from that little rattletrap. It is not the evolution of the first machine, but a succession of human thoughts which have evolved into this splendid locomotive. It is steel and steam plus the human mind that made the locomotive. The evolution of the man into the Christ life is a human being charged and controlled by the Holy Ghost, and the great discovery that Christ gave to you and to me is that it is possible for man to be the temple for the Holy Ghost, to find the motive of activity and power in action in spiritual forces.

Sons of God by the Holy Spirit

I have been interested in Doctor Cook's account of a search for the South pole. He tells about their entry

into the Southern seas, and how they crowded themselves in between the ice-floes, and that for thirteen months they were absolutely surrendered to the ice-floes, which surrounded them for two thousand miles. That is what Jesus Christ did with the Holy Ghost from the baptism to the resurrection. He did not try to make terms with the Spirit, he was driven by the Spirit. He thought and spoke in terms of the Spirit. He surrendered himself to the Holy Spirit, and lived a life entirely surrendered to him. I could today show you thousands of men in Ladysmith who have surrendered themselves absolutely to a British commander. If those men can surrender themselves to a commander, you can surrender yourself to God. It is theirs but to do and die, and as I can use my fingers to do whatever my thoughts command, so a commander can use those men to do what he pleases. Just so was the absolute surrender of Jesus Christ to the Holy Ghost. He upon whom the Holy Ghost shall abide, he is the Son of God. And he says he has power to make all children of God who believe in him. It is a new type of life. Some of you who have lived in Buffalo for years can remember the horse-cars which were drawn along our streets by horses, lighted by oil-lamps and heated by stoves. Then came the electric-cars, and the streets were surrendered to the new power. The old cars were taken away, and today we have a new car which can shoot along like a thunderbolt. It requires a new roadbed and a new plant and a new force to be a Christian. Jesus Christ shared his revelation of the Holy Spirit with men. From the day of Pentecost he poured out the Spirit on all men. Why do not all men receive him? Why is not your life a Holy Ghost life? Why do you shrink from personal service?

A Christian life is divine. When Jesus Christ lived in

the flesh he gave power to all to live in the flesh. If you want to know how to live that kind of life, shut your eyes to all other literature and study Christ for a while. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with power. How did John study him? He stood on the bank of the Jordan waiting, and men wanting to be baptized came to him one by one and surrendered themselves to him. John buried them in the rushing current, and they were baptized to repentance. Surrender yourself to him, and without resistance, without straining, without gasping, as a child placed by its mother in its crib. Surrender yourself to the Son of God, and he will baptize you in and bury you under, and fill you with the Holy Ghost. It was a marvelous discovery that Abraham made; it is a wonderful discovery that John made; and it is a marvelous discovery that Christ made, that there is a Spirit, and that men like you and me can be filled with the Holy Ghost.

The Department of Agriculture is making a curious series of experiments. We are told that different wines have different flavors, and now they find that these different flavors are caused not by the different kinds of grapes, but by the different kinds of yeasts, and in a certain part of Spain the air is filled with a peculiar kind of drifting life, and these fungi are plucked with the grapes and crushed with them, and then they begin their life. This little form works away, and the result is that the best of sherry comes out in its perfection. In France there is another fungus which gives champagne, and others which give other flavors of wine. And so the reason why one wine is better than another is not in the quality of the grapes, but in the fungus growths. Some of these fungi have been imported to America and used in American cider, and in it they work until you cannot

tell the difference between it and the genuine imported wine. And the different fungi give the different kinds of wine. "The kingdom of heaven is like leaven," and when the Holy Ghost comes into the sour cider of your life he brings you out such pure wine. Christ gave the Holy Ghost to you and to me. It is a marvelous gift.

My brother, my sister, have you been baptized into the Holy Ghost? Is the Holy Spirit the mainspring of your life, the inspiration of your thought, the warmth of your religious life? "Except ye be born of the Spirit, ye shall never see the kingdom of God."

VI

THE SPIRIT'S BIRTHDAY

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. . . And there rested upon each of them cloven tongues as of fire. . . Every man heard them speak in his own tongue. . . We do hear them speak in our tongue the wonderful works of God."—Acts 2 : 1, 6, 11.

Every Christian has two birthdays. He has many anniversaries, but two birthdays: the first, natural; the second, spiritual. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." Through the natural or fleshy birth we enter into dependent human relations with the family, with the neighborhood, with the state, with the race. And we must recognize this relationship. No man can develop his character who shrinks from duty. No one can be a good boy and a bad son, a good girl and a bad daughter, a good man and a bad father, a good woman and a bad mother, a good man and a bad neighbor, a good man and a bad citizen. Character is developed by meeting the obligations that come with relations. A man is born into a set of relations, and when he fulfills every obligation his character rounds out and he becomes a good man. A man is not a whole man because he has a good pair of eyes but is stone-deaf, nor because he has good ears and is stone-blind, nor yet having both sight and hearing, when he is a cripple; neither is a man a good man who shrinks from the obligations that come to him as father, as neighbor, or as citizen.

The Organizer of Visible Christianity

By the spiritual birth we are born into dependent spiritual relations with God. No man can be a good Christian and shirk his obligations to God, or not to be organized into the visible church of Christ. This outside Christianity is like peddling vegetables in a cart from door to door. You may get a living out of it, but one day's neglect of it means bankruptcy. Civilization is made by men who are built into it, who pay their taxes and do their duty. The tree grows up and rises into view out of the earth, taking with it some of the earth, which becomes a part of the tree. But the earth cannot be both dirt and tree; it must be organized into the tree, or else remain simply earth. When the Spirit of the living God lays hold of man it organizes him into visible Christianity. If you are not organized into visible Christianity you are resisting the Spirit. To stay outside the visible church is to put yourself in opposition to the Spirit of the living God. He works through organization. An unorganized Christian is just as useless as a ghost without a body, or as steam without a boiler or engine. If you are too large to be organized into a church you amount to nothing except when looking at yourself in the mirror and admiring yourself. Life makes organization, depends upon organization. You never saw life outside of organization. There was organization at Pentecost, and the way the Spirit worked at Pentecost was the way he has worked all through the centuries.

The Christian year has two birthdays in the calendar: The first is the day of the birth of Christ, and the second that of the Holy Spirit. The anniversary of the birth of Christ comes on Christmas, that of the Holy Spirit, Whitsunday. The great ecclesiastical organizations have

recognized Whitsunday more than Christmas; the Puritans would not recognize either; but Christians of today put the emphasis upon Christmas, and few of us know what Whitsunday means. Yet it is the anniversary of the birth of the Christian church. It is to the church what Pentecost was to the Jews. We have forgotten the birthday in the centuries of the institution that was born.

When we say that Jesus Christ was born in the flesh we do not say that it was the beginning of his existence; it was the beginning of his life in the flesh. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God; the same was in the beginning with God." The birth of Christ in Bethlehem was not the beginning of the Christ life, but the manifestation of the Christ life in the flesh. It was the birth of God in the Son of man; it was the contact of God with flesh, with human nature. Whitsunday was not the beginning of the Spirit's life, but the beginning of his mission in working redemption to humanity. "The Spirit was with God, and was God." The Spirit was at first like a bird brooding over the black chaos, and the universe of order was brought out of this black chaos by the presence of the Holy Spirit. Ever since the beginning of the world the Spirit had touched men as the rising sun touches the mountain peaks; but since Pentecost he was poured out upon men, he is given to all men, and as Christmas is the anniversary of Christ's birth, Whitsunday, the anniversary of Pentecost, is that of the Spirit. Before this time the Spirit worked from outside inward, now he works from the inside outward, and just as the Holy Spirit in Genesis is depicted as ruling over chaos, so now he rules over all humanity in the spiritual universe, and now through him the spiritual universe is to embody the life of God.

The Revealer of Christ's Work

The Holy Spirit could not come until Christ's work was finished. When Christ had finished his work the Spirit came to reveal that work. You who attended the World's Fair will remember that in the southwest corner of the Manufactures Building was a splendid electric light. Out from it flowed a stream of splendor. At first there was nothing to be seen but the light, but soon a man standing close to the light slipped into the frame a picture, and then the light showed not itself, but the picture. When the picture was taken away again the light showed in the frame nothing but itself. If the Holy Spirit had come out upon humanity before Christ's work was finished he would simply have revealed himself as light; but coming after Christ's work was finished he revealed the finished work of Jesus Christ, and the heart of redeemed humanity is the great wall on which the Spirit paints the Son of God. When the light was turned off the vision vanished; when the light was turned on again the vision returned. When the Spirit leaves a man Christ becomes unreal, prayer becomes unmeaning, the Bible becomes simply a book of history. When the Spirit returns Christ becomes the great reality of the Christian's consciousness, prayer becomes the great force of his life, and the Bible the great book of the centuries. "No man calleth Jesus Lord, save by the Spirit of God," and when a man stumbles over Christ he simply shows that the Spirit of God has not touched his inner life yet, and when a Christian grows cold in Christ's service and the vision of Christ fades away, he simply stands there as a living argument that he has ceased to be spiritually minded. He has become carnally minded, which is death. Just as you could not see the picture without the light,

no more can men see Christ without the Spirit. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and Jesus Christ is a spiritual thing. Jesus Christ's work is a spiritual work, and men can have no knowledge of it until they are born of the Spirit. Christ says, "It is my meat to do God's will," and "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," "Thy will, not mine, be done." And so it is in obedience to the will of Christ that the Holy Spirit came to manifest Christ, and not to reveal himself. If Christ is becoming more and more real to you, if the finished work is becoming more clear to your apprehension, if prayer is a force in your life, it is proof that the Holy Ghost is doing a work in you.

The Quickener of Life

When Christ wrought his miracles he never made a man. There is a story that Christ one day when a boy took some earth and out of it made birds, which leaving his hands mounted and flew toward the sun. That is tradition, not truth. So far as we know, Christ did not create anything. He did not make eyes for the blind or ears for the deaf, but he restored God's thought. He gave power to see to the eyes that were already there, and power to hear to the ears that were there, and life to the dead man that was there. When Christ appeared at the grave of Lazarus there was life at one side of the stone and death at the other. He spoke and shot one ray of life into the tomb and there was life there. He did not make a new man. It was the same man that came forth. He had eyes and ears and stomach and brains and heart, but he could not use them. He was out of relation to the air and sun, and when Christ called back the life that had gone out of him, he was put into relation to these things. So it was the same brother whom they had buried that

Mary and Martha led back to their home. When the Holy Ghost takes hold of a man he does not make a new man. Here is a man who has physical life in perfection, but he is not in relation with the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost takes hold of him and quickens all this life, and the man sees God and Christ and comes into the kingdom of righteousness. I recently read of a boy who was brought to an institution for the care of idiots. The boy was a cripple, had never stood upon his feet, nor seen the light of day, nor heard his mother's voice, but clothed in a wrapper he lay upon the floor day and night. He had simply power to consume food and build up a body; yet he had brains and heart and eyes and ears. The man in charge began his work on this boy. He said, "The first lesson I learned was that I must get down to him." Oh, you Christian folk on the heights of respectability! do not you know that if you are going to save men you have got to get down where men are? This man was in a home and heard a boy refuse to obey his mother, who was upstairs. She did not shout over the balustrade to him, but going down to him and laying her hand upon his shoulder she said, "Jack, that is wrong," and the boy burst into tears. She might have screamed herself hoarse from where she was, without having any effect upon the boy. From this incident the man learned his lesson. He lay down upon the floor on a level with the child, getting as low as he could physically. In this position he read from a book day by day for three months, then he sat up in a chair, and the thing stirred. It had begun to live. The life that he had poured into it was quickening the powers that were there. He said, "Do you want me to read again?" and the thing grunted a "Yes." Down to it again he went and read an hour a day until the thing turned to him and laid its

finger on its lips. So he went on from step to step until one day he found this thing was beginning to find its hands and limbs, and he bade it creep, and as each foot moved he said, "That is right, that is right"; and one day he saw it move its hand, and it said, "That is right, that is right, that is right." The thing was getting humanized. He worked patiently on. One day he brought it a pair of shoes and said, "Shoes," and the thing said, "Shoes." He said, "Who made the shoes?" "I don't know." He said, "The shoemaker," and the boy said, "Shoemaker." Then he brought him some bread, and said, "What is that?" "Don't know." "Bread." And the boy said, "Bread." "Who made the bread?" "Don't know." "Betsy." And the boy said, "Betsy." One day he led him up to where he could see the rising sun, and said, "What is that?" "Don't know." "It is the sun." And the boy said, "Sun." "Who made it?" "Don't know." "God." And the boy said, "God." A day or two after he saw this boy pointing out to another boy the sun, and saying, "That is the sun, and God made it." And he said it was worth all the weary months of work to get that boy to say that God made the sun. One day the boy's mother came, bringing a new coat for her boy. The boy looked into her face and she looked into his face and said, "You are my son," and the boy reached out his arms and said, "Mother." He was a boy now. Yet the doctor had put no ears or eyes or brains or heart into him. He had simply poured his life into him, and the waiting machinery started. It is a wonderful illustration of the work which the Holy Ghost has done in you and me. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." He pours himself into our heart and brains and teaches us to say, "Abba, Father," and "His Spirit bears witness with our Spirit that we are children

of God." "Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." That is the work of the Holy Ghost. He was born into that work at Pentecost, and he has been carrying on this work for eighteen hundred years. God pity that man who goes to his grave untouched by the Holy Ghost. He shall never see the King in his beauty.

The Witness to Christ

The Holy Spirit bringing this work of Christ home to the hearts and filling the minds of those waiting men with it, started a marvelous movement. A voice is raised, and the men of the city flock to hear it. It is the voice of Peter, and as you listen you can catch the theme, "The wonderful works of God." What are they? Not the works which Job faced, but the works of Jesus Christ. "A man," he says, "testified to by God by miracles which you yourselves saw." Yes, whatever else Jesus Christ was, he was a man, with all the limitations of human nature, save sin. Sin is no part of the human nature, it is a crime. The redeemed humanity shall be without sin through the long ages. Man plus sin is man less than man; man without sin is fullest man. "This man was delivered over by the determinate foreknowledge of God." Many years ago a man took a contract to run a tunnel through a mountain, in Massachusetts. He started two gangs of men, one at each end, working toward each other; then he started two other gangs farther up also working toward each other. So there were four gangs of men all working toward each other to carry out the plan of one man. O Caiaphas, in your judgment-hall! O Pilate, in your palace! O Judas, in your treachery! You are all free agents, but you are working out the purpose of God. Those men in the tunnel wrought of their own free will, but they knew not the meaning of the

tunnel they were making. Caiaphas and Pilate, Judas, the Roman soldiers and the Jewish mob were all free agents, but they were working the redemption of the world in putting to death Jesus Christ. All the acts of individuals, the building of cities and their destruction, the rise and crushing of empires, are all according to the foreknowledge of God. And this Christ, delivered to these men, was put to death and buried and then raised again by the power of the living God and was enthroned and given all power in heaven and in earth. The Holy Spirit, taking of this finished work of Christ, comes to your heart and mine and brings to us this thought and word and purpose and makes them real, until Christ becomes more real to us than the money we are making, than the cases we are pleading, than the patients we are treating. The one reality of our life is Jesus Christ, because he is wrought into and through us by the Spirit.

"Tarry in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high, and ye shall be my witnesses." Life is witnessing. You know whether a tree is dead or alive, whether a baby is dead or alive, whether an idiot can think or not. Life is its own witness. Every line of a child's life is a human line, and if a man is born of the Holy Ghost he has the life of the Holy Ghost in him, and the world knows whether he is born of God or not. If you are born you are born for a purpose, and that purpose is to witness for Jesus Christ. I said last Sunday that a man who professes Christ and does not live him is a hypocrite, but the other side is just as true; if a man tries to live Christ without witnessing to him he is just as much of a hypocrite. A young man brought me to task for saying this. It was because he was trying to live that kind of life. But, he said, "It is only a sin of omission." If the doctor prescribes medicine for a pa-

tient, and the nurse sleeps instead of administering it, causing the patient's death, it is a sin of omission. If on the railroad there is a train coming which should be switched onto a side-track, and the man on duty falls asleep instead of turning the switch, the train crashes into another, and hundreds are killed or wounded, it is a sin of omission. If the man in charge of the drawbridge leaves the draw open, and the train thunders down with its load of passengers to destruction, it is a sin of omission. "The wages of sin is death," be it omission or commission; and I repeat, that the man who tries to live Christ and does not speak of him, is just as much of a hypocrite as the other who speaks and does not live him, because the genius of the gospel of Christ is found in tongues of flame, and we are told to "preach the gospel to every creature." The man who does not talk is living in disobedience to this command. We have had a man here talking every night, and men have been converted by scores. When you people in your pews become living witnesses of Jesus Christ, Buffalo will be awakened; otherwise, you may live to be as old as Methuselah, and the world will not know it. The genius of Judaism was not speech, but that of Christianity is speech. "And they went everywhere preaching the word." Wife, preach it to your husband; parents, preach it to your children; teachers, preach it to your students; lawyers, preach it to your clients. He that is born into the Holy Spirit is born not dumb, but vocal.

VII

FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT

"Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 4 : 8.

THE day of Pentecost was a turning-point in the life of Peter. It marked the beginning of a new career. On that day his character suddenly crystallized. From being a creature of circumstances, he became a builder of human destinies. The secret or charm is found in a single sentence: He adjusted his life to his environment.

Life as Adjustment to Environment

Life has been defined as the continuous adjustment of internal relations with external relations. When the adjustment stops, the life ceases. Herbert Spencer pictures a caterpillar wandering over the face of the earth and coming to a plant. He adjusts himself to the leaf of the plant. While he was busy adjusting himself, a sparrow perched on a neighboring branch and watched him. The sparrow could not adjust himself to the leaf; he could to the caterpillar, so he settled down on the caterpillar and destroyed him. In the summer air a hawk was circling about; he could adjust himself to the sparrow, but the sparrow could not adjust himself to the hawk. A man with a gun was taking a morning walk. He would not adjust his gun to hurt a leaf or a caterpillar or a sparrow; he sees a hawk. The hawk cannot adjust himself to the new environment, his life ends. The man sold the hawk at the market-place, and the compensation he re-

ceived aided him to adjust his life to its environment. Afterward the hawk made its appearance as an ornament on a lady's bonnet. So there is always a continuous series of adjustments of internal relations with external relations, and when the adjustment ceases, the life ends. This is not only true in the physical world, it is true in the intellectual world. A child's mind begins to unfold when it is placed in right relation with the world that is full of thought; if it were possible to take the new-born child into a world where there was no thought, the child's power of thought, having nothing that would call it forth, would die away.

The same principle holds true in the spiritual world. God is the environment of the soul of man, but man loses himself in the search, and, instead of finding a window through which he can see God, he finds a mirror in which he sees himself. He worships his own vision instead of worshiping God—he bows down and worships this, and religious life ends. The soul of man, out of environment with God, ceases to have a spiritual life. The same thing is going on all the time in the life of nations. A tribe settles down and develops into a nation. It outgrows its limitations and projects its national environment on the neighboring tribe. If the neighboring tribe does not adjust itself to the new environment, it perishes. The British civilization has grown to be the first on earth, and now it is pressing its way over South Africa. The Boer nation cannot adjust itself and is doomed; it may struggle for a little while, but the end is certain. It is the survival of the fittest. Henry Drummond speaks of a wayside pool, which by accident was drained of water. The numerous forms of life in the pool could not adjust themselves to the new environment of the air, and they disappeared. You drain the pool away, and the fishes

perish, and the tadpole develops. They are made for two sorts of environment.

Noah foresaw a change of environment and adjusted himself, and so saved himself and family.

The Holy Spirit an Environment

The new environment that came to Peter was the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Christ has been with the Father from the beginning. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Yet Christ when he manifested himself in the flesh, passed through a new experience. He elevated and redeemed humanity. He came as the Son of God, he returned as the Son of man. When Christ ascended on high, leading captivity captive, he took with him a form of character that had never been in heaven before—redeemed humanity. He took not only our flesh, the body, but he took our intellect, our imagination, our mind. When Christ stepped from the Mount of Olives, he took humanity with him; so then humanity is at the right hand of God today.

The Spirit brooded over chaos and organized the universe. When the Holy Spirit came from the living God, he brought God with him. When the Master preached, the Holy Spirit was not yet given. He could not give Christ's finished work until Christ's work was completed. And when the Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost, he came with the finished work of Christ, and Peter shifted his adjustment from the environment of Judaism to the environment of the Holy Ghost, of Christianity. That crystallized his character. Heathenism cannot adjust itself to that Spirit environment; Judaism cannot adjust itself; Judaism is doomed. Men and women who adjust themselves to the new environment of the Holy

Ghost, enter upon a new life. Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations with external relations.

Ye must be born from above, or ye cannot see the new kingdom. Peter was filled with the Holy Spirit. Man is an organized capacity; his character depends upon what he is filled with. The man who adjusts himself to the new environment, is filled with new environment. The arms of rebellion are thrown down, and a new King is enthroned. A babe is born in Germany beyond the sea. He is brought here in infancy; his father and mother die before he is a year old; the babe is adopted by a family and taken to the West. Behind the child are generations of German ancestors. That boy grows up on a farm where he neither sees nor hears nor reads anything German. At twenty-five years of age he is thoroughly American. You might have removed the same infant to France, and your German-born babe would have become a loyal Frenchman. There is something in environment that seems to blot out heredity.

The Characters Begotten of Adjustment to the Spirit

As we study this man who is thus filled with the new environment of the Spirit, we note three things concerning him. First, *His surprising knowledge*. You read that sermon of Peter's carefully—his knowledge concerning the Old Testament and its relation to Jesus Christ is a genuine surprise. He was an unlearned and ignorant fisherman, and yet that sermon is one of the masterpieces of sermonic literature. He had passed three years with Christ studying; he tarried with the Master for forty days after the resurrection, and yet he did not feel the power of the Holy Spirit. On the day of Pentecost the power came, and in an instant the knowledge of the Old Testament and of Jesus Christ entered into Peter's life. A man

stands in a dark room at midnight with a kodak; he does not know what is around him in the room. A friend over in the corner strikes a flashlight, there is an instantaneous blaze of light, and then sudden darkness, but that blaze of light has wrought on the sensitive plate of the kodak every image in the room. When Peter surrendered to the Holy Ghost, the light flashed upon him immediately. One stands on a mountaintop at midnight with not a thing in sight; one might as well be blind. The lightning flashes for an instant, and to the eye there comes a vision that the years will never veil—the wide sweep, the broad landscape, the surging sea, the struggling ship, are impressed upon you, and you can never forget it. If you had stood there with closed eyes, you could not have seen it, but you adjusted yourself to the environment as the lightning flashed.

Secondly, *With Peter's knowledge came marvelous courage.* Jesus Christ was a great man. He stood unflinching before a civilization that denied him and crucified him. Yet there was no mark of his courage on the day that he was baptized. For forty days he lived with the powers of evil—not a human face, not a human voice—the hiss of the serpent, the roar of the mountain lion, the cry of the bird of prey. At the end of forty days he came out into the world, and for three years he contested in the arena of Judaism for the mastery of the world. He faced the Pharisee and the scribe. He never shivered when the lash came on the cut shoulders. Peter was a born coward. After three years with the Master, he shrank when the girl pointed a finger at him, and without courage enough to confess his cowardice, he went out and cried. But on the day of Pentecost, he faced the world. He welcomed the scourge and the prison. What was the difference? The new environment. He had adjusted

himself to a Spirit force that gave him courage. We often wonder at the martyrs of the past. We are so glad we are not called upon to suffer as they were. The courage comes with the new environment of the Spirit.

Thirdly, *With this courage came power,* power to heal the sick, to raise the dead. More marvelous than all, power to change the warped minds and prejudices of men; so that five thousand came to Christ because of a single sermon, and three thousand from another.

Do you know the meaning of the perfect adjustment of the human will to the divine will? You can learn hints of it in the study of Peter's life on the day of Pentecost. He had surrendered himself absolutely to the Holy Ghost.

The Secret of Adjustment to the Spirit

How shall we be filled with the same spiritual power? First, *Peter knew the literature of the Spirit.* No lawyer is expected to know the spirit of the laws, a spirit that renews itself in continual legislation at Washington, until he has first served his term in the law school; until he has tracked the arteries through which the life-blood of the law flows. When I enter a lawyer's office, I find the walls lined with books on the law. He is supposed to be a master of its literature. I find in the doctor's library works on medicine. In the minister's library I find books on theology and rhetoric and literature. He deals with the minds and spirits of men, and the first condition of giving spiritual power is to understand the literature of the Spirit, and that isn't the average daily newspaper nor the last novel, nor the last book on scientific speculation. It is the Bible. And one might as well come to a French book with a German lexicon as to come to the school of the Spirit without a knowledge of the Bible. Learn so much as you can of the literature of the Spirit.

Secondly, *He learned the secret through prayer.* Prayer is communion—not so much petition as communion. You do not come into the king's presence to ventilate your opinion, but to learn his. You do not come to the throne of God to plead your knowledge, but to learn his. We say, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." We think altogether too much of prayer as begging. The kingdom will come and the will be done when, instead of foisting our judgments on the Almighty, we seek his judgments. Study the secret of communion.

In Washington Great Britain has a marvelous statesman. Whenever President McKinley wants to know the British side of an international question, he seeks that man. The Holy Spirit is Christ's Ambassador at the courts of earth. He is a very present help in every time of need. Cultivate his acquaintance. When Christ was upon earth, men sought him, laid their burdens before him, and asked for his judgment. Women sought him in the crowd. He said, "If I go away I will send another Comforter, he shall guide you, he shall glorify me." Do you realize that the Holy Ghost is as personal and as real today in Buffalo, as Jesus Christ was in Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago? As personally present, as willingly waiting, as eagerly expecting as Christ was that men should seek him?

Take time to be holy. Do not let the sordid rush of life rob life of its meaning. Make life deep and broad. Be alone much with the Holy Spirit. Cultivate the secret of communion with the ever-present Spirit of the living God.

Professor Gates, of Washington, a scientist—not a Christian scientist, but a physical scientist—has been busy for years studying the secret of the human mind under

the power of thought. He delivered a paper at the Smithsonian Institute, and embodied in it the thought that unpleasant feelings create unhealthful conditions. Each bad emotion and each good emotion creates a corresponding condition in man. That is the last word of science. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Now when you want to build, you call the architect and builder, and they embody your thoughts in brick and wood and stone. We are all builders. We reconstruct these bodies from within around our thoughts. Now instead of calling up benevolent thoughts and beautiful thoughts, get into communion with the Holy Ghost, and think his thoughts. Instead of shutting yourself up alone, shut yourself up with the Holy Ghost and commune with him.

And shall you and I pray daily, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done," and refuse one hour out of twenty-four for communion with the only power in the universe that can bring the kingdom? That was the secret of Peter's change of character—communion with the Holy Spirit.

Thirdly, *Submission*. The life that struggles against its environment gets no benefit from it; the life that surrenders to it is filled by it. Jesus Christ enveloped Peter for three years, as a larger life envelops a less one, and Peter struggled against it all the time. He was always thrusting his judgment in the face of the Master, and at the last he went away in bitter rebellion because the Master had not followed his advice. If Christ's work had ended then, Peter's life would have been a failure. From the day of Pentecost he surrendered, he yielded. There is living in a city on the Atlantic seaboard an aged woman who lived through the siege of Paris, with her two daughters. When the yoke of German supremacy was lifted, she decided to begin life over again, and she

and her two daughters came to America. The two daughters learned the English language and are superb teachers of French; but the aged woman cannot today speak or understand a word of English. She had made up her mind to resist her environment. Her body is in America, her soul is in Paris, and there isn't pressure enough in the American civilization to conquer that stubborn will. And if all the world had become American, she would resist it all. Men can be surrounded by the Holy Spirit, and resist him, and failing to adjust themselves to him, come short of his life. On the other hand, a boy is born in an American family, inherits a large estate, and travels to England. He is charmed by the English civilization; he likes the settled forms of justice; he likes the class distinctions, the fixed outline of the social life. He comes back to America, changes his investments, sells his property, and goes to London, and inside of ten years he is saturated with the English civilization; he is filled with it, he communes with it; he studies its literature; he has surrendered to its spirit.

Brother, sister, do you want to be filled with the Holy Spirit? Do you want to adjust yourselves to this new environment that is bringing in the kingdom of God? Everything that is not adjusted is doomed. Study its literature. Commune with its Author. Surrender to its King, and through Jesus be filled with its Spirit.

VIII

A REAL REVIVAL

"And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus; and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds."—Acts 19 : 17, 18.

A REVIVAL is a quickening of life already present. You cannot revive a stone because it never had life. Sun and rain cannot revive soil, they may quicken the sleeping seed in the soil. At Oak Bluffs we had a long drought, the grass browned and died, the yard was carpeted with dull colors. Men who had hose watered their gardens and lawns, others carried water in pails. Rain came, the sea heard the prayers of the earth and sent ministering spirits, called clouds, the grass revived, life set up a loom and wove a new carpet of green, but the paths did not change color, they had no life, the water moistened but did not quicken; the asphalt road rejected the water and was soon black and dry again. Ephesus had a real revival after the sons of Sceva failed.

The Zones of Life in a Christian Community

Bad news travels fast, the unusual attracts. An invalid in Baltimore pays five hundred dollars to see an airship fly over his wheel-chair and estate; he would not pay five cents to see an automobile or trolley-car pass; the time will come when navies grappling in the upper blue will fail to attract attention. The wandering sheep calls forth the shepherd's care; we pay little heed to the stars

led across the plains of heaven by the invisible shepherd, but strain our eyes to watch the wandering star. A thousand trains speed from Boston to New York unnoticed in the papers, but a wreck fills a page with details and pictures. If you want newspaper notoriety, meet with an accident or commit a crime. The fire department runs only to fires, the policemen to riots, and the great mass of men follow the accidental. If the sons of Sceva had cast out the demon in the name of Christ, no one would have been surprised, but the failure quickened interest, the disaster drew the crowd, and it also revealed the power in the name of Christ when spoken by Paul. Every Christian community may be divided into three strips lying parallel: white, black, and between the two, gray.

White, the men who believe and live by faith, who believe and "belive." Children of the light, in whom is no darkness. Men whose faith is clear, knowledge of God sure, and life consistent.

A man connected the lamp on his table with the electric apparatus for ringing the door-bell, thinking it would serve as well as if attached to the wires connected with a power-house. When he turned on the current there was a sudden explosion, but no light. He sent for an electrician and told him what he had done. Said the man of science, "Didn't you know that it takes five hundred times as much power to shine as to make a noise?" You will have to be connected with the heavenly power-house in order to shine in a working faith and love. Then let your light shine in such a way that men may see, not you, but your good works; and so that seeing your good works they may glorify, not you, but your Father.

Men of power who shine, not men who say, "Lord, Lord, and do not the works." Men who are the glory of the church and the proof of the Christian religion,

living epistles, peripatetic proofs, evidences of Christianity, put up unanswerable arguments. There are men and women in every church who can translate truth into life, who live pure religion and undefiled, are the wise virgins of the parable, who have oil enough to last through all the long hour of waiting.

There is a moral black belt, men without God and without hope in the world, men who have no faith in God and live up to their unbelief. God is not in any of their thoughts. Belong to the criminal class, though not always labeled; labels do not determine contents of package. Men whose presence casts a shadow when light shines. Born blind, they stumble through life and are stumbled over by pilgrims on the highway of life.

You can count on them to be on the evil side of every moral question. The price is marked on the goods; they will do evil instinctively, and good if paid for it.

Where Revivals Begin

Between the white and the black is the gray. Men who live in the twilight of morals, close to the white, light, close to the black, dark. Chameleon characters, taking the hue of environment. Very virtuous at home, vicious away from home. Like the waters of Saratoga Springs, depending upon the chambers of minerals for their contents. Have a measure of faith, hope, love, but not enough to go into active business. Hope to get into the kingdom as barnacles get into port, clinging to a saved soul. A revival commences with this gray belt. Like the grass, dead on top, with life in the roots, if the rain comes; but left too long even the roots die, and the plow ends the tragedy.

There was a real revival in Ephesus. The sons of Sceva experimented with the name of Jesus, second-hand

dealers in the name. "In the name of Jesus whom Paul preaches." The demonized man set upon them, beat, stripped, and cast them out. Fear fell upon all, and the revival began.

Under the Push of Fear

Fear is as good a motive as hope, or faith, or love. "Moved by fear, Noah built an ark." "Know nothing, fear nothing," runs the proverb. Terror paralyzes, fear moves to action. Men are afraid of electricity, and so guard it at every point. The sign, "Third rail alive," is put out because men fear a live rail. The road is guarded by the sign, "Look out for the engine," because they fear a collision. Men fear fire, and provide a fire department and insurance; fear the criminals, and provide policemen and prisons; fear smallpox, and vaccinate; fear typhoid fever, and fight mosquitoes and flies. Most of our preventive medicine grows out of fear of disease. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Fear is as valid a motive in religion as in any part of life. The appeal to fear is a wise appeal. The white light brings all colors from the sun, and fear is as divine a motive as love or faith or hope. Men sneer when the preacher appeals to fear, and call a doctor the same night because afraid of the possible causes of a pain. "What fools these mortals be." A man who does not know enough to fear is not wise enough to be trusted with modern machinery.

The Greater Deeds of Repentance

When fear fell upon them the name of Jesus was magnified. "And many that believed [perfect tense] came, and confessed, and showed their deeds." "Faith without works is dead." Fear did what faith had failed to

do, compelled consistency. By faith they had entered the new life, were members of the church, but drew their income from black magic. The root of faith was not long enough to reach the pocketbook and organize the contents into life. They had not seen the relation between faith and works; they had a model faith, but models do not work, they are little forms of what may be wrought into great facts; they are not commercially valuable, prophecies only, not fulfilments of principles. Many a man's dead faith is like the face of a corpse surrounded by flowers of ritual, and creed, beautiful, but fit only to be buried; effective if you don't touch it, but chilling if you do. The Christian religion finds many ways of expression: Ritualism, playing on the emotions; pietism, expressing the feeling; altruism, seeking to serve others; and justice, the square deal, and the greatest of these is justice. Ritual, piety, and altruism are all easier than justice. It is easier to give a share of money evilly gained, than to live poorly on money gained only in just ways. "The kingdom of heaven is righteousness, joy, and peace in the Holy Spirit." We try to vault over righteousness and land in the green pastures of joy and peace. The God of all the earth will do right, so will his children; the only proof of being children is likeness of character. It is easier to give generously than to walk justly, to love mercy than to deal righteously. A real revival compels men to tell their deeds, and destroy evil sources of income. Clean hands and a pure heart are the conditions of standing in the hill of the Lord. Anybody can make a golden calf on the plain if he can get the gold, but it takes a rare man to stand on Sinai and receive the Law.

John the Baptizer had a real revival by the Jordan, when his converts brought forth fruit fit for repentance.

Christian character is not made as Christmas trees are, by hanging gifts of the Spirit on the empty branches; fruit comes from within and reveals the sap in the soul.

Cutting the Tap-root of Income

Jesus had a real revival in Jericho; he had a small congregation, but he saved the whole of it. The richest man in Jericho climbed a tree to see the Master; called to the ground, he walked to his home with Christ; the outcome caused Christ to say, " This day has salvation come to this house." Not a word of a wonderful experience in the feelings, nor of signing a creed accepted by the mind. Listen! " The half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have wronged any man I restore fourfold." Restoration is much harder than giving. Generosity warms the heart, but justice empties the pocketbook. What, think you, would be the outcome if every member of the churches in the United States should join the convert of Jesus in Jericho? Socialism would perish before night. Socialism is the fog from the sea of injustice, and so long as the sea is the fog will be, confusing mariners and threatening business.

Many brought their books of magic and burned them. Saved by faith, but living on magic. Ephesus was famed for magic, sorcery, black art. Ephesian words are often referred to by heathen writers. The Ephesians were wont to carry curious characters written on paper or leather, as a safeguard against evil spirits, much as ignorant men carry scapulars now. Magicians advised the demonized to repeat magical phrases. Crœsus, on his funeral pyre, died repeating Ephesian sentences. In the Olympian games an Ephesian wrestler won victories over his opponent from Miletus because he had words bound about his ankles; when these were torn off he failed.

Rags of superstition still cover the back of ignorance. And many who profess faith in God make a living by reading the future and selling charms. These men, revived, brought fifty thousand pieces of silver in value of magical books and burned them in the public square. A man is really revived when he cuts the tap-root of income, if the root reaches a poisonous source.

We expect men in the black belt to practise magic, but when men in the gray belt do, we are puzzled, and the sure sign and proof of a revival is a clearer sense of right and the prompt practise of justice.

Ever and again the search-light falls upon a source of income, a method of business that startles, but we are doubly shocked when we learn that the men who profit thereby are members of the church of Christ. Men who claim to be saved by grace have to be kept honest by civil laws passed by men who make no claims to religion. There is something wrong in a form of faith that does not quicken the conscience and clear the judgment. If Christ is the vine and Christians are the branches, why wild grapes? If Christ is the head, and the church is the body, why deeds that would shame the members of a harlot's body? The Masonic lodge forbids membership to liquor dealers; many churches fondle liquor dealers. The law of the State seeks support by taxation; many Christians dodge taxes, the traps set at the custom-house catch many members of churches. The Christian landlord cannot always be trusted to render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's in the way of sanitary plumbing, and must be watched carefully. The Christian employer cannot always be trusted to deal justly with his help, even on the low plane of civil law. Christ's trouble began when he meddled with the temple court, and cut down the income that flowed into private coffers through forbidden chan-

nels. The house of prayer was made a den of thieves by the religious leaders of their day. A real revival compels men to deal justly and cut off evil sources of income.

An Aseptic Christianity

We forbid common drinking-cups at fountains, or in cars, fearing disease, but "the jingle of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels," and we welcome money without challenge for charities. The diseases that have swept nations into ruin have not been physical, but moral. The new medicine will guard the body of the state, but the better the body the worse if it house an immoral soul. We need an aseptic Christianity, business methods as clean as food and water for spiritual health.

One reason why the ordinary buyer needs protection is that all the time new methods are being evolved by which inferior fabrics are given the surface appearance of good fabrics. Cotton is given the appearance of wool; poor wool, the look and finish of fine wool. Cotton is chemically treated with magnesia to produce that sense of coolness to the touch by which many people test linen. In spinning the cotton that is to be substituted for linen thread, irregularities, such as the little lumps which always occur in linen thread, can be imitated. Another cotton imitation of linen is obtained by substituting mercerized cotton thread for linen thread. This adulteration is largely practised in the manufacture of cheap table-linen and towels.

In cheap woolen material the thread is often cotton with a cover of wool twisted around it, or wool is simply laid in along with the cotton threads without twisting. I examined some cheap woolen dress goods in which the material was woven entirely of cotton thread; the wool consisted of short threads felted on by moisture, heat,

and pressure to the surface of the already woven fabric. When this woolen surface was washed off with caustic soda, a perfect fabric of cotton remained. Cheap material "all wool and a yard wide" can technically fulfil the guaranty "all wool" and yet have little wearing quality. The woolen thread in these fabrics is made from the wool remaining in old rags after the cotton has been burnt out by acids. This is called "wool twice on the sheep's back." Wool thus obtained can be mixed with good wool and used for a better grade of material. When the wool "twice on the sheep's back" is used alone, however, the resulting fabric is poor and thin and quickly wears out.

Silk is chiefly adulterated by the addition of weighting material to the thread. Before weaving the silk thread is weighted by adding sugar starch or mineral salts. These salts swell the thread and make it heavier. Naturally the effect on the wearing quality of the woven fabric is bad. Every woman has at times seen what looks like minute pinholes suddenly appear in an almost new silk skirt. The rough particles of the mineral salts that remain in the goods rub against the fine silk threads when the friction of wear is applied to the garment, and this causes the threads to break.

Surely, not all manufacturers are sons of Belial, some of the captains of industry are Christians, but can you tell which ones by the output of the mill? Much of the stock is owned by Christians, but do they know the secret places where the dividends are made? If Christ cannot quicken a keen conscience, just what does he do when he saves a soul?

We shrink from the fleeing man who caught up a boy and used him as a shield, saving his own life by sacrificing the boy, but see no special crime in pushing boys and

girls into mills, that by cheap labor we may have larger profits; the stream of business life runs as red as the Nile did when the plague struck Egypt. We strip the hillside for pulp to spread news of crime and shame, and grind the growing generation into pulp to feed the mill of business and declare dividends at the cost of life. We expect that of men in the black belt, and of the gray close to the black, but what advantageth it a man if he has faith in the perfect tense, and income from magic? God send us a real revival.

IX

REDEMPTION THROUGH BLOOD

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace."—Ephesians 1 : 7.

THE Epistle to the Ephesians was written about the year 62, in the city of Rome, by Paul in captivity, in the Greek language. Scholars have translated the text into the English language. The translation of words is not always the translation of thought. Words are like mirrors, they give back to you what you carry to them. The car that is going down Main Street carries a half dozen men. It is the same car, and yet it means a different destiny to each man. One man leaves the car that he may be transferred to a Seneca Street car; another to a Niagara Street car. One to enter a broker's office that he may risk an investment; another that he may secure a doctor's advice and get a prescription; another that he may find a lawyer and have explained to him a question of law. So it is with words; one word carries different meanings to different people. It is the same car, and yet to each of the half dozen men it means a different termination. Words as spoken to one man may mean one thing, while they arouse in your mind quite another association, and mean to you other things.

I speak the word "home." It means to me the experience of my life, it means to you the experience of your life, and while I think of home in the light of memory and see the home of my boyhood, you see the home of

your boyhood; and while we meet in the one word home, we are far apart in meaning. I speak the word "mother," and it arouses in me the memory of a sweet-voiced, loving woman, who made home a heaven for me, and who is now gone. It perhaps means to you a sweet-voiced and loving friend who makes home to you a heaven today.

The Other Man's Background and Your Own

You cannot always tell what is meant by a word in the mind of a speaker until you get his point of view. What did Paul mean by the word "redemption"? Not what do you mean, but what had Paul in mind? Now, Paul was a converted Jew, and the background of Paul's thinking was Judaism. As Lake Erie empties itself into the Niagara River, and you analyze the water in the river and the lake and you find them the same, so Judaism emptied itself into Paul's words, Paul's manner of thought.

And against the great background of Judaism, we are thinking of blood. In the Jewish thought the life was in the blood, and the blood was the life. "Thou shalt not eat the flesh with the blood in it," ran the law, for in the flesh is the blood, and the blood is the life. Jesus Christ's atonement was a blood atonement. The blood atones for your life in some strange way. The life of a beast was in its blood, and that life was made over to the credit of another. Animal sacrifices were made on the altars for this reason. The Jews must not eat meat with blood in it, it must always have the blood drained before they can eat it. And yet you and I enjoy our rare roast beef. How are you going to go from your dinner with our thought of life, to Paul's dinner with his thought of life? When the animal was sacrificed on the altar, the blood

flowed out; the body that was left behind was dead. The blood that flowed out carried the life with it, and the life went with the blood, not staying in the beast. When we are redeemed through blood, we are redeemed through life.

Giving What is Your Life

Words are symbols, they are not the things themselves. Here is a man, who, after years of patient toil and small economies, has saved a thousand dollars. He looks at his bank-book now and then. That bank-book is a symbol of a thousand dollars, and that bank-book is a symbol of economy, of long years of patient toil and petty saving —years that he has narrowed himself. He has said: "No, I cannot travel, I must save; I cannot go to the concert, I must save; I cannot go to the sea-shore, I must save. For evil days are coming, when the grasshopper will be a burden, and I must look into the future to provide for it." And so he saves year by year against the evil day. And this money in the bank is also a symbol of the future. As he thinks of it, it means a little room, food, clothing, doctor's bills, and money to bury his body. And when he looks at the bank-account, the bank-account symbolizes what he has denied himself. That money means his life. His brother comes to him and lays before him the burden of his story. He has been ill; he has a large doctor's bill; he is out of work now, and the family are suffering. They will be put out on the street unless they pay the rent. The man goes to the bank and takes out five hundred dollars of that money. That means so much of his life—he has taken from his veins his own life-blood. He has put that blood into his brother. For the money is the life. You may toil early and late, and economize, and by-and-by you have accumulated your

bank-account. In it you can see the years of your life. You have shrunk the web, you have bleached the colors, you have spoiled the cloth, and it all lies in your bank-account. But you are thinking of the day when you will need it. One day you step into the broker's office and make a bad investment. In the morning you are a bankrupt, your money is gone. You go to your room, and, taking a revolver, pull the trigger, and your life is gone. Your life went, not when you touched the trigger, but when you lost your investment.

When you are lifting a great church debt, people come forward and give the savings of years. They have given their life as really as though they had shouldered the Mauser and gone to the Philippines, as really as though they had laid their life down on the field of Gettysburg. It is like cutting off the right hand, or plucking out the right eye, to give one's life like that. It is genuine sacrifice.

How Christ Put Himself into Word and Deed

Now, in Jewish thought, the blood was the life; the body meant nothing, blood meant everything. He who gave his blood gave his life, and we are redeemed through the blood of Jesus Christ. It is the life sacrificed, and not the life hoarded, that saves. The life-blood must be poured from the veins. Christ poured out his life in the sacrifice on the cross before that life became available to you and to me. He put some of his life into his teachings; he put more of it into his miracles, but the great gift was, when with pierced and broken heart, he poured out the blood and with it the life.

There is a peculiar quality about Christ's teachings, and that quality is ours because he sacrificed himself in spoken words. Only so much of a man's mind as he puts

into spoken words, vitalizes the thought. You have read books and novels and heard sermons that had no grit to them because the man did not put any life in. He had not put his life into the words he spoke. When he had finished, he was fresh as when he began. He did not put his nervous force and thought into it, and at the end of the sermon or lecture or the book, he did not have to go away and rest a little while because he had given so much of himself. Christ put himself into his teachings and his miracles, and he was filled with a great electric force. When he was walking on the street, and the woman touched the hem of his garment, he turned and said: "Who hath touched me? Somebody hath touched me, for I perceive that virtue hath gone out of me." Christ when healing the blind and lifting the dead, must go away and recoup his strength by communion with God. He had given his life. So we are led, step by step, to the great gift of his life. Now the life becomes yours and mine when it is given up, and the blood is a symbol. It is language, but life is the thought. It is the machine, but life is the power that drives it. And the blood shed on Calvary by him redeemed the world because of the quality of life he gave to it.

For centuries the Niagara River has plowed its way from lake to lake. Buffalo has grown up within sight and sound of its roaring tumult. Men stooped and dipped up in cups its water. Years passed, and Buffalo didn't need any more water, she did need fire and power, heat and light and force. And so men went up alongside the river and dug a pit, and they put machinery in the bottom of the pit, and put dynamos at the top, and wired it to the city. Now the question is, How can you transform that rushing tide of water into fire and force. Never, except the river be willing to sacrifice itself. It

must go into contact with the organized machinery. Men came to the side of the river and whispered of the world's need. They said: "It will freeze but for warmth from you. It will bear its own burdens but for strength from you. Will you give yourself?" The river nods, Yes; the life strikes the organized wheel at the bottom of the pit, and fire and force and warmth and heat are born; but it is by the surrender of the river. That is the meaning of the life-work and the death gift of Jesus Christ. The world is cold, the world is dark, the world is burdened; the world cannot help itself. It can bear its burdens and stagger to its grave; it can shiver by its fires; but there are needs in the soul of a man that call for a divine redemption, and how shall we get it? Go to the Son of God who shares the glory of the Father. As we tell him the world's needs, he comes down to our level. He falls upon the human organization. He empties himself. He makes himself of no reputation. He takes upon himself the form of a slave. He is obedient unto death, the death of the cross; and out of that life comes the life that has borne the world's burden of sin and the warmth that has quickened the world to its salvation, until now it is coming more and more to accept the sacrifice. Buffalo is redeemed from darkness by the gift of Niagara. The world is redeemed from darkness by the gift of Christ.

Christ Coming Down to Our Level

Now in order for anything in the way of thought or life to do you good, it must come down to your level. Christ came down to our level. He took that old divine teaching, that the life was in the blood, and the blood was in the life, and because children were partakers of flesh and the blood, he also became a partaker of the same, and

he took upon himself the seed of Abraham. He dropped his divine force to the level of our human need.

The Master in the great parable of life, speaks of sowing seed in three different kinds of soil, but all kinds of soil are alike in this: They are dead. There is no power in soil to organize itself. There is no power in sunlight to organize the soil. And for centuries the sun pours its gift of golden light upon the bankrupt earth, and it doesn't circulate; and the rain comes down in silver showers to the earth, and it doesn't circulate. You may shower your golden sunlight and your silver rain upon a dead earth, and it is no richer than it was before. It lies there and bakes in the sunlight and soaks in the rain. By-and-by the man comes with the seed, and the seed has the life in it, but the seed must surrender itself to the earth, or it can never lift the earth to its own likeness. You go to the nodding grains of wheat as they wave in the autumn day and say: "Are you willing to surrender yourselves from this wheat head? Are you willing to give up your life that the earth may be renewed?" And the wheat-head nods and you pass along.

You go to the great Christ and you say: "There is a dead earth waiting for redemption. It needs the touch of the divine Christ. Are you willing to give yourself to the redemption of the world?" And the golden grain of the Son of Man nods, and the work begins. Now when the golden grain of wheat falls into the earth, it gives its life. Its life is in the germ. When Christ gives himself, he gives his life in its human nature. The earth now taken in hand by the organizing force of the wheat, begins to build up, and so much of it as surrenders to the wheat, takes on great beauty, as it lifts into the sunlight which comes to meet it; and you have a new form of life. It is more than the earth, more than the sun, more than

the rain. God meets man in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ lifts man toward God. Jesus Christ brings God down to man. In Christ we have a new and living way. We have redemption through him, the forgiveness of sins—redemption through his blood, and this redemption came to us when he gave his life.

The Gift that Saves

Men emphasize the example of Jesus Christ. It is well. Men emphasize the teachings of Jesus Christ. It is well. Wherein lies the power of his example? In the amount of life he lived and gave. But he did not put enough redeeming life into what he did to save a soul, aside from the sacrifice on Calvary. There is the gift, the redemption that saves.

This redemption through Christ *redeems from the power of memory.* A sin in the memory is always a source of danger. It is like a mortgage on your house; it may be foreclosed at any time that you cannot pay the interest. It is like seed sown in the soil; it is liable to spring up at any time. The other day we had a south wind and the genial rain for twelve hours. We went to bed looking at the brown earth; we arose looking at the green earth. Who can tell when a dead sin rooted in the memory shall not become a living sin, between sunrise and sundown? The blood of Jesus Christ blotted sin from the memory, and Jehovah said: "I will remember your sins no more, I will blot them out as a thick cloud. I will cast them into the depths of the sea." Be sure, if your sin has faded from the page of God's memory, it has gone from the page of your memory. What has become of the morning cloud touched by the scepter of the sun as he mounts his throne? It has gone. It is not in the power of man to bring it back. What has

become of your transgressions when touched by the scepter of Christ? They have gone, you cannot find them. What has become of the sin cast into the depths of the sea? Scientific men tell us that if you lower a glass tube below a certain depth, to get the temperature of the sea, and try to bring up your glass tube, it has been shattered. The pressure of the weight of the water has shivered the scientific instrument. Sins that are cast into the depths of the sea are shattered, shivered, destroyed. When sin is between me and God, I see only sin; when God is between me and sin, I see only God. God is the horizon of the universe, and when sin is behind him, it is done for. You never can find it again. And that is what redemption through the blood means. The fingers wipe the page of memory, and the sin disappears.

If you have been to Rome, you will remember the finest bit of architecture that has come across the centuries is the grand old Pantheon. Its massive wall lifts like an island in the sea. It is the finest dome that was ever molded by the hand of man. Through the dome is an opening without glass, and through it you look up into the blue Italian sky. It was the old pagan Pantheon, or house of all gods; and whenever Rome conquered a new kingdom, she brought the gods into the Pantheon, and they were set around side by side in niches. When Christianity came to the front, Cæsar sought to set aside an alcove for Christ. This new god should stand in the Pantheon. But Christ said, "Everything or nothing"; and today, as you lift the heavy leather doors and pass into the Pantheon, there is no hint or memory of a heathen god. All the altars are Christian. The air is heavy with the incense of Christian worship. Christ has driven every god out of that heathen Pantheon, and taken possession of it for himself. That is redemption through

blood. Line by line *Christ conquers the whole kingdom,* until there is not a rebellious province or a backward state where Christ does not rule.

He redeems the imagination. The imagination is the slave of memory. The imagination weaves the pattern of the stuff that memory brings. When memory fails, the imagination falters. When the memory brings woolen goods, the imagination weaves woolen fabric; silk goods, silk fabrics; and when the memory brings the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ, the pattern changes, and from woolen we go to silk, and from thoughts of man to thoughts of God.

The Christian religion is not only a quickening of the latent powers; it is a bringing in of the divine power. "Lazarus, I say unto thee, arise," and it was the "I" that made him arise, and not merely the Lazarus that arose. Many years ago in a neighboring State a man bought a little tract of land with a house on it, and around the edge he planted a buckthorn hedge, and it grew in beauty for years. He sold the house, and the new owner put a row of maple trees alongside the hedge. Years passed by, the buckthorn hedge withered and died. By-and-by it was thrown into a bonfire. The strong maple trees had taken the strength out of the soil around its roots, and kept out the sunlight from it. The buckthorn hedge had nothing to do but to die. Before you surrender your life to worldliness, to sensuality, let Christ come and plant the trees of a new kingdom, and the first thing you know the old hedge is dying down. The new roots have sapped its strength, and from memory, imagination, and will the old passes, and all things become new through the blood, through the life of Jesus Christ; for it is the law of life always that the stronger dominates the weaker, and there is no life so strong in God's uni-

verse as the life of God manifest in the flesh for the redemption. It is the survival of the fittest, it is the killing of the unfittest; and you go and rip up the buckthorn hedge and make a bonfire, and rest yourselves in the shadow of the new life. We are redeemed then from the power of sin, in the memory, by the blood of Jesus Christ, that is, by the life which Jesus Christ offered on Calvary when he poured out the blood from a broken heart for the redemption of the world.

X

SALVATION BY CHRIST

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." —Acts 4 : 12.

PETER states a fact and a method. The fact is, we must be saved; the method is, in the name of Jesus Christ. Salvation is a necessity, not a luxury; it is a "must be," not a "may be." Life is full of meaning when necessities are met, though luxuries are denied. Life is bare of meaning when necessities are denied. The bottom fact concerning human nature is that it is lost; the bottom fact concerning Jesus Christ is that he saves.

A miracle is a parable wrought into deeds. The Master, in a parable, teaches us that the kingdom of heaven is like seed sown in a garden, organizing and yielding a harvest. The kingdom of heaven, then, is putting life into death. Cultivating the soil brings no harvest; what the field needs is seeding. What human nature needs is saving. The organizing principle of life is not in the flesh. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. If that which is born of the flesh is to enter into the kingdom of the Spirit, it must be born of the Spirit, born from above, born again. The kingdom of heaven is like a nobleman who went into a far country, and got for himself a kingdom. Returning to his home, he brought it back. The kingdom is the highest form of organized power we know. Its civilization, institutions, schools, libraries,

courts of justice, business, are brought in; the nobleman did not find them. There was a leavening power. Sifting the flour again and again does not leaven it; molding it with dainty fingers does not leaven it. There must be power of leavening put into it. The kingdom of heaven is the uplifting power that is brought to the human mind. Jesus Christ brought it. He put life into death, sight into blindness, hearing into deafness, health into leprosy. He did not evolve these things from leprosy, death, disease, and blindness; he brought them to these various forms of death.

A Lost Man

Thus we find in parable and miracle that human nature is dead. If it is to be lifted, it is to be from above, and not from within. The man by the Beautiful Gate was a lost man; he was born lame, he was born lost. As a babe it didn't make so much difference, for a babe cannot use its feet if it has them. The babe clings with tiny hands to mother's and father's strength. But when the hands of boyhood opened the gate of infancy and beckoned to the growing child to walk, he could not walk. He was lost to boyhood. He was born and reared on a St. Helena's island of bondage. The tidal wave swept past him. White-winged ships came and went, but his horizon never widened. He was lost. He was like a steamship anchored in a harbor with steam up, the eager sea beckoning, but he could not break the grip of the anchor on the granite. He was lost to the sea. The eager boy's life had no meaning for him. He might sit by the bank of the brook and watch its tumultuous roar and rush, but dared not plunge into it. Boys are too busy to care for crippled mates; a boy's life is too short, the joys and delights are too many, life is too full. And the poor pris-

oner sat in his cage and watched, but did not live. When the gateway of boyhood widened into manhood, and the waiting world called for the new strength, there was no answer. He could bear no burdens. He himself was a burden, and they bore him daily and laid him at the gate of the temple. He could not run the race of life, he could not fight the fight of life; he could sit behind his bars and watch and wait and wither, but he could not live. He was lost to the social functions of society. Amusement has no place for cripples, a masquerade has no call for the broken and maimed. He was lost to the business world; the eager strenuous life that calls for all the power there is in a man, for his best, has no use for cripples. So they spread a mat for him by the temple and laid him upon it and left him. He was lost to the temple service. He could lie there and watch, but no cripple could stand by the altar of Jehovah. He was lost to all that makes life full to you and me.

How are you going to help the man? By rubbing his ankles with your hands? You have no more strength than you need for your own burdens. By calling upon him to arouse the spring of life in him? There is no spring of life in him. As the Jordan pours its abundance into the Dead Sea, so the world pours itself into him, and grows salt and bitter. He is a lost man.

The mind has much power over the body, but the body has quite as much over the mind. You try to think when the grippe is foreclosing its mortgage, and see how you succeed. You try to do business after you have been kept awake night after night with rheumatism, and see how you make out. The water channels its way through the soil and makes the river, but the bank of the river pollutes the running water. The mind has much to do with the body, but the body has much to do with the mind.

When Mr. Moody looked at Gladstone, he said, "I wish I had your head"; and Gladstone said, "I wish I had your body." Many a man with over-balanced brain has longed for a sturdy body to tend the machinery of life.

A Lost Man's Measure of Manhood

The beggar by the Beautiful Gate was reduced to a single thought—money. All he cared for men was what he could make out of them. He sought men as the oil-seekers seek the wells of Pennsylvania, to pump something out. He sought men as the miners seek Alaska, to get something out of them. His measure of manhood was money. If you can find a human being any lower than that, I don't want to know him. Money has its uses, but how quickly you find its limitations! and when you have found only its limitations and not its uses—when the measure of every man you meet is money—you are a lost man. God made man, and man made money, and when you stop with what man makes and do not hold on to what God makes, you are a lost man. Gold alone, is only fetters; used, it is a power. Not very long ago two men sat together at dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. They had been college mates. One had settled down in Western New York on a farm, and made a life. The other had settled down in Wall Street and made a living. The one was worth his acres, the other was worth twenty millions of dollars in money. The farmer had his wife and two daughters with him. Addressing his wealthy friend, he said, "Where is your wife?" "In Paris." "Where is your daughter?" "In London." "Where is your son?" "On his yacht, and I live here alone. I would to God I had somebody who cared for me and not for my money. When I visited London, my daughter hurried me down to Brighton to

get me out of her social circle. When I am on my son's yacht, he is ashamed of me; and all they care for me is my money." A few mornings after, the millionaire was found dead in his room. His wife and son and daughter were lost. They watched the father as you would watch the mint in Philadelphia, as a money-coining machine. They thought no more of their father than the boy at Christmastime thinks of the Christmas tree. He has no thought of the tree, but of the beautiful gifts that are hanging upon it. This man was not a vicious man, he was not a drunken man, he was an orthodox Jew by the gate of the temple; but he was a lost man, for all he could see in manhood was money. He considered him the greatest man who gave the greatest gift, and he was the smallest man who gave the smallest gift. God pity the man! He was lost.

A Civilization Partially Saved

Up the temple steps come two saved men. Wonderful men these. Their kindergarten training was among the nets of the fishermen by the sea. Their university training was under that Master of Teachers, Jesus Christ. Silver and gold had they none, but they were men, saved men, and they did not measure life by money standards, but by spiritual standards. Two marvelous men—they had been with Christ three years. They had stood by the full tomb, and had peered into the empty tomb. They had received the gift of the Holy Ghost, and the door of our Christian civilization swung on the hinges of these two human lives. The truth those men had in their heads and hearts when they came up to the temple has done more for the world than all other truth—artistic, scientific, literary, and governmental. Peter and John with their message have done more for the world than Colum-

bus when he found America. We could do without America, but what would the world be without the message of Jesus Christ as Peter and John preached it? These two men have done more for the world that Cæsar or Alexander, than William the Conqueror or Washington or Lincoln, or all great men of all centuries. Peter and John were wonderful men, and yet when that cripple by the gateside saw them, he saw nothing in them but sources of money. Wasn't he a lost man, this man who could see nothing in Peter and John, nothing in the gospel of Jesus Christ, nothing in the hand of God, but alms? He is of interest to us because he is a symbol or type for illustration of a lost humanity. Jesus Christ came to seek and save that which was lost. He came because men were lost. The Christian civilization that we have is partially saved; the civilization that he found was totally lost.

Ours is a Christian civilization, so called. It is like a law that we now have, by which, owing to a temporary spasm of fear for hydrophobia, our dogs must go muzzled in the streets. This law will perhaps cease in a few months. But humanity walks the streets of its Christian civilization muzzled and protected with prisons and courts of justice. When you want to make a bargain with a man, you sit down and muzzle him with an ironclad contract. You Christian men don't dare trust one another out of sight. And yet you talk of being saved. Our whole civilization is a crystallized argument showing that we are not saved through and through yet. Our civilization is lost because the brand of money is on it all. Like the cripple by the gate-side, we cannot see anything human or divine without the dollar stamp on it. If that isn't being lost, what is? You say a man is lost with a fever for alcohol? Granted. You say a man is lost with

a passion of sensuality? Granted. But is your conception of salvation a man who cannot see anything but money in a civilization like ours? To the crippled beggar by the gate-side the measure of man was what he expected to find in man; and Peter and John, by whose preaching three thousand men had been lifted from darkness to light, said, "Look on us," and he looked, expecting to receive an alms. It is awful. Peter saved the man; spoke a word or two to him, lifted him to strong manhood. That is the difference between money and life. Money came and money went, but the cripple stayed on forever. Life came once, and the cripple went on a man.

The Name That Saves

And this man who wrought the miracle is an authority on the secret of power, and when the high court said to him, "By what authority or by what name do you do this?" he said, "Jesus Christ." A man in a laboratory works an experiment with success. He is an authority on that experiment. This man in the laboratory of the world wrought a marvelous experiment, and they asked, "What is the secret of it?" and he said, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth." The man who can do things is an authority on doing things, and Peter did something; Peter is an authority as to how he did it. "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth; neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Gordon of Khartoum, the great English general, left among his papers a slip of paper on the Garden of Eden. He was a profound Biblical scholar and a scientist. He comes to the conclusion that Jehovah selected two trees and made them sacraments; the one was a sacrament of

knowledge and the other of life. They were to be used as sacraments; they had a particular power given to them for that purpose, and when they had served that purpose the sacrament had ceased. Now we take common bread and common wine, and it is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It is the medium through which we see the finished work of Jesus Christ. You take your red, your blue, and your white cloth, and sew them together in stripes and stars, and you have made a sacrament of the flag. It is the sacrament of the nation. Through the one tree a man will get knowledge, and through the other a man will get life, as he obeys or disobeys. God has taken the name of Jesus Christ and made it the sacramental name of salvation. Names cover characters and spell lives—stand for works. For instance, I speak certain names, certain lives and certain works come to your mind. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus [Saviour], for he shall save his people from their sins"; and there is no other name. Abraham stands for faith, Moses for law, David for psalms, Solomon for proverbs, Paul for doctrine, John for love, Jesus for salvation. There is no other name given or identified with salvation. It is the name that carries within itself the contents of the divine salvation. It is the "open sesame" to salvation. It is the pass-key to the papers of salvation. Abraham is not a symbol of salvation; he was saved by faith. Moses stood for law, but the law condemns, the law doesn't save. David stood for psalms, but psalms are to be sung by saved men. Solomon stood for proverbs, but proverbs do not bring new wisdom to human kind. John stood for love, but John cannot love the soul out of death into life. Paul stood for doctrine, but doctrine cannot lift the soul out of death into life. The name of Confucius does not save. The contents of Confucius' name is human

wisdom, and China, who has sat at his feet for centuries, is only just awakening at the dawn of human civilization. Confucianism does not save. Buddha was the son of a prince or king. He brought his thoughts to his people. The Buddhist countries are in a trance waiting for the kiss of the prince, when they shall awake to salvation. The name of Mohammed does not save. The nations that have fastened themselves to his name are on the lowest round of civilization. The name of God does not save; the name of God is like a mirror—when I speak of it each one sees his own image in his own mind. It is a matter of scientific observation again and again in mission fields, when you speak the name of God, the heathen thinks of his god. When you speak the name of Jesus Christ, he takes his salvation from your God. There is no other name under heaven by which you can be saved. The air is full of electricity, but the trolley-wheel wanders along in the air and gets no power. When it touches the wire, the power comes. The name of Jesus Christ is the divinely insulated wire, through which pours the power of God's creating hand.

The name of the Father does not save. Christ said, "No man comes unto the Father but by me." He knew the Father better than we know him. "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." The fact is, that, until men are born of the spirit through faith in Jesus Christ, the Fatherhood of God has no personal meaning. We cannot understand the Father outside the Son; and so the name of God and the name of the Father and the name of Jehovah and the names of faithful men throughout the centuries become simply a huge Tower of Babel from which we fall through confounded names. There is no name under heaven given among men except the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Salvation means today what it meant then—restoration of waste powers; filling out of a divine ideal; lifting the man from without the gate inside the gate, where he thanks God.

Dwight Hillis, a prominent minister in Brooklyn, tells us that some years ago, a man came into his meeting, and at the end of the meeting walked down the steps with him and told him this story: His parents died when he was four years of age, and he was adopted by a Western farmer when he was eight. The boy took a son's place and grew up to manhood on the farm. The old farmer said to him, "If you stay with me, I will make you my heir." The young man stayed with him, and presently married, and went off on his wedding trip. While he was gone the old farmer got another man to do his work, an older man. When the young man came back the older man stayed on. One day while out working in the field together, the young man ordered the older man to do something. The old man was sullen and quick-tempered. He picked up a pitchfork and started toward the young man, who was trying to guard himself. By some accident the old man fell on the pitchfork and was killed. The young man was tried for murder. The farmer's other heirs, who wanted the young man out of the way, employed able lawyers, by whose efforts he was convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. One day a minister came to see him in the prison, and explained to him the way of Jesus Christ. He accepted it. A few days after his wife wrote that she had sued for divorce and was going to marry again. He fought out the struggle inside the prison walls, living an upright, consistent Christian life. When he went out of the prison he carried with him an invention. He perfected it and put it on the market, and is today a wealthy man. He found

salvation in the name of Jesus Christ—recovery of himself, a life set free to do its best.

Salvation means today precisely what it meant eighteen hundred years ago, by the Beautiful Gate. It means a cripple made whole by God's power. It means a burden made into a burden-bearer. And Peter stands between the Christ and the cripple, as the church stands between the Christ and the crippled world, speaking, acting, living the name of Jesus Christ. There is salvation in no other.

My brother, my sister, have you so lived and spoken the name of Jesus Christ that to your certain knowledge one soul has been saved because of you? If not, are you yourself saved?

XI

THE CHRIST-TYPE

"Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."—Acts 4 : 13.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps, not by the company that keeps him. Character depends upon content, and not upon circumstances. The staves of a barrel are held in place by circumstances called hoops. They are something that stand around the outer side. But the character of a barrel is determined by its contents; not by what holds it, but by what it holds. So the character of man is determined not by outside pressure but by inside choice. Napoleon I was imprisoned on St. Helena for many months. He did not die an Englishman. Joseph was kept in Egypt for many years, suffering in the prison, and serving in the palace. He did not die an Egyptian; he kept the fires of memory burning on the altars of the soul, and welcomed his Hebrew father and brothers when they came to the land of the Nile, and on his dying bed pledged his descendants to carry his body back to his birthplace. Moses was kept for forty years in Egypt and for forty years in Midian, but he became neither an Egyptian nor a Midianite. He lived through all the years and died a Hebrew, loyal to the faith of his fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

It is nothing but cowardice for a man to plead circumstances for having a rotten character. The building

material in the great workshop of Nature, dealt out to every form of life, is the same. You can easily tell the difference between the oak tree and the maple, between the dog and the man who are standing under the tree, but no living man can tell the difference between the raw material that goes into the tree and the dog and the man. This raw material is uniform for all forms of life. The scientific man calls the raw material protoplasm. It looks like the white of an egg. It is made of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen. You stand by the work-bench and see Nature give out to the workman that makes the maple tree a bit of raw material, another workman a bit of raw material precisely like it, and another workman a bit of raw material like both of them, all out of the same bin; and one workman makes a tree, another a dog, and another a man, out of the same material.

The raw material that goes into different types of civilization is the same. God hath made of one all nations of the earth. The protoplasm of humanity is made up of intelligence, sensibilities, and will, and these three elements enter into every bit of human nature, and human nature is shaped by that to which it surrenders itself. Now and then come great men into the world. The type of human nature in India yields to Buddha, and you have Buddhism; the type of human nature in China yields to Confucius, and you have Confucianism: Arabia yields its type to Mohammed, and you have Mohammedanism. The modern world yields itself to Jesus Christ, and you have Christianity. Let a child yield itself to Buddha, and you will have a Buddhist; yield itself to Confucius, and you will have a Confucian; to Mohammed, and you will have a Mohammedan. The raw material is the same in the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, the Confucian, and the Christian—intellect, sensibilities, will—but a man's

character is determined by what he yields himself to, what he is willing to hold in his will. You tell us a barrel that is filled with flour is called a flour-barrel, another one is called a sugar-barrel, another a molasses-barrel, another a whisky-barrel. So a man's character depends upon what he holds willingly. Character is simply the mark on the surface. A man yields his life to a personality, to a principle, to a purpose, to a truth. These engrave themselves on the man's memory, on his will, on his affections, and to whatever that man touches he transmits the character that he has received from the person and the purpose and the thought and the truth he has yielded himself to.

So a man is known by the company he keeps, no matter what keeps him. The captured Boers are being carried to St. Helena, but captivity does not mean conformation of character. They may live in St. Helena for years, they will die Boers.

"These Men Have Been With Jesus"

These wise men in Jerusalem took knowledge of Peter and John that they had been with Jesus. How did they know it? By certain characteristics that they found repeating themselves in the lives of these men. The web stretched in the Gobelin tapestry looms in Paris depends for its pattern upon the oil painting behind the workmen, the mosaic in the walls of St. Peter's in Rome depends for its pattern in a like manner. In the web of life and mosaic of character we are made by the ideals we yield ourselves to.

These men, the text says, were unlearned and ignorant men—better rendered, "unlettered and private individuals." They were not men of letters. Their accusers were. But what are letters? Letters are the cans hold-

ing preserved thought that has been put up by other thinkers. They were not men of letters, they were thinkers. There is a large difference between a retail dealer of other men's thoughts, and a thinker. Thinkers are rare. Scholars are plenty. Scholars are simply dealers in what other men have thought and put into letters. The man of letters and of culture is the man who has mastered other men's thoughts. Letters are simply the goatskins of Palestine; they hold the vintage of past years. Peter and John had come from the Promised Land with purple clusters of their own thinking; they were treading the wine-press of thought alone. They were putting the vintage of their thought into old forms, and the forms were stretched and cracking. And men took note that they had been with Jesus Christ.

Jesus was not a scholar, he was a thinker. That amazed his enemies. They wondered where he got his knowledge, for he had never studied letters. No, but he had studied thought, and thought is more than letters. Letters simply preserve thought. Knowledge comes through letters. Wisdom comes through life. You never become wise by thinking other men's thoughts. You become very knowing, but not wise. And these men were not knowing men, they were wise men. They had the wisdom of life.

They were ignorant men. The Greeks said they were idiots. The Greeks thought all wisdom and knowledge were in the hands of their public teachers, their political masters, but they found this did not hold then, and it does not hold now.

Free Thinking and Free Speaking

They took knowledge of them, first, of their boldness—that is, better rendered, *freeness of thought and freeness*

of expression. The characteristic of Jesus Christ as a teacher, was absolute freedom of thought and freedom of speech. Jesus Christ was the greatest free thinker the world has ever seen. There is no fallacy like the fallacy of supposing that free thinking means irreligious thinking. Freedom of thought means freedom in every field of thought, and the man who puts a barb-wire fence around religious thought, shows his own limitations. Men are made to think in all directions, up toward God and down toward daily life, and out toward humanity. Freedom of thinking means freedom of thinking in all directions. Our street-cars run on certain streets and avenues, and depend upon the tracks for their right of way. They cannot run along streets that are not tracked. A great deal of self-styled freedom of thought is about as free as this; it cannot get off and go ahead. It has laid down certain lines of prejudice, and it goes back and forth, up and down. Christ was as free as the birds of the air, as free as the currents of the sea, and there was no field of thought that he did not press his pilgrim feet upon. He took up the literature of his people and thought it through freely. He said, "Moses said unto you . . . but I say." "Moses' law was given you on account of the hardness of your hearts; but this was not so in the beginning," and Jesus unfolded the literature of his people with freedom. He thought on all subjects of God and man, of heaven and hell, of duty and destiny. And he was a free speaker, too. That cost him his life. A little more withholding of speech, and he would have lived to be seventy years of age. But one would better die free than to live a bondman. Free thought without free speech is useless. Free thought is like the fire—it needs a draught to keep it going, and if you shut off the draught of speech, free thought dies.

Did Jesus Christ draw a circle around certain forms of thought, and say, "Think these and no more"? Never! He said: "I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now. I will send you another Advocate, and when he has come, he will guide you to all the truth. He shall take the things of mine and show them unto you. He shall glorify me."

And these men who were with the Master three years, had caught the secret of free thought and free speech. The distinguishing mark of the Master was on the men.

My brother, there is no subject in the universe that is barred to freedom of thought. God is not even too sacred to be the subject of thought. "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow."

There was another mark of the Master that came out in the disciples, and that was their sympathy.

Sympathy for Men

Not freedom of thought for thought's sake, not freedom of speech for speech's sake, but *freedom of thought and freedom of speech for man's sake.* The heart is more than the head. Jesus Christ had compassion on the multitude. Some of you boast of your freedom of speech; you had better muzzle it. No man has a right to strike a blow in the face of a friend for the sake of showing that he can speak his mind. Truth is not for truth's sake, but for man's sake. God did not make a truth in his image and likeness, but he made man in the image and likeness of God; and always in your freedom of thought and speech, study whether you are going to help or hurt when you speak your mind. The highwayman on the street has no right to knock a man down, to show his superiority to the law.

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life." The way to the truth, and truth for a ministry of life. These men when they saw the man by the wayside, spoke to help, and not to hurt him. Let the free wind blow over every field of thought, but be sure it is a south wind laden with the sunshine of sympathy, and not a north wind keen-edged with the frost of destruction. Free thought and free speech are crushing icebergs in an arctic sea; sympathy is a Gulf Stream that melts the ice and makes it minister health and strength to a waiting world.

The characteristic of Jesus Christ's teaching is its sympathetic temper and tone.

They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. Ye are judged by the words of your mouth. "God, make the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart acceptable in thy sight, my strength and my Redeemer." And the mark of the Master and the typemark of the disciples was Christian help. Sympathy is marvelous, and yet there is no danger so subtle as that of developing sympathy for the sake of enjoying it. I read a book the other day, and as I read, my heart swelled, my throat contracted, and the quick tears came. I laid down the book. I breathed a silent prayer of praise that God had enabled the man to write a book that could stir my sympathy. I then thought, How much better is the world for the fact that you are stirred? How much better is the world for that quickening of the heart, for that gathering of quick tears, for that flash of sympathy? That is the test.

Another remarkable thing about Jesus Christ is that he helped men. There is no sense in getting up steam unless you can use it in machinery. There is no use in diverting Niagara unless you can pour the diverted water on a turbine wheel that will generate force and fire; and

there is just as much use in arousing your sympathy and then letting it run to waste.

"Come with me," said a friend, "down to the theater. I was there last night, and it was the best play I ever saw. I cried more than half the way through." So we go to the theater, and read novels, to stir our jaded tastes. That is not the mark of Christ. Christ is a sympathetic high priest, but he can be touched by the meanest of us. His words are charged with a high purpose, that makes the world better.

How much better is the world today because you are in it? Because you think freely, speak boldly, and sympathize warmly? That is the mark of a Christian.

India, stretching her hands out in famine and want, does not reach toward the Buddhist or Confucian, but toward the sympathetic helpfulness of a Christian civilization.

Communion with God

Another mark of the Master that came out was that of prayer. God is the author of thought. If you would be a free thinker, know God. God is the giver of speech. If you would be a free speaker, know God. God is the author of sympathy. If you would sympathize correctly, know God. God is the source of power for helpfulness. Prayer is knowing God. These men came from a place of prayer when they helped the man. They were going to a place of prayer. Instantly they were set free from their bondage, they started for the church, and all prayed. The Master was a man of prayer. While the world slept, Jesus prayed. While the world waited, Jesus prayed. Before he healed the leper, before he raised the dead, Jesus prayed. That is a characteristic, and the man who bears the type-mark of Christ is a man of

prayer. He did not teach the philosophy of prayer—he prayed. The child breathes for years before he understands the philosophy of breathing. There must be no refusing to do things till you know how. Understanding the philosophy of doing a thing comes from doing the thing. Prayer is the mark of Christianity; no man can be a Christian and not pray.

Prayer is the evidence of a new life begun. The child is born. The doctor bends over it with listening ear to find out if it lives. What is the proof? It breathes. Stand by the bedside of the dying man. He is dead; his breath has stopped. Bend over the soul and listen. The Christ life has gone, he has stopped praying. Prayer is the secret of communion with the unseen God.

It is a custom in college life for men to hold anniversaries of the year in which they graduated, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years past. Some months ago a class gathered in Yale College that had been separated for twenty years. Five and twenty men were gathered around a table in a room, the door opened, a man entered, bowed in form, leaning heavily on a staff, his face deeply furrowed, his hair whitened. He looked into the face of one and another. No man knew him. His lines of life had gone out at right angles from them, and he had not seen one of them for twenty years. He had searched the world for health, the burden of disease had bowed him down, taken the vitality out of his life. He spoke to one and another of his classmates, calling them by name. No one knew him. Without speaking his name, he stepped to the door and beckoned, and came in again leaning on the strong arm of a boy eighteen years of age, and when they saw him, with one consent they spoke the father's name. The type was repeated in the boy.

Men and women, do you bear the type-mark of Jesus

Christ? When men see you, do they think of the Master? Does the world see in you the reproduction of that life of freedom of thought; that freedom of speech concerning the things that are seen and heard; that matchless sympathy that has compassion on the multitude, and mighty helpfulness that lifts the weary into the arms of God; the constant communion that is at home in the arms of the Father? There is no danger to the Christian religion so long as the Christ-type is perpetuated.

XII

CONQUEST FOR CHRIST

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down reasonings, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 Corinthians 10 : 4, 5

Our text has a great historic background which gives form to Paul's thought; a study of that will give understanding of the text. From the years 90 to 48 B. C. the history of Rome reads like the story of San Francisco during the earthquake, or of Paris during the Commune: Turmoil, tumult, overthrow, destruction; a social war, two civil wars, three wars with Mithridates, two revolutions; provinces in rebellion, Rome in revolution; liberty perished, but power persisted. During this period piracy flourished; the seas, swept of Roman ships, were given over to pirates. Cilicia was the headquarters of the pirate hordes. The gulfs that gashed the shores were given over to building and repairing pirate vessels. The heights were fortified, forts crowned the crests of the mountains, ships swept the seas. The sea between Cyrene, Crete, and Smyrna was called the Golden Gulf, so rich was the harvest. Pirate vessels were decorated with purple and fine linen, adorned with gold, oars were plated with silver. The pirates controlled a thousand vessels, plundered four hundred cities, robbed temples. Rome cared little for her Greek cities; but when the freebooters of the sea seized Roman corn-ships, free corn at Rome was impossible,

riots began, the Senate acted. Pompey was given supreme power, five hundred galleys were voted him, a hundred thousand foot-soldiers, five thousand horse, and unlimited credit. He swept the seas, burned the docks, sunk the ships, captured one hundred and twenty cities, ten thousand prisoners, and pulled the forts to pieces.

Saul of Tarsus (Paul) was born in Cilicia. The struggle was modern history when, a boy, he had seen the ruins of docks, the wrecks of ships, the crumbling walls of forts on the hillsides and tops. The history set the molds into which he poured the molten metal of his thought. To Paul the Christian religion was a struggle; he must be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, he must put on the whole armor of God, he must keep his body under. The Christian religion is not the translation of the teachings of Christ from one language into another, but the putting the spirit of Christ into life.

The struggle with the pirates was inside the Republic. Pompey did not stand on the frontier and beat back invaders. The pirates were not flies and mosquitoes bringing death from the outside world, but bacilli and germs spreading death inside the body.

The Pirates of the Heart

As Paul entered more deeply into the Christian life he learned the meaning of the Master's teaching, "Your enemies shall be those of your own household." Not merely members of the same circle, but in the heart, memory, mind, imagination, will. Every Christian is a soldier and a pirate. The struggle is a civil war. Every soul is a Cilicia and a Mediterranean. The heights are fortified by evil; the sea is like the Atlantic during the Civil War, a meeting-place for men of the same blood under different flags. The pirates of Cilicia were not

barbarians from beyond the border, but Romans in training and citizenship, and so more dangerous.

Saul of Tarsus had little trouble doing good as a Jew. The laws of life were very definite, fasting, paying tithes, keeping fast- and feast-days. It is easy to do right when right doing is obedience to law. He reached perfection according to the righteousness of the law. He met Christ and asked, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Then he found a law in his members contrary to the law in his mind. Custom hardens into law, life overrides custom, and the struggle is on. When you are dealing with a reservoir and canals, you can regulate the outflow; that is Judaism. But when you deal with clouds and rivers, the flood overflows the banks; that is Christianity. Life more abundantly calls for deeper and wider channels. There are a great many Jewish engineers in the Christian camp, men who try to regulate the new life by canals and gates, instead of furnishing machinery for the new power. Paul found himself bound to a body of death; he never saw it in the dim light of Judaism. The sea swarmed with pirates, the heights were fortified, his temples were sacked, his corn-ships seized, and famine threatened. He could not sit at home and muse, he must seek the enemy and fight.

The same thought of struggle comes to us in Christ's parable of the field. "A sower went forth to sow." Sowing is a peaceful task, but seeds fight the soil day and night. Conquered, they die; conquering, they bring in great treasures of golden grain. Here is the field; the Sower buys it with his treasure; the field is conscious and yields to the new owner. In a passion of surrender the life-field gives up every part:

> Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'Tis all that I can do.

The soil gives itself, the Master gives the seed; the Master's gift means nothing unless the surrender is actual. The Sower sows his seed by the wayside, on the path that crosses the field. The field refuses to yield. "But you are mine, I bought you, you are a part of the field, you surrendered," says the Sower. "True, but to be used as a path. I have given up this part of my life to men and women for years, custom makes rights, I cannot take back what I have given, there is enough for you and men too. I do belong to you, but have my reserve rights; this is a path, always has been, always will be," says the field. The Sower sows, and the birds feed. The Sower calls on conscience to guard the path, the world pushes conscience one side; he returns, struggles, finally bars the path, but it has cost many a struggle. Then the Master calls on repentance to drive the plow through the path, but the packed soil rebels. The plow skates, slides, repentance insists, and the path is conquered, the seed covers the path and no scar is left, but it was a sore struggle. Oh! men! women! are there no paths across the fair field of your surrendered lives, has the Sower full right of way?

Yonder is a bit of stony ground, thin soil with an underrun of stone, solid stone with a veneer of soil. Because it is thin it is hot at noon, cold by night, muddy in rain, dry in drought, always open to every seed, and a graveyard to all seeds. The Sower wastes one year, then unloads loam and makes soil, and the thin soil protests, "I have a right to the sun and the rain and the seed." "But I bought you, you gave yourself up to me," said the Sower. "True, but not to be buried from the sun and sight of man. Use me as I am, not make me what I ought to be." But the new soil is spread on, the new seeds sown, and the added soil is a ladder up which the

seeds carry the hidden soil into the sunlight at harvest; but it cost a struggle.

Yonder is a thorn-patch; for years it has nourished the brush and now welcomes the new seed. The thorn-patch soil is liberal, nothing narrow about it, it keeps open house to all forms of life. But the thorn-bush has been there a long time, and the new seed is starved out. The Sower brings an ax, a root-puller, fire, and the soil protests. "You have no right to destroy my output, it is dear to me." "True, but you are mine, you yielded when I asked you." "Yes, but I didn't mean this. I want my old ways and your new ways. I am like an immigrant, I want the benefit of the new kingdom and the customs of the old." But the Sower persists, ax, root-puller, and fire do their work, and the years pass. Now we see a field covered with a carpet of verdure, burdened with a harvest, not a memory of path, stony soil, or thorn-patch, "no wrinkle, blemish, or any such thing"; but it cost struggle. For whether it be Pompey and the pirates, or the Sower and the seed, it is civil war; pirate, soil, and human heart do not take kindly to the highest things of life and law.

Christ comes into the life, the man surrenders, but memory asserts itself, imagination reproduces engravings of the old paintings, the will rebels, and the struggle is on. A man is quite a Christian in the home, wife and children help there; but in the store, on the street, the environment changes, and he forgets. He is kind in the home, to his own flesh and blood, but unkind in the market-place, unjust in the store, dishonest in trade, path, stony ground, thorny ground. It takes many a struggle to conquer the whole life for Christ; to do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you, to love as Christ loves. Demas still loves the present age, Absalom

still stands by the city gate and organizes rebellion against the kingdom. Seas still swarm with pirates, heights are fortified, the struggle is on.

It is easy to live a religion that piles canned goods on the shelves of memory, hard to live a religion that sows living seeds on every part of the life. When I was a lad I used to cut out the pictures from Godey's "Lady's Book," hold them up to the window, press a thin sheet of paper against the picture, and trace the lines. That was easy; but when I tried to draw from still life, reproduce the form of an animal, I failed. It is easy to trace a religion that is all law and leaves much of life untouched, but hard to reproduce a life like the Christ-life. It is easy to pour out the soul in the confessional, be told of certain definite duties, take a sacrament that guarantees salvation, but hard to reproduce the life of Christ in terms of human nature.

A man takes a contract to erect a building; the limits are drawn, the material specified, the conditions written. When the cellar is dug it stays dug; when the stones are placed they stay in place, carved, they retain the form chiseled on them; the nails stay where driven. But you take a contract to build a character, following the lines of Christ's life. The dirt shoveled out of the cellar gets back while you sleep, the cellar-wall caves in, the shovel finds a bank of quicksand, the chiseled stones change form, shift from north to south wall, the nails driven in the floor prefer the ceiling; you are dealing with living forces, mortgaged to habit, and you get many a blister and backache before you complete the contract.

Help in the Civil War of the Soul

Can a man conquer the pirates? Alone, no. "Pompey, can you conquer the pirates?" "Alone, no."

"Well, here is an army, a navy, a treasure, and behind you Rome." "Yes!" Listen! "We are more than conquerors through Christ who strengthens us." "Lo, I am with you always." Christ is the Captain of our salvation, and he said, "I will send you another Comforter." The Spirit who came upon Christ filled him, drove him; through him he was raised from the dead and declared to be the Son of God. The power that made the world and guides the stars is behind us. What were the heights of Cilicia and the ships of piracy when Rome girded Pompey, and what are the strongholds of sin in the soul when God makes bare his arm?

Our Cilicia is in our soul, our sea is in our own heart. Our struggle is to pull down every reasoning that is contrary to the knowledge of God. We have the knowledge of God in the Bible. There we have the record of what God spoke in many ways and places, and, above all else, the utterance of the mind of God in the life of the Christ.

We are to lead every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Can a man control his thoughts? If he cannot he is not to be trusted. The motorman who cannot control his thoughts is not safe on the car as driver. The chauffeur who cannot control his thoughts is unsafe. The stenographer who cannot control her thoughts when dictated to loses her job. The typist who cannot control her thoughts is sent home. The typesetter who cannot follow copy is sent from the office. The student who cannot control his thoughts cannot graduate. If you lack power of control over your own thoughts you are not worth bothering with in any department of life.

The man who has a mighty passion has no trouble controlling his thoughts. A central purpose controls the

mind as the sun masters the earth. Put Christ first, honestly first, always first, and the thoughts will come trooping after as the cars follow the locomotive at the pull of its power.

What the World Expects of the Church

The Christian has not only to fight with the world within, but he lives in relation with other men. He is a part of a civilization. He is the salt of the earth, the light of the world. In an empire he must render to Cæsar what is Cæsar's; in a republic he is a part of the Cæsar, he is one thread in a mighty web, one brick in a great wall, a part of a mighty government. He is responsible for his vote, and for seeing to it that the man he helps to choose does his duty. He cannot live out of relation with others. He is a part of the environment of every man he meets. A man might as well try to rear a child in good health and not insist upon pure milk, as to hope to rear a family decently and not see to it that the state is decent. "No man liveth unto himself," no man can. Dives tried and failed. The seed puts its life and organization into every bit of soil, sun, and rain it can. "The seed are the children of the kingdom." Organization expresses life, perpetuates life, guards life. The church is organized Christianity for the present age. It is our duty to sweep the seas of pirates, to storm the heights, to bring into captivity to Christ every thought of man. The Christian religion has molded a language to spiritual expression, wrought out music, fashioned architecture, mastered art. Its next field is government. We need the salt of righteousness in civic affairs, the light of righteousness on the highways of business and the seas of commerce.

The Chicago "Interior" tells us what the world expects of the church.

When the world assumes an expectant attitude toward the church, her burden of obligation can hardly be shirked, thinks an editorial writer in the Chicago "Interior." A prominent Chicago attorney is quoted as saying: "At our club every day I hear politicians and business men talking of public corruption in the city, and over and over they keep asking, 'What are the churches going to do about it?' They're waiting for the churches to lead off." The meaning of such speeches, as this writer sees it, is that "the world has come to expect of the church leadership in the destruction of civic evils." Will the church meet the expectation? he asks, and he goes on to observe:

"It is a terrific thing for the church to be expected. Its duty is serious enough when it has to thrust itself on a world that doesn't want it. But when the world is wanting it and waiting for it, then the responsibility ought to make the church quake.

"If it fails then, it squanders opportunity, and trades an offered respect for an earned contempt. It not only disappoints God, but betrays humanity.

"Precise folks dispute the old proverb, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.' But nobody can dispute this amendment: 'The expectation of the people is the voice of God.' An expectant world is a divine challenge.

"The church's tasks multiply all the while and grow harder. Very recently nobody would have dreamed of looking to the church for relief from oppressions of wicked public officials and thieving political rings. Its sphere was supposed to be on the opposite side of life from politics.

"But under push of moral indignations which precedent could not confine, the church here and there, once and again, has been driven to try its mettle fighting greed and vice.

"And in such conflicts the church has discovered to itself and to the world a new possibility. The men who love graft and vice have learned a new fear. The men who hate them have got a new hope. Both the fear and the hope point to the church.

"The reward of what little the church has already done for civic and social reform is this—it is expected to do more."

The writer turns to consider some of the reasons why the world expects the church to lead in the direct attack upon wrong-doing—why "men of the world have learned so soon to wait until the church leads." Thus:

"The church has something in it which lasts.

"The worst defeat of reform in the cities and towns has always been that the reforming determination oozes out so quickly. Civic societies are organized and go in for a while with mighty vim. But soon leaders and followers together are tired of the trouble; they quietly drop out and slink away. The organization goes to pieces, and the rascals come back. But the church hasn't gone to pieces yet. It has outlasted every strain that has come on it. It sags sometimes, but it always recovers itself. If the church once gets roused enough to set its sentinels out, the foe won't slip back into the old stronghold unobserved. The fighting army will never be quite depleted; a nucleus at least will always be under drill.

"The church, when true to itself, is really for the whole people.

"The dread that gets on the nerves of everybody who takes active part against public evils is the dread of some cheap and narrow selfishness using the overturn of old abuses as opportunity to establish new. Or where there is no deliberate plot of self-seeking, sheer lack of understanding is apt to serve only a part of the people rather than all.

"But the church reaches up and down, near and far, through all conditions of people. It has a sense of sympathy and an instinct for justice at its heart. Better than any other force in the world, it can be trusted to hold the balances level between man and man. There is surer to be fair play, brotherhood, union of all classes, sincerity, true patriotism, where the church is dominant. Tired of pretenses and partialities, the politician feels new confidence when he follows the church.

"The church can present a solid front.

"That is a new revelation to the modern world. Men outside had been so used to the quarreling of Christians over theological matters that the divisions of the church were their byword. Nobody suspected any force of combination inside church lines. And the present world wants combination.

"But of late when the bugle blows for a moral issue, the modern church in a trice quits its disputes and closes ranks. The world is amazed. But the world is immensely impressed. Solidarity is the one invaluable political asset. If the church can show it, of course the politicians will wait for its leadership.

"*The church has Jesus Christ.*

"The world knows Jesus was brave—that he didn't fear the face of man. It wants that courage now, and it hopes to find it in Christ's followers. Jesus would stand for the right, no matter what it cost. Amid the hesitations and fears and evasions of many who do not want righteousness enough to pay the price, the world realizes that free and fearless self-sacrifice equal to the emergency is going to be found only among such as Christ has touched with his spirit. Hence it waits for the church."

By the church we mean the men and women who have heard the call of Christ, have given themselves to Christ, and propose to pull down strongholds, cast down reasonings that exalt themselves against the knowledge of God, and bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

We expect the scholar will translate the words of Christ into the language we can understand, so that through our mother tongue we can get the mind of Christ. We expect Christian men and women to translate the life of Christ into daily duty, into literature, art, architecture, music, business, pleasure, government, so that the will of God may be done on earth as it is done in heaven. We shape our clothes to our forms, our words to our thoughts; we ought to shape our institutions to the Christ who is formed within us the hope of glory.

XIII

CHRIST OUR PEACE

"He is our peace."—Ephesians 2 : 14.

Napoleon III declared war against Germany July 15, 1870. The treaty of peace was signed May 10, 1871, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The French armies had been captured or crushed, Paris had surrendered. The terms of peace were dictated by the Germans. In land, Alsace and Lorraine. In money, five billion francs. The conqueror always dictates terms of peace.

The Psalmist prays. "Blot out my transgressions." The word transgressions means rebellions, a breaking away from and setting one's self against lawful authority. Law is the expression of will, rebellion against law is setting the will against will. Law is not an abstraction, but the will of a person for the regulation of life, and rebellion is setting up of the will against the will of the lawmaker. Rebellion means will against will. Crime is man's will against the will of most, phrased as law; sin is the human will against the will of God.

David had rebelled against God in his sin with Bathsheba, and the murder of her husband to cover the sin of adultery. Nathan the prophet held the mirror up to the King's conscience; he shrank from the sight of himself, cried aloud for mercy. He had sinned against God, and God must state the terms of peace. The iniquity of the sin was forgiven, but the unsheathed sword never left the house of David. Its blade smote the family, the hilt was in God's hand.

Sin is Lawlessness

Sin is rebellion against God, hoisting the black flag of piracy on the sea of time. If sinners had the power they would dethrone the Eternal. The first sin was simply rebellion against the will of God. Jehovah set limitations for man; man sought to break them down, would himself be one as the gods, he set his will against God's will, he lacked power, was banished.

All through the centuries men have rebelled against God. When they knew him as God they did not glorify him, they became vain in their imaginations, their foolish hearts were darkened. When the human will rebels against God's will the end is vanity and darkness. We know where the Jordan will end when it leaves the Sea of Gennesaret, and we know where the stream of human life will end when it leaves God.

Rebellion against God is followed by rebellion against the law made by men for the protection of life and property. Men who do not love God supremely will not love men as they love self. Our whole system of courts, prisons, policemen is a constant comment on revolt against law. Here and there a criminal has been caught and branded, but there are great herds of the unbranded, men who live rebellion in a quiet way, who assume to be the judge of laws they do not believe in—laws that have passed the test of the Supreme Court, but have failed at the bar of private judgment, so the self-elected judge assumes the right to violate the law.

At dinner in the hotel a man may eat what he chooses, reject what does not please him; but laws are not like bills of fare, they are not subject to private judgment.

G—— was a sample citizen, lenient with himself, but severe with others; temptations that pleased him could

be yielded to, but other men must measure conduct withstanding tests that never touched him. He was highly indignant. A politician who did not believe in civil service examinations had passed one under an assumed name, and helped a friend who could not pass the test to the office—impersonated a fellow politician and gave him the office. He was found out, tried, declared guilty, served six months in jail, was met by an admiring crowd, escorted by a brass band, given a banquet, and elected alderman. A common occurrence, that of putting the will of one, or of a group against law when it does not commend itself to the judgment of the man or the group. Of course G—— was indignant, he was never tempted that way.

Some months later G—— went to Europe, and, on his return, smuggled in quite a bit of imported property, making friends with the customs officer, getting his trunk through without declaration or examination. He did not believe in the tariff, thought it an outrage upon citizenship. He was not caught by the law, but had to face a woman with a conscience; he had hoped to marry her, but she couldn't love where she couldn't trust. She had listened to his indignant speech when the politician had broken law he did not believe in, she saw the same flaw in his character he had denounced in another man far below him in social standing and education, ideals, and character. He had saved the tariff, but lost the woman.

The peril that threatens this country is not across the sea, cannot be guarded against by submarines or airships, but is in the body itself. Preparedness against the winter cold will not save from death when a cancer is eating out the life. The danger that threatens the Republic is setting the private judgment against public law, rebelling against laws. We spend millions of dollars every year to punish

men who defy law, and other millions are saved because the lawbreakers are not caught and punished. The man who obeys the first law of the Ten Commandments, puts God first, will have no trouble with the rest of the Decalogue; the man who trifles with and disobeys that, will break every other law that interferes with his tastes and appetites. Taste is a poor test of law, desires a bad guide in conduct.

Sin against God breeds crime in the State. "Sin is lawlessness," the mood of mind that overrides law for personal gain or ends, that puts the personal will against the corporate will of the State, or against God's will in the universe. Lawlessness against God is sin, against the State is crime, two sides of the same coin.

The Reconciliation of Rebels

Rebellion and peace cannot exist at the same time between two parties. History is but the record of sin against God and crime against man. Man has first rebelled against God and then against his fellows. First we must have peace between man and God, then between man and man. The terms of peace must be dictated by the God against whom we have sinned. The country that declares war cannot dictate peace unless it wins. Man declared war against God, and man has not won. Terms of peace must come from God. He has sent forth his Son as his Ambassador. "He is our peace." God is satisfied with him. If we will not make terms through him, neither would we through any ambassador.

The Cross the Key to Peace

I. *He reconciles us to God by his Cross.* The Cross is the key to peace. There is no reason for war on God's side.

We are not reconciled to God by the miracles of Christ. The men who saw them were not won by them. Signs of power do not change the mind. Nicodemus was willing to accept Christ as a Teacher come from God because of his miracles, but the miracles did not regenerate Nicodemus, and without regeneration he could neither see nor enter the kingdom of heaven.

Men were not reconciled to God by the parables that Christ taught, though never man spake like him. The whole body of truth that Christ taught did not save the men who heard. Reconciliation comes by way of the Cross. There Christ bore our sins in his own body. Bunyan was right when he made the sight of the Cross loose the burden of sin from the Pilgrim's back. The Interpreter's House was a most helpful place, but he did not leave his sin there. What the Cross has to do with the will of God we may never understand, but this we know, the man who meets God at the Cross of Christ finds peace. The will of man changes under the shadow of the Cross. The Cross is the expression of the will of God. When the will of God is accepted as the will of man, rebellion ends, the veil of the Temple is rent in twain from top to bottom, and man becomes a king and priest unto God. He worships where he warred. "In the cross of Christ I glory." Not only does the light of sacred story gather round it, but the light of the uplifted countenance radiates from it, and "In his light we see light."

Christ surrendered himself to God; when I surrender myself to Christ my life is hid with Christ in God. My thread of life is in the eye of Christ's life, and Christ is in the hand of God, and I am drawn after Christ into the pattern of God's thought. If a man will not surrender to Christ he would not to any needle offered by the grace

of God. The trouble is not that men will not accept Christ; the trouble is that they want to choose the needle and the pattern. If they do not believe in civil service they break the law, if they do not believe in customs they smuggle their goods in. It is the ever-old, ever-new spirit of anarchy, setting the will against the established order. Christ had peace with God because he sought to know and do the will of God. As God's Ambassador he makes like surrender the condition of peace. He is the way to God, the truth of God, the life of God.

The Key to Peace with Men

II. *He is our peace with men.* "He hath broken down the middle wall of partition." There is no higher, thicker wall between men today than the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile when Christ came to earth. A riot was started in the Temple because some men thought Paul had led a Gentile into the forbidden court. Paul lived to see Jew and Gentile members of the same church, baptized into the same Christ, eating at the same table the body of the risen Lord. Christ made of the twain one new man. Babel with its misunderstanding became Pentecost with its understanding. The creation of matter, force, life, is child's play to the new heaven and the new earth. "One God, one law, one element," and one body in Christ. To be in Christ is to be one with all who are in Christ. Digestion and assimilation change a wide variety of food into one personality, so Christ builds into one body all nations and tribes.

When the night falls we seek our homes, sit within our walls, light our own lamps, but when the day comes we meet and mingle in the common streets flooded with the sunlight. Without Christ we seek our own, with Christ we meet and mingle with all. As all rivers share the salt

and tides of the sea as soon as they surrender to it, so all men share alike in the righteousness and power of Christ, when they surrender to him. You cannot find the rivers in the sea, nor the self-like in the soul surrendered to Christ. Christ makes peace by sharing his peace with all who accept him.

The Key to Peace Within

III. *He gives us peace with ourselves.* "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." David could have Uriah buried, could compromise with conscience and marry Bathsheba, could repent and content Nathan, but he could not get rid of David. The search-light of memory kept the grave of Uriah always in sight, his sin was always before him, he did not have to turn around to see it. But David never found the Cross with its message of reconciliation.

When the prodigal came to himself, he found a slave, not a son, was content to work for board and clothes, but the father Christ sketched, kissed, clothed, fed, and restored him. The food and clothes that looked so large to the ragged, hungry beggar were the smallest gift; not even the elder son with his accurate memory of another's sins could turn the father away. Think not the returned son spent his time recounting his sins; he had his father.

In coming to himself he had memory, in coming to his father he had forgiveness. If the father remembers the sins no more forever, we need not be disturbed. God puts our sins behind his back; it is a long journey around God. He blots them out as a thick cloud; once blotted out they never gather again. He buries them in the depths of the sea; the sea dissolves what is buried in its depths.

Once the sour sap has entered the sweet graft the memory of the old flavor is destroyed. Grafted into Christ, the sap in the vine changes the sap in the graft, and the new fruit glorifies God.

The woman caught in sin, brought to Christ for condemnation, went away cleansed to sin no more. "Go into peace." The creature at the supper crept in a wreck, she went out a woman restored to purity and given power. The bandit on the cross began by blaspheming, ended by praying, and shared Christ's entry into Paradise before sunset. Peter fled after his denial of Christ, but was restored to service. Paul spent his strength fighting the church; Christ met him, and turned all his energies into glad service for the Master. It is easier to become friends with God and men we have wronged than with the self we have outraged; but Christ can do even that, can blot out our sins from the page of memory by filling that page with new thoughts, and making a palimpsest with a revelation written over our speculations.

The Key to Peace with Circumstance

IV. *Christ gives us peace here and now, with God, with men, with self, and with surroundings.*

The slaves in Cæsar's household became saints, the drudgery became divine. Paul in a Roman prison was the prisoner in the Lord. You never hear Christ murmuring because of the narrowness of the carpenter's shop, nor Paul grumbling because he had to earn his own living weaving tent-cloth, complaining because chained to a soldier; the chain anchored him to good fishing-ground, and his bonds worked out to the glory of God. "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." You hear no sob from Patmos. John might be bodily in the mines six days, but he was in the Spirit on the

Lord's Day; the metal he found enriched the Roman Empire, but the visions have enriched the churches for centuries. John Bunyan sat in Bedford jail making shoe-laces for the support of his family, traveling with Pilgrim in spirit, at peace with God and man.

The silver, shot through and through with heat, loses its dross, and finally mirrors the face of the refiner, sitting by and stirring the fire and studying the purifying of the metal. Many a saint has learned the lesson of the refiner's presence, and lost all sense of suffering in the face bending above the furnace.

Salt, sand, and sawdust are crystallized into carborundum by the melting heat of the electric current, and many a Christian has been perfected through suffering, and has rejoiced in the flames that have revealed to him the Son of Man.

Late in the last century a student graduated from the Boston University School of Theology. The first five years in the ministry marked him as a man of growing power. Then came a severe sickness which left him a confirmed invalid. Slowly the tide of suffering rose along the shores of his body; one leg was amputated, the other withered, one eye failed, then the other. His joints stiffened and ossified, his spinal column hardened, his joints set, he had but the use of one arm and hand. Out of this prolonged Gethsemane came a book, "God's White Throne," a closely reasoned argument proving the absolute goodness of God. The island, surrounded by water that ebbs and flows, surges and rages, is close knit to the continent, far below the shifting surface is the untouched peace that comes of oneness with the solid earth. This soul, beset by suffering, found rest and peace that defied circumstance by yielding utterly to God as revealed in Jesus Christ.

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

XIV

GOD'S PURPOSE IN CHRIST

The eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.—Ephesians 3 : 11.

I HAVE read of a man who, at the age of thirty-nine, received by will a fine estate and a large fortune in bonds and stocks. At forty a man is either a fool or a philosopher. He has found his latitude and longitude on the sea of time, knows the reefs and shallows, the light-houses and channels of port. His habits are fixed, choice has crystallized into character. He is captain of his own soul or a sailor ordered about by his appetites. This man was a moral fool. He had spent his years in the underworld. He had wasted his substance in riotous living. The legacy kept him from the swine and hunger that might have forced him home. He said, "If I had known what would come to me I would have prepared myself, but now it is too late." Plenty is not the guide to repentance. You do not change a colander to a pan by doubling the amount of liquid poured into it. The inherited fortune doubled the speed toward perdition. "If I had only known." God has not left us in ignorance of the fortune willed to us. His Son has declared the eternal purpose. He has gone to prepare a place for us in the many-mansioned house of our Father. A prepared place calls for a prepared people. Christ prepares the place, we must prepare the people. Christ has sent another Comforter to lead us into all truth. "We are heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ," and must prepare ourselves for

what awaits us. Colleges are prepared for us, but each student must prepare himself before he can enter. The eternal purpose of God, purposed in Christ Jesus, is the salvation of the Gentiles. The Jews missed the meaning of their call and preparation. They were meant to be a means, not an end; a Gennesaret sharing salvation, not a Dead Sea ending it.

The Mediator of Salvation

Christ was the mediator in creation. "God created all things through Jesus Christ." The created earth is given to all men. Christ is the mediator in salvation. The salvation is for all men in all countries, in all centuries.

The woe of Isaiah, "Woe unto him that joineth field to field, that he may be alone," applies to truth as well as to land. The purpose of God in Christ is revealed in the name, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, Saviour." In Doctor Johnson's days London was poorly paved and worse lighted. Johnson, being near-sighted, was very awkward upon his feet. On one occasion, having to take quite a long walk after dark, he hired a boy to accompany him with a lantern. After Johnson had stumbled along across half the town, and the little fellow began to wonder how far he would have to go before he received his sixpence, the lexicographer made a worse step than usual and fell right down, using in the fall his customary ejaculation, "God mend me." The little fellow turned with his lantern, and quick as a flash said: "God mend you! God could more easily make a new man."

Yes, God could more easily make a new man than redeem a stumbling, bruised one. The Bible tells the story of a creation in a few words, the story of redemption uses chapters and covers centuries. "He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." In salvation

the Word became flesh and tented with us. At his word light flashed forth, land and water separated, earth, air, and water swarmed with life. One breath of God is soul-stuff for a race.

" The heavens are the work of thy fingers," his knitting work. In salvation the Son emptied himself. When he died the earth shuddered, and graves were opened, the sun was darkened. On the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured out. In the work of salvation God put forth all his strength. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are all at work.

Molded dust, a single breath, and mankind is created. A broken heart, a rent tomb, the power of the Spirit, and the race is saved. Creation is given to us, salvation is accepted by us. We must cooperate, work together with God, or he fails. The harvest of the field comes when man works with God, the harvest unto life eternal comes when man works out his own salvation with God working in him to will and to do.

The forces of God in nature are no respecter of persons. The forces of God in grace know neither Jew nor Gentile. This eternal purpose of God is made known through the church, through men and women who have accepted God's purpose and are now giving themselves to work it out in life.

Years ago the contractor and builder of the Masonic Temple in Chicago shared his plans with his wife. She spent her days in the office with him. He died before the building was finished. She carried on the work till every contract was fulfilled. Through his wife his manifold wisdom was made known. The church is the bride of Christ. She is to study his plans, fulfil his contracts, carry on his purpose, " fill out with her body what is behindhand of the sufferings of Christ."

On his dying bed Jesus willed his mother to Saint John. "He took her to his own." Christ has willed the world to his church. She must take the world to her own. Not become worldly-minded, but make the world Christ-minded. The church has the mind of Christ. It is her duty to share that mind with the world. The astronomer said, "I think God's thoughts after him." The church is to think Christ's thoughts after him.

Sin is insanity. When the prodigal came to himself, he went to his father. The world, out of Christ, is an insane asylum. It is the work of the church to heal its thinking. When men think sanely they will act wisely. Action is incarnate thought.

Heaven Beside the Cradle of New Souls

This purpose of God to prepare a people for a prepared place interests the angels, principalities, and powers above men. Professor Newcomb declares that there is life in the universe outside this earth. As we study the work of God in this earth and note the struggle of life to express itself in every possible spot belonging in the uniformity of nature, we may well believe that there is life between man and God in the heavenly places as well as between man and matter on the earth. The Bible deals with spiritual life, and teaches distinctly that there are angels, principalities, powers, forms of life, that belong in the higher order. The world is a stage on which is set and acted the tragedy of human life, and we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, pictures the advent of a soul on another planet. This man whom he pictures was an astronomer. He gave forty years of his life to the study of one planet. When

the soul stepped from the body it was instantly on the planet where its thoughts had been for years. In the flesh we can put our thoughts where we will; we can take the wings of the morning and go to the uttermost parts of the earth; we can make our bed in hell; we can climb the shining heights of heaven; we can enter into eternity. And why should not the soul, freed from the burden of the body, make its way as quickly as thought to the place prepared for it and for which it is prepared? When this soul found itself on the planet of its choice it gathered a body. God giveth to each seed its own body, but he gives it through the seed. There are no ready-made-clothing stores for the robing of seeds. Each one weaves, cuts, and fits its own garments. And the soul builds its body of the matter in which it finds itself, and it is reasonable to believe that in the next adventure the soul will also build its body of the matter it finds. This man on the new planet saw a group of beings on a distant hilltop. He made his way across the valley and found them busy at prayer; having prayed, they stopped and rebuked him for not praying with them. It is but a step from the worship of God to finding fault with men who worship differently. "But," he said, "I have just come. I did not see anything to pray for. Everything is quiet and peaceful." They replied: "The God of the universe has made each planet responsible for the other, and we are responsible for the earth. Focus your eyes on the distant horizon." And there arose above it, like a steamer lifting above the sea, the earth which he had just left. It was the time of the French Revolution. The streets of Paris were running red with blood; the provinces were shaken.

But this man said: "All that happened long ago. The revolution fought itself out, and on the blood-stained

streets and in the provinces there is a new and better government."

He looked longer and saw a house which he recognized; standing on the steps with his back toward him a man was motioning to a woman in the house. The man turned, and he recognized himself. He followed the man back through youth and boyhood to infancy in his mother's arms. So, having passed from the earth, in the light of memory we live over again our lives in the flesh. "Son, remember." Not only are those who go interested in the earth, but unnumbered forms of life bend eagerly toward the earth watching the outworking of God's purpose through Christ and the church. The object of interest, then, to angels and to men who have been on the earth, is not the form of government, the rise and fall of the kingdom, the coming and going of arts and sciences, the accumulation of wealth, but the church through which God has purposed to reveal his plans in Christ. After all, human life is the most valuable asset on the earth, and the saving of life is the noblest use of one's powers. The sad fact about the sinking of the "Lusitania" was not the loss of the steamer—that could be replaced—but the loss of human life, which can never be replaced. Our eyes and thoughts are in the trenches in France; but what interests us is the men who went out from our families, the lives that are dear to us, and we look at the constant reports of struggle and scan the lists of those who have fallen. That is what breaks the heart. The angels no longer stand by the cradles of new worlds but of new souls.

What do you mean by saving souls? I mean that the saved one shall be on the same level as the one saving—that he shall be safe. Men are saved when they stand beside Christ, become like him, measure his strength.

As we study him we find that his first thought was of God. "In the volume of the book it is written, 'Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!'" And he prayed, "Not my will, but as thou wilt." He knew and did the will of God. He thought of men; he forgot himself.

The Nerve of Sin

Sin puts self first, man second, God last. The saved man puts God first, the other man second, and self last. There we have touched the nerve of sin—the choice of self. We stand in a garden and men and women have free access to all the trees of the garden except one. The fruit of that tree is pleasant to the eye; good for food; it will make one wise. Pleasant to whose eye? Why, the one who looks upon it. Good for food for whom? The one who eats it. Makes one wise—what one? The one who takes of it. And so the first man turned from the window through which he could see God and looked into a mirror to study his own face. The window and the vision of God is salvation. The mirror and the study of self is sin.

At the end of forty years the pilgrimage to Israel ended. The desert-bred men stood at the threshold of a new country. The military order forbade the taking of loot. Achan saw a Babylonian garment, shekels of silver, and wedge of gold. Looking about, he saw that no one watched him. He stole the property and buried it in the floor of his own tent. The next day a detachment of the army was defeated. Joshua said that there was sin in the camp. The lot was cast and fell upon the tribe of Judah, upon the family of the Zarhites, upon the man Achan. He confessed: "I saw; I coveted it; I took." He turned the whole Hebrew movement into personal gain. That is sin, the use of government for self.

Naaman, the captain of the Syrian hosts, had the leprosy. A Jewish girl, a slave, told him that there was a man in her country who could heal him. With a guard he went from Syria to Palestine, obeyed the prophet, took the sevenfold bath in the River Jordan, and came out with his flesh as the flesh of a little child. He offered to reward the prophet, but the prophet did not heal for money. Gehazi, the student of the prophet, the man in training to take his place, a theological student, saw the offered gifts and followed the Syrian captain out through the mountain pass, told him that the prophet had changed his mind, that new students called for help, and the Syrian gave him gold and garments. He returned to the seminary. The prophet said, looking into his eyes, "Whither, Gehazi?" "Nowhere." And the prophet said, "The leprosy of the Syrian is upon thee." For with the garments he had taken the disease. Yes, Gehazi, the theological student, perverted the prophet's power to personal gain. That is sin—the use of opportunity, the perversion of power, to self.

The How of Salvation

George Eliot tells us how a man was saved. Silas Marner was the victim of black ingratitude. His friend, who was a thief, charged him with the crime. He could not overcome the prejudice and left home carrying his loom with him, and sought a new home among strangers. He had lost confidence in men; he hated his kind; he worked early and late and saved all the money he made. He took up the bricks before his open fire and buried the gold. Night after night he drew the shades, lighted the lamp, lifted the bricks, and played with the gold. One night coming back from the sale of the cloth, he found that some one had robbed him. The hole was empty. Out

into the storm he went. All night he ran up and down among the forest trees, cursing his kind. In the early morning he went back again to his home. The door was open, the floor was flooded with the rain. There was a gleam of yellow in front of the fireplace. His gold was returned. He threw himself upon the floor to find a girl with golden hair in a faint. He closed the door, called the girl back, adopted her as his daughter, lived for her, worked early and late, bought her books, sent her to school, hired a music teacher. The whole current of his life was changed. From living alone for self he had come to live for another, and then he was saved. He had come to live the Christ life. Counting not his life dear unto himself, he poured it out to make rich another life.

One day a rich man's carriage stopped by the door. He, with his wife, claimed the girl to be their daughter. She had wandered away and been lost years before. She looked at the man and woman, then at the weaver, and threw her arms around his neck and refused to leave him. He burst into tears—the first tears he had shed for years. Love had conquered. Then came confidence in men, love to God. He had lived for himself and lost. He had lived for another and was saved.

What is the church? Men and women whom Christ is saving by making them like himself. Putting God first, man second, self last.

Angels are interested in God's purpose. God's purpose in Christ is made known through the church. Men are saved when they become like Christ. Thus they show forth the manifold wisdom of God.

XV

YOUR LIFE HID IN CHRIST

"For ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Colossians 3 : 3, 4.

CHRIST died. Let that thought sink into your minds. Let it control your imagination. Let it master your memories. Let it mold your lives. Christ died. Of that there can be no doubt. The fact, and the manner of his death are matters of history. Men who believe in his resurrection, believe in his death; for had he not died he could not have risen from the dead. Men who deny his resurrection believe in his death, and that his death was the end of his life. That he lived, no one familiar with history will deny. The body of literature cannot be accounted for by leaving it to the fishermen and the peasants who followed him and reported his teachings.

When he died, he passed out from under the power of Rome and Judaism. After his resurrection, he did not appear to Roman or Jew—only to those who followed him. When a man is declared dead by the State, the State has no more knowledge of him. When men were drafted, during the Civil War, some bought substitutes. If a substitute was shot on the field of battle, the man who sent him might be drafted again. But he had only to convince the government that he was already dead to the State, that he had been drafted, and had died through his substitute. So far as the army was concerned, he was a dead man. To the Roman Empire, to

the Jewish Church, Jesus Christ was dead. He was buried by friends, and his body was embalmed by those who loved and followed him. To imperial Rome, that was the end of Jesus Christ. They said, "His disciples stole the body by night." They never saw it again. Jesus Christ was dead to imperial Rome and unbelieving Judaism. But back of Rome, and back of Judaism was the reason for his death. "I delivered unto you first of all that which I received, how that Jesus Christ died on account of our sins." He did not die on account of Rome. He did not die on account of Judaism. He died on account of sins. Back of the incandescent lamp is the wire. Back of the wire is the current. Back of the current is the whirling dynamo. Back of the dynamo is the revolving turbine wheel; and back of it all is the sudden plunge of the waters. Back of the cross, back of Jewish hatred, back of Roman cruelty, is sin. Had there been no sin in the world, neither Judaism nor Roman imperialism would have crucified Jesus Christ.

The Miracle of Christ's Death

That Christ should have lived is not remarkable. That, having died, he should have risen, is not wonderful; but the death of Christ is the miracle. When we remember the place he holds in Christian thought, when we remember that by him and through him and for him were all things made that were made, that evolution is but the expression of his creative will, that the stars are set in their places and the planets swing in their orbits by his word, that he is the life of the world and the universe, it is not wonderful that he should incarnate himself, making matter, and molding it in many beautiful forms, breathing into it until it becomes life, shaping it until it becomes a man. The Son of God has reached his limit

as Creator. The only way now is to incarnate himself in human nature. That is the next step. If the leaven is to lift the flour, it must incarnate itself in the flour. The electric current must incarnate itself in the incandescent lamp. If Jesus Christ, the divine Son of God, is to make humanity divine, he must become a man. He cannot create divinity. That is uncreated. He can create humanity; he can take upon himself our flesh and our blood, and lift us into his likeness; but he cannot make himself one of us by standing outside of us. He must enter into our human nature. So one would expect logically that sometime the Son of God would incarnate himself. And this logical expectation, falling upon the shadow of the religious world, has given birth to many incarnations. It is not an uncommon thing among the heathen to find a belief that their gods must become men. One must expect it. When we remember what Christ was in the manifestation of his life—how he played with the forces of life and death as our children play with their nursery toys—one must expect the resurrection. His disciples remembered how he said he should come again on the third day. The incarnation seems reasonable. The resurrection seems rational. But one is staggered by the fact of death. That a being in whom are the fountains of life—the governor of the universe—should deliberately lay down his life, seems incredible. You might as well expect the Atlantic to desert its basin and become a desert; you might as well expect the mountains to leave their places, as for the Son of God—the source of all life—to die. There is the stumbling-stone in Christian thinking. That he who is the Light of the World should have gone down into the valley of the shadow of death, that he who is in the bosom of the Father should be forsaken of the Father and become

desolate, that is the burden of Christian thought. Hope comes by the cradle of the incarnation. Hope comes by the touch of the resurrection, but hope dies by the Cross of the crucifixion. Christ died. And yet, there is no fact in human history so well attested as that Christ died.

Dead to Sin

Having died, he died to sin. He put sin to death in the flesh. Sin hath now no more dominion over him. The sin question is settled so far as Christ is concerned. But what has that to do with you and me? Much every way. The man who accepts Jesus Christ, accepts his death, and the man who accepts the death of Jesus Christ, dies with him to sin. "Ye died with Christ."

There is, in a village among the hills, a great manufacturing establishment, and there was there at one time a county academy. It was common for the boys of the village to get their training there. Among them one went to and fro for many months, the ideal of a college life before him. When he entered that academy, he entered into its life; he came under its laws; he surrendered to its teachers; he accepted its ideals; he entered into the inheritance of its intellectual life. When the bell sounded at nine o'clock, it meant him. When it struck at one, it meant him. He was dead to the other schools in the village, dead to the other life of the village during school hours, it had no claims over him. He changed his mind, left the academy life, and went into the shipping-office of the great manufactory. When he crossed its threshold, he died to the academy life. It had no more claims over him. The bell rung its calls at nine and at one, but it meant nothing to him. The teachers laid down laws, but not for the regulation of his life. They gave lessons, but not to him. He had passed into a new sphere, and

was dead to the past. He died to school life when he took upon him the obligations of work. The new bell rang at seven, and called him. It rang at twelve, and he went out with the others. It rang at one, and he resumed work. It rang at six, and the books were closed. His ideals and purposes had changed since he had gone to work with his hands. Instead of the reward of merit, he looked for the monthly wage when due. He lived as though he had never known the academy life. Three years passed, and he was sent down to the New York store. Then the shop was dead to him. The morning and noon bell rang, but meant nothing to him. He never looked into the office once a month to get his wages. There were new rewards and new duties. Another three years passed, and he changed his mind again, and returned to his books. He went to an academy four miles from a railroad. Then he died to the store in the great city of New York, died to the life of a merchant, and lived again the life of a scholar.

Do you know, that is precisely what it means to go to school to Jesus Christ? Die to the world. Let its bells ring. Let its rewards be offered. Let its laws be passed. Let its demands be issued. The man who accepts Jesus Christ dies with him on the cross to the world, to sin. Sin no more has dominion over him—but it files its claims.

The other day a lady was out making calls. She pushed the electric-button, and the maid came to the door.

"Is Mrs. B. in?"

"No."

"When will she be at home?"

"After you have left."

A well-trained maid. Sin comes to your door as a Christian. It proposes to make a call. You look into its

face, and if you are a Christian, you are not at home to known sin. When will you be at home? When sin has gone to the next block, has ended its call. Ye died with Christ.

When Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States, he could, by virtue of the power vested in him, declare war. Let him try it now. Let him issue a proclamation now on account of Germany. The American Republic would laugh. We are dead to Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States. He can file his claims, but he has no power. Once he was the ruler of the Republic at the White House; today he is one of one hundred and ten millions. Once sin ruled over your life. Today it has no more dominion over you. Ye died. It simply becomes a question of what is right and what is wrong. When you settle that question, you have settled the question of the power of that temptation over your life, if you are a Christian man or woman. There may be some difference of opinion as to what is right and what is wrong, but there is no difference of judgment when it comes to a question of doing right when you know it, and wrong when you know it; and, if you live near to Christ, the time will soon come when, as in the Book of Revelation, the name of the Master was written on the forehead of believers, so the name of sin will be engraved on the forehead of temptation, and you will know wrong when you see it.

Alive to Christ

When Christ died, he died for my sins. When I accepted Jesus Christ, I recognized that fact, and stepped with him away from sin. Down at the Ellicott Square Building I want to find the tenth floor, and step into the elevator. From that moment I have resigned my claims

on the floor. I have given myself to the elevator to be borne up by its steady power. I cannot be on the floor and in the elevator at the same time. The man who has stepped off the floor of worldliness and sin into the finished redemption of Jesus Christ, must have the steel door closed behind him and surrender. You die to the floor when you live to the elevator. And you die to sin when you live to Jesus Christ. When you look upon the dying of the Son of God on the world's altar, you see your life thread woven into that great web on the loom of the Cross. By one man sin entered the world. By one man it goes out of the world. Because one man sinned, death passed upon all, for that all sinned. Because of one man's death to sin, life passed upon you who will accept that life and cease the life of sin. If that first man who committed the first sin had refused the temptation, you and I would have inherited the strength of that refusal in our characters. He yielded, and we inherited the tendency in character—an inheritance of almost almighty power. If he had refused, the blight would never have come upon the inheritance, and we would not have inherited what was blighted by sin.

A man holds a pet dog in his lap for a moment. The white teeth close on the quivering flesh, and the germ of hydrophobia has lodged in one blood corpuscle. He can find neither the corpuscle nor the germ. And that germ has a mortgage on every drop of blood in his veins—to be foreclosed at the will of the germ. The man, realizing this fact, that his whole body is poisoned by that one germ, betakes himself to a Pasteur office for treatment. He surrenders himself and his blood and the germ of hydrophobia to the antitoxin taken into a blood corpuscle; and the whole question of hydrophobia is made over to that germ of antitoxin. He has surrendered his life to

the new life, and the old life is canceled. He returns to his business and is accosted by a friend:

"Were you not bitten by a mad dog?"

"Yes."

"Do you not fear hydrophobia?"

"No."

"What has canceled your fear?"

"Pasteur treatment. I am immune. I am dead to hydrophobia. Except for the lacerating of the flesh, I might now play fearlessly with any mad dog you might bring."

The germ of sin comes from a human ancestor away back somewhere who sinned. There is no one who has borne and reared children but remembers when he saw the poison begin to work in the face of his innocent child. What is the cure? Die to sin. How? By living to Jesus Christ. Ye died to sin. Your life is hid with Christ in God.

Hid with Christ in God

The source of life is always hidden. The springs of being are always in the dark. The source of Niagara River is in Lake Erie, right by our door. The source of Erie is another lake, and beyond that another, and yet another. Who ever saw the springs of Lake Superior? They are hidden in the great mountains and plains of the mighty Northwest. No man has ever seen them. The spring is always hidden. The source is always covered. Your life is hid with Christ in God. For when Christ died to sin, he lived to God; and they who die to sin and live with Christ, live with Christ where Christ is, at the right hand of God.

It is the day of Atonement. The city is thronged with visitors from the ends of the earth. The Jews are gath-

ered around the great temple courts by the thousand. Before them stands the high priest in full uniform sacrificing the animal. Taking the blood in the basin, he enters into the Holy Place to make atonement for the sins of the people and the life of the nation. And that bowl of blood hidden in the Holy Place—every heart beats toward it, every prayer seeks entrance into it, every thought is drawn to it; and the conscience and the life of the nation are in the keeping of that high priest until he comes again and says, "Jehovah has again forgiven your sins." With a sigh of relief the tide ebbs out into the waiting channels to its homes in the mountains and by the sea. Jesus Christ, the High Priest of our profession, in the holy place of the great universe temple, hath offered his own blood once for all, and ever liveth to make intercession for us; and our lives, as worshipers of the living God through the living Christ, are hid with Christ in God.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father. A man has committed a great crime and is being tried for his life. He has called to his side a lawyer, and into that lawyer has poured his story, telling him all the facts of the case. They are in the court-room together. The criminal is mute. The lawyer is his lips. The lawyer is his brains. The lawyer is his hope. His life is hid with the lawyer in the court. If the lawyer breaks down and fails, the man will be hung; if he succeeds, the man will be acquitted. His life is hid with the lawyer. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous. With mute lips silenced by sin, with burdened heart crushed by sin, with wasted life desolated by sin, I wait before the high court of the eternal tribunal, while Jesus Christ makes my plea. My life is hid with Christ before God. I died to sin when I lived

to Christ. I made over all my assets and liabilities, my hopes and fears.

A woman lies in the agony of her sickness. The doctor is summoned and passes through the room as silent as a shadow. The husband waits in the room without. His life is hid with that doctor in the sick-room. He can do nothing. His presence would only prejudice against the disease and death. He must wait in the outer room, while the doctor, on bended knee, reaches far down into the valley of shadows groping for the life that seems to be slipping from him; and the man on his face, pleading and praying and weeping—his life is hid with the doctor by what may be the dying bed of his wife. Jesus Christ is for me the Great Physician. My life is hid with him in God.

But this Christ, who is with God, shall be manifested; and when he is manifested, we shall be glorified with him. Christ's incarnation was not manifestation; it was humiliation. He emptied himself first. He must needs do that to come as a man. No man manifests himself, but he empties himself first. His incarnation was humiliation for the purpose of bearing away the sin of the world. His manifestation shall be a revelation. He came as a prophet, and for three years the words he spoke were words he had heard from God. The works he wrought were things he had seen his Father do. He died and ascended on high, leading captivity captive. Now the high priest does not manifest himself while he is by the altar making his plea. He is coming as our King. He was a prophet. That is humiliation. He is a priest. That is petition. He is coming as King. That will be manifestation.

The world has its face toward Westminster Cathedral. The great British Empire is about to set the crown

upon a new king's head, and the great cathedral will be crowded with the royalty of the world. Great Britain will do her best to impress the world with her grandeur and dignity and might. In a few weeks her leading archbishop will place the crown of the mightiest empire in the world upon the head of the new king, and the great civilization will exhaust itself trying to impress the world with its power. It will be a manifestation of the glory of Great Britain. Russia strained every nerve to manifest her power when crowning the czar. Germany exerted herself to the utmost to reveal her power when the Kaiser was crowned. How the mighty empire that girdles the earth will straighten herself to manifest her power on sea and land when she crowns her king. What think you it will be when our King comes, when the accumulated prayers of the centuries will be answered and the mighty prophecies of the past will be fulfilled; when, as the lightning flashes, every eye will see him, and they that are in the grave will leap to the resurrection body, and the new heaven and new earth will appear, and Jesus Christ will manifest his glory.

On the Mount of Transfiguration he lifted the mask a little, and men, catching a glimpse, fell prostrate—dazzled. On the road to Damascus he leaned forward a little, and smiled upon the mistaken Jew, and the smile blinded him for three days and three nights. What, think you, must the overwhelming glory be when the Son of God, who made the worlds, will manifest himself as the King of a kingdom that will have no end, wherein will be no sorrow nor sighing nor death nor sin? He will manifest himself, and when he does, his saints will be manifested with him. The lost will look upon the glory from the outside. The saints will look out of the glory from the inside.

Ye died with Christ—died to sin. Let sin, then, no more have dominion over you. Your lives are hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our glory, shall appear—shall be manifested—we shall be manifested with him. Till then, set your mind on things that are above, and be true to your death, and true to your life.

XVI

THE LIFE OF FAITH

"For what saith the Scripture? Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness."—Romans 4 : 3.

ABRAHAM holds a large place in three creeds, the Jew, the Mohammedan, and the Christian, all claiming him as their father. A man is known by what he identifies himself with. A man by himself amounts to very little. There was no motto ever coined so infamous as "Safety first." The Christian saved through faith throws himself like a thunderbolt into the struggle for righteousness by faith. Salvation by faith comes through Abraham, the father of the faithful. He identified himself with God. A brick is worth very little by itself; it is easily crumbled. But surrendered to the architect's plan, it becomes a part of the building. A single thread wound on a bobbin amounts to very little, but surrendered to the loom it becomes part of the great web. It becomes part of the protection for men against the strong wind and the rigors of the New England winter. We have value only as we surrender ourselves to a great principle, a mighty cause by which forces in us are set free, and so we become partakers of the divine nature. We become sharers in the kingdom of righteousness through faith and the finished work of Jesus Christ. His church is charged over to us because we accept him by faith. Men lived by faith before Abraham's day. Enoch walked with God, but he was a lonely man. When he sank out of sight over the horizon he left no tracks behind in the

highway of faith. Noah had a family, and he built an ark for the safety of his family. It is better to live with your family than to live alone. In all the struggles in the eleventh of Hebrews you will find that the men were personal believers.

Abraham was the founder of the faith; he was the father of such as live by faith; so let us study him a little to find what it means to live a faithful life.

A Life of Separation

First of all, *it means separation.* The word of Jehovah came to Abraham and said: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee." Abraham was a great man, but he was not great enough to span the Euphrates. He was not a hyphenated believer in Jehovah. He did not live for two worlds. There was a time when men could say they were German-Americans and British-Americans, and so on through the list, but that time has passed. They are all Americans or they have no welcome beneath the Stars and Stripes. We want no hyphenated citizens, and we want no hyphenated Christians. Faith means separation, and that is why so many men shrink from the life of faith. They are not willing to be separated. When the time came for Isaac to marry, Abraham did not wait for the young man to take the initiative, as we do today; he called his servant and sent him up into his own country, told him to go to his father's house and to his kindred, and find a wife for Isaac out of the daughters of his own land. He made a test, and found the woman. He went with dress-goods and jewels, and spread out his goods before her, and when she saw them and heard about Isaac and Abraham and the future that remained for her, she said, "I will go."

She knew she must go from her own country; she could not live in both lands, she could not bring Isaac back; she must divorce herself absolutely from all her former life and leave her family. No woman is fit to be a wife who loves her father better than her husband. No father and daughter were ever one flesh yet; no mother and daughter were ever one flesh yet. No man is fit to be a hunsband who does not love his wife better than his mother. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife." This is true of the Christian service. The church is the bride of Christ. If you are not willing to leave the old life, with its charms and its prosperity, you cannot live the life of Christ, you cannot be the bride of Jesus Christ, for love is jealous. Faith means separation absolutely. There are men here this morning who have not accepted Jesus Christ. I tell you frankly and fairly that until you are ready to leave the world, its motives, its activities, and its life, you never can be a Christian. A man cannot be a citizen and a soldier at the same time. He cannot be in the army of Jesus Christ and a citizen of the world at the same time. There must be an absolute surrender of the world. That means that Christ will come into your life; his motive becomes your motive. When grafting we set the graft into the tree, and the sap of the graft produces the fruit. It has the power of transforming. But when we are grafted into Christ, his sap settles our fruit. He has the power to change the sap of our life, the motive of it. Unless you are willing for that change, do not run the risk of being grafted, for you will only be cut off and withered.

Faith means first of all separation, change of motive, a surrender of will.

Our highways in city and country are constantly break-

ing down. They have to be repaired. During the season of repairing we hang out red lanterns as a warning. There was a time when Abraham's faith broke down. There was a red lantern hung out. Let us study the reasons for it. Jehovah called him out of the land of Canaan. Famine drove him down into Egypt. He went down for the food question. There was a famine in Canaan, and so that he might get three square meals a day he went down into Egypt.

You remember the little girl who, on the night before the family went to Saratoga, said, "God, good-bye, tomorrow we are going to Saratoga." Abraham seems to have left his faith in Canaan when he went down to Egypt, and after a while he settled down into Egyptian civilization. Sarah was a princess. That is what the word means. Hardly had she crossed the border, when Abraham said to her, "Tell Pharaoh that you are my sister, and he will spare my life." That is about as near the white slave traffic as you will get in the Old Testament—a man saved and supported by his wife in the stranger's palace. And so Pharaoh enriched Abraham and took Sarah. But the plague struck Pharaoh's house because of her. He sent word out to know what was the trouble. Abraham, the man of faith, lied. It is a sad time for the Christian church when the ethics of the world are higher than those of the church. Is it a sure sign to trust a business man because he belongs to the church, and his word is as good as a bond? A pastor in a neighboring church told me of an experience that he had some years ago. He had a member of the church who was an agent for a manufacturer of woolen goods. This pastor went to a tailor on School Street to buy a pair of trousers. The man was a deacon in a Congregational Church in the heart of the city. He showed him

his goods and said: "Now here are American goods [during the Civil War when everything was high], that pair of trousers would cost you seven dollars. But now here is another piece of broadcloth which is imported and will cost you fourteen dollars, but they are worth it. They will outwear the others three to one." So the pastor bought it. One day he wore them to a dinner with the member of the church. While at dinner the son of the manufacturer turned to the pastor and said, "I see you have got some of our goods on." "Oh, no," he replied. "Why, yes." "No, I bought them of so and so on School Street. These were imported; he showed me the labels and the string and paper." "That is all right; we import the labels and the string and the paper, but we make the goods." He was an active member of the Christian church too. Woe betide the day when you cannot take a man's word because he is a Christian.

In the State of Georgia there is a Baptist church. Any man who mentioned the fact that he was a member of that church could get unlimited credit, if such a one, being a member of the church, went into a wholesale store and said, "My church is so and so." They discipline men in that church who do not keep their word. It is a sad day for the Christian church when the men who reject Christ can be trusted better than the men who profess to be saved by faith in Jesus Christ.

What is salvation? When Jesus Christ, the way and the truth and the life, saves a soul from the death of sin, he wakens it into a vital expression of his own love. Christ formed you in the hope of being worthy of the highest, he formed you also in integrity and righteousness.

So Pharaoh, the heathen, turned Abraham, the father of the faithful, out of Egypt with a lie on his lips. When

he went back he carried with him, or his wife carried with her, Hagar, an Egyptian slave girl given to Sarah by Pharaoh. Now Abraham had fooled with Sarah's faith, and her faith broke down. She knew the promise of Abraham that he should have a son, but he had fooled her once. Oh, you men wonder that your wife's faith breaks down when you tamper with it and fool with it and lie to her! So she said to Abraham, with her broken faith: "The time is past for me; take you Hagar, and we will have a son." So he took Hagar, and a boy was born. It brought bitterness into the camp, for the slave girl taunted her mistress, and she went to Abraham with the story of her bitterness. And he said, "She is your property, do what you will with her." And she banished her to the desert. She went out, and Jehovah met her, and Ishmael became the head of a tribe—and Hagar, the Egyptian girl, was the ancestress of the Mohammedan world. The fighting against the Cross that has deluged the Eastern world with blood is due to that trip of Abraham when he went down to Egypt on the food question and brought back Hagar, the Egyptian slave girl. "Great oaks from little acorns grow."

Oh, men, you can never tell what is bound up in a lie, in a transgression of righteousness—what is bound up in a life of faith. Great national movements spring from such sins. They went back to Canaan and the years went by.

A Life of Service

Faith means separation; *faith means service.* Lot went with Abraham. He was his brother's son. The young man had no religious life; he lived under the shelter of his uncle. He is what we call a "trailer." You have seen trolley-cars that have no touch with the wire but

trail along. Well, Lot was a trailer. He was a hitcher-on to Abraham. He had no spiritual life, no faith at all. Word came to Abraham, and he said to Lot: "Come out on the hilltop, my young man, look east, west, north, and south. Take your choice, and I will take what is left." Oh, men! It takes some faith in God to give the other man the first choice. How many of you have? In the competition that has grown up in the shadow of the cross, it is every man for himself, taking advantage of a man's weakness, taking advantage of a man's ignorance.

But faith means service. It means giving the other fellow a more than equal chance, for he is handicapped by his weakness where you are strong. And so Lot chose the market-place and pitched his tent toward Sodom. He had a fine market for his wool and his mutton. But prosperity begets covetousness. Kings formed an alliance, something like the alliance in Central Europe today between the Turks and the Germans. So they came down upon the plains, and they seized Lot's goods and his treasure, and he went into bankruptcy and captivity. Abraham at once organized an alliance and went down to the defense of the weak, for faith in God means the defense of the weak. He had no other interest in saving Lot except his faith in God. They fell upon the alliance, defeated them and brought Lot back again and set him up in business. Lot took pattern by the motto "Safety first" and went inside the city. It was safer. He had city walls around him now, and he settled down into civilization as far as he could. Of course it jarred him, but it meant safety, and his two daughters married men of Sodom, and Lot sat at the gate.

The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah became offensive, and Jehovah sent three messengers down to see about

the facts. They waited on Abraham, and Abraham entertained them, and then they went to the hilltop and told him what was coming to Sodom. Hour after hour the great man prayed: "Oh, God, save Sodom for fifty righteous men. Yes—for forty; yes—for thirty; yes—for twenty; yes—ten"; and Abraham was ashamed to beat Jehovah down any more. And so the angels went down to Sodom, and Lot invited them into his home. The angels of the Almighty took Lot, his wife, and daughters and started for the hills to safety. He went and reasoned with the sons-in-law, and he was as a man who mocked to his sons-in-law. God pity the man whose Christianity is a mockery to the men who marry into his family.

A Life of Sacrifice

Abraham left his own country, and his faith grew and grew, and Isaac was born. Who can tell the joy in the old man's heart, the pride in the mother's breast as they looked down into the smiling face of the boy. Years passed. The nerve-center of the world's movement was cradled in the arms of Sarah under the smile of Abraham. The babe became a boy, then a youth. There is such a thing as forgetting the giver in the gift; transferring the emphasis from the promiser to the promise. Then came the test of faith, the supreme test of sacrifice. Faith means separation, faith means service, *faith means sacrifice.* God called. Abraham said, "Here am I." "Abraham, take thy son, thine only son Isaac. Go to Mount Moriah and sacrifice him." Abraham took Isaac. They bound a bundle of fagots to the ass's back, when they reached the mountain, tethered him to a bush, and climbed the hilltop. And the young man said to his father, "Here is the fire and the wood, but where is the

sacrifice?" Remember in that country at that time the child had no rights. He was simply a part of the life of the father. He had no independent existence until the father died. Abraham had a perfect right to take his boy's life. "God will provide a sacrifice." They toiled their way up the steep hill, built the altar, spread out the fagots, and Abraham bound the boy. The great-hearted father lifted his eyes toward heaven and looked down on the defenseless boy. He believed that God was able to raise him from the dead. A moment, and a keen blade flashed in the Eastern sun. The voice of Jehovah broke the stillness. Looking into the bush the man saw a substitute. The knife fell, the cords were cut, the boy was free. A substitute was offered. Jehovah had conquered. Abraham cared more for God than he did for Isaac. Nothing can come between the soul and the Lord, neither property, success, social standing, wife, or children. We learn that God is a jealous God. Love is very jealous. It declares no dividends on the object of love. Faith then means separation; faith means keeping out of Egypt. Faith means service to a weak humanity, unreserved sacrifice to God. Have we faith?

XVII

AUTHORITY IN RELIGION

"And when they had set them in the midst, they asked, By what power, or by what name, have ye done this? Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people and elders of Israel, if we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole; Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole."—Acts 4 : 7-10.

A NOTED miracle had been wrought by the Beautiful Gate —a man born lame, who had lived through a life of more than forty years, who had lain for years daily by the Beautiful Gate asking alms of them who went into the temple, was suddenly healed. For years, men seeking God had found that, as a stepping-stone to the divine altar, they must give their offerings to this crippled brother; so their riches were spent in usefulness. But in a moment, a man without money, in the name of Jesus Christ, had done more than all Judaism had done, all that money could do.

This miracle had of course created great excitement, and the people gathered by thousands about Peter. He used the opportunity to preach Jesus, the resurrection, and the life. More marvelous than to change the crooked body was the power to change the minds of five thousand men. This miracle attracted the attention of the leaders of the nation; and the captain of the temple and the Sadducees seized Peter and threw him into prison. And the

next morning the first question was for the secret of authority and power. It is a religious question. This was a religious miracle, wrought at the gate of the temple, by a follower of the Messiah. All questions at bottom are religious questions. When a man is rightly related toward God, you can trust him with his fellows. All questions of sociology, political economy, and ethics of the home and business life, are correlated with religious questions. The secret of power is in right relation with God.

And so these men, looking into Peter's face, said, "By what authority, or by what power, or in what name have you done this?" Centuries before, when Moses was watching his father-in-law's flocks in the backside of the desert, an angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire in a bush, and the bush was not consumed. Afterward Moses sought God, saying: "When I come to the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?" And God said, "Thou shalt say, I AM hath sent me unto you." Moses reasonably anticipated his people's inquiry into the authority back of his word.

When Jesus was teaching in the temple, the priests and elders came to him and said: "By what authority do you do these things? Who gave you this authority?" We are always pushing our way back to find the authority, the secret of power. And so, in the religious life, we want to know the source and seat of authority, the reason why we are Christians.

Reason and Authority

A certain class of *men say that the seat of authority in the religious life is in the reason.* The ultimate court,

the supreme bench beyond which there is no appeal, is the reason of man. If a thing seems reasonable, do it. If it seems unreasonable, let it alone. If a proposition appears to you to be reasonable, accept it; if it does not, reject it. Well now, the trouble with that is that the human reason is an effect and not a cause, and the standard for the ruling of an effect is not in the effect itself, but in the cause. The standard of authority must be found in the creation of the reason, and not in the reason itself.

It will not do for each man to have his own standard of time. When two men are making a business appointment in the afternoon, they compare watches and see how nearly they agree, for it is rarely that you will find two watches that agree. At twelve o'clock every day there is a ringing of bells and a blowing of whistles in Buffalo, and people look at their watches to consult the standard. The standard of time for the Republic of America is in Washington.

The standard of authority is not in the keeping of man; it is in the keeping of God. It will not do for a man to fall back upon his own reason and regulate his life by that, simply because man is not all reason. He is made up of many conflicting passions and powers, and when the passions have the sweep over the sea of life, the reason is not to be trusted.

One day, going down into the heart of a Fall River boat to study the dynamic source of electric light, I was told to leave my watch outside, because there were powers there that would make it useless as a watch. It is reason that is the dynamic seat of man's power, but it is reason impressed by passions; it is reason blinded by prejudice; and unaided human reason is not a safe guide. What seems reasonable to me today may seem unreason-

able tomorrow. What seems reasonable to me from my point of view, is unreasonable to my nearest neighbor upon my right or my left.

The Hebrew story of the creation shows us the man walking with God in the cool of the day, and how, there in the morning light, he saw the tree of knowledge of good and evil. He did not know either good or evil himself; he depended upon a standard outside himself. He wanted to become like the gods, and so he plucked and ate the fruit of the tree, and knew good and evil. Now the man who knows both good and evil is not a safe guide when he depends upon his reason.

The Greek wrought out the same thought in another way. Plato teaches a marvelous myth, and back of the myth lies a wonderful thought. He says all immaterial nature is under subjection to soul, and soul comes out in the form of gods and man. Once in ten thousand years the Father of gods and men leads all souls up through the heavens. Soul he likens to a charioteer with two horses. The gods have two horses that match; human souls have mismatched horses. Once in ten thousand years the gods make their way up and pass to the outside regions of pure reason, pure knowledge, and pure science, and when the gods have filled themselves with these things, they come back and try to work them into human governments and institutions. But human souls can never reach the sublime height that the gods attain; so these souls come tumbling back to earth. The human soul brings its broken vision and controls its life in the fragments of its broken vision. And so the human soul must commune with the gods, and the gods must commune with pure knowledge and righteousness and justice. Plato, the reasoner, did not depend upon his own unaided reason.

The Bible and Authority

It will not do to depend upon one's reason as the seat of authority. One must go back to some accepted standard. The standard of reason changes through the centuries. It shifts as men get more light. And so *men* turn to a book they call the Bible, and they *say the standard of authority is the Bible.* It is a wonderful book; it is made of sixty-six little pamphlets; in it is found the marvelous experience of scores of men who have had dealings with God; it is a revelation of God's methods of working with men; but it never claims to be a standard of authority. It is a veil through which we catch the features of the divine face, but the authority is in the face, not in the veil. It will not do to count the spots of the veil and think you have seen the face. The man who rests upon the Bible as authority, and does not find the God who reveals himself through it, has found, not a faith that he can hold, but a debatable field that he must always contest.

Peter had the Old Testament. He knew it as no man living knows it today. As a Jew, he had been taught its letter, and as a Christian, he had been taught its spirit. For three years he had walked with the old prophets, who had revealed its teachings to him. For ten days he had waited in prayer, and then received the gift of the Holy Ghost. He knew that book as you and I do not know it. The New Testament was not written in that day. And yet Peter did not say, "In the name of the book is the source of power, is the standard of authority," but in the name of Jesus Christ. The book, like revelations of God through nature, is always unfolding itself more and more to us. We know more of the Bible today than our fathers did. It is not to be taken as the standard of

authority; it is the revelation of a living God, but that which is revealed is the standard, not the revelation itself. It is a record of marvelous treatment that God gave to man.

Doctor Chivers, for many years pastor here in Buffalo, told me this story that he knew was true—he had seen the record of it in a Welsh village. A Welshman had been sick with rheumatism for months, and finally some one suggested that if he would lay a Welsh Bible beside him in bed, it would heal him. So they hunted the village over and could not find one, for the village was a poor one. There was, however, one English Bible, and they borrowed it and put it in bed with him. The town records state that "the man was helped, but that he would have been helped more had the Bible been in the original Welsh."

The standard of authority is not in the language, it is not in the text, it is not in the wording; it is in the power of Christ's life.

The Church and Authority

There be *others* that *tell us that the source and seat of authority is the church,* and, by the church, men who talk like that mean the Roman Catholic Church. Now, of what is the church made up? Of men of like passions with ourselves. If a single human reason is not worthy of confidence that it may become a standard, neither will a thousand human reasons bunched together become a standard of authority. A million of imperfect bricks will make an imperfect building. The church of Jesus Christ is made up of imperfect men and women, and an organization made up of aggregate imperfection can never assume the ideals of perfection. Whatever authority there may be in the church is delegated power. The church at its

best is but a channel through which healing influences flow. Because God sees fit to work through this, the seat of authority is not the sacrament, but God who is divine.

Watch the magazines and you will find a very interesting discussion during the next few months. Sir George Mivart, a devout Catholic, has reached the point where he cannot accept the church on scientific questions. All the teaching of the church is against his observation of science, and so he appeals to his fathers in the faith, and they have written him a form of creed that he is to sign if he remains in the church. The church has decided what is scientific truth, and he must accept it in the face of all his knowledge. He must throw his knowledge all aside and accept the teaching of men who know absolutely nothing about science. Fortunately for him and for you and me, the church is not the standard of authority. It settles nothing to appeal to a council; for such decision is rendered by men of like passions with ourselves, and they use reasons that are imperfect, and an imperfect reason can never become a standard of authority.

Others tell us that the standard is in the creed. Thirty-five pastors have written a beautiful creed, but the men who have written it and signed it, all believed it before they wrote it and signed it; it is simply an explanation of truth that they have accepted and not a standard of truth for others to accept.

The Authority of Christ

What then is the standard of truth? What is the seat of authority in religion? What is the source of the power if it is not in the Bible? Listen to Peter: "If I be called in question this day for the good deed done to the impotent man, be it known that I have done it in the name of

Jesus Christ of Nazareth." *Jesus of Nazareth,* then, *is the source and secret of power.* Now we have a scientific test: Christ was a historic character. Eighteen hundred years ago he rose above the horizon of human history; he lived in Palestine humbly; he died his tragic death; he arose again from the dead, and the third day ascended on high. And around him gathered a group of men and women, and out of that group came apostles and truths. For eighteen hundred years men have been seeking for the truth of Christ; and those who have learned the mastery of that name and have bowed to that will, have been made whole and righteous and clean and pure. Millions of men have leaned on the authority of the church and have gone crippled to their graves; millions have signed creeds and have done no better; millions have leaned on their reason and have struggled wearily to their graves. But over against the standard of church and of creed and of reason stands Jesus Christ, and wherever men have accepted him there has always come out a peculiar type of character, and the crippled man has danced and sung and laughed by the altars of the unseen God. There is the proof of authority—that when he is accepted, he brings things to pass.

Yesterday afternoon I had the pleasure of visiting Fitzhugh Hall in Rochester. Walking around slowly from picture to picture of the Tissot collection and studying it, reading the introduction to the pamphlet or guide, I found that the artist was fifty years of age before he accepted Christ. He says: "Every work has its ideal. My work has its ideal, the truth of the life and the death of Christ, and it is my purpose so to master that life that I can make it live again." How did he do it? He bent above the Gospels and studied them through a hundred times or more. As you lay the white paper against the

type in the printer's office, and press it until the impress of the black type comes back on the white face of the paper, so this great artist laid his soul down on the gospel one hundred times, and when he lifted it, his imagination was filled with Jesus Christ. And then he gave ten years of his life when he was fifty years of age to studying the home of Christ, until by-and-by his ideal worked itself out, and one stands amazed to see how he wrought in living colors the life of Jesus Christ, starting with the tiny form in the manger, and passing through his entire life—his tragic death, the awful suffering of the crucifixion—until he had wrought out in color Jesus Christ. That is what I want to have you do in your life: take the Gospels and press your souls down upon them, until the chambers of imagery are filled with Jesus Christ; and then in the living colors of the daily life, in the thoughts you think, in the words you speak, in the deeds you do, you will reproduce Christ, and you will find then where the standard of authority is in the Christian life. You cannot get it by pressing your soul against organization, back upon your own reason, pressing the memory against creedal forms. It is only as the light in you meets the light in Christ, and you surrender absolutely to him, as the artist surrendered to his Master, that you will come to know the meaning of authority in religion.

XVIII

MY SHEPHERD

"The Lord is my Shepherd."—Psalm 23 : 1.

LITERATURE expresses life. The customs and habits of a people determine the form, the ruling principles, the soul.

The parables of Jesus reflect the customs of Palestine; the soul of the parables reveals the mind of the Master.

The Parable of the Sheep

Israel was a shepherd people. Father Abraham was a shepherd. His wealth was in flocks and herds. Isaac digged again the wells of Abraham. When Jacob left home his capital was the trade and tools of a shepherd. He served Laban twenty years and left him leading large flocks.

Joseph introduced his brethren as shepherds. Isaiah, the prophet, sees Jehovah leading the stars as a flock, and calling them all by name.

David, the Shepherd King, calls Jehovah his Shepherd. Jesus pours the molten metal of his thought into the mold of Jewish thought: "I am the good shepherd." The church is the flock, Christ is the Shepherd.

There is no hint of the dignity and divinity of human nature in the likeness of man to a sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray." Few think, many follow. Many years ago at Kingston, Canada, a flock of sheep passed through the town. The leader, seeing his reflec-

tion in a shop window, jumped clean through the plate glass. The flock of twenty followed. A few think, many follow.

Years ago the Empress of the French wore crinoline. The feminine gender followed. Now Dame Fashion decrees short skirts and bare backs. The tide of cloth rises to the knees and ebbs to the waist-line. Boys wobble on stilts, women on French heels.

Jehovah did not take all the folly out of man when he removed one rib. Man marches to the music of fashion as willingly as do women. Clothes, hair-cut, manners are determined for us. "All we like sheep."

A sheep is of a very low order of intelligence. "The eye is the window of the soul." A sheep's eye looks like a glass eye. You cannot see into it; he can see very little through it. His horizon is between his feet. He has no outlook, no uplook. He cannot, like the dog, follow his master by scent; he cannot distinguish him by sight. "My sheep know my voice." Ear-gate is the only way into a sheep's mind. When lost he cannot find his way home. If you wish to insult a man you call him a "mutton head." If you wish to boast of a bargain you say, "I pulled the wool over his eyes." If you wish to tell how ashamed you are of a mean trick you say, "I feel sheepish."

The Good Shepherd

"I shall not want." Not because of my own wisdom or strength, but because "The Lord is my Shepherd." He guides and guards. I may *wish* for many things, but I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Asleep on the dinner-table. The last sight before sleep, food; the first sight when waking, food. Some years

ago in England, passing a beautiful lawn, I saw several sheep in cages. When the grass was eaten the cages were moved. The sheep had no sense of limitation until the food failed. He was an animated lawn-mower, a machine for changing grass into mutton and wool, with no friction so long as the raw material was on hand. A picture of perfect contentment.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." Still waters with us are a wayside pool; hurrying waters resting by the way, mirroring tree and sky. Still waters in Palestine are in the bottom of a cistern or well. Isaac redug wells, Jacob dug a well. Moses and Jacob both watered sheep with water from wells.

"The wells of salvation" are not digged by man. The water of life does not spring from the mountain ranges of human nature. The water of life is given to, not drawn from, the soul of man. The water springing up unto life eternal was not found by Jesus in man, but given to him. "Living water" is a gift not a development.

"He restoreth my soul," or life. Here and there, in Palestine, there were gardens. A sheep wandering into one and caught by the owner of the garden, was killed. The shepherd, following the sheep, rescued him and saved his life. When we stray into forbidden places and are in danger of death, Christ follows and saves.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." A path of righteousness is a path that ends aright. We cannot see the end from the beginning. We cannot see afar off. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." A path may end in a pasture or a pit. "He knows the end from the beginning." He gives green pastures, still waters, and restored life that he may lead in right paths. He

leads, we drive our sheep. He leads "for his name's sake," not for our sake. The doctor heals for the honor of his profession. The patient is a "case." The profession bids him save. The lawyer is urged to do his best for the sake of his profession. The clients come and go, the profession abides. The patriot gives money, time, life itself, for his country's sake. The profiteer works for himself, the patriot for his country. The shepherd's honor is at stake in his care of the sheep. The wisest leading profits nothing unless the sheep follow.

"It is given unto man once to die." "All paths lead but to the grave." Alone you enter the path of life through the gate of birth. Alone you must pass out through the door of death. Between the gate and the door we walk in groups. We enter and leave as individuals.

> Thus hand in hand through life we go;
> Its checkered paths of joy and woe
> Together we will tread.

But we part company at the grave.

We approach the World's Fair in groups, we enter the whirligig gate and are registered one by one, then we unite again.

The Master said, "I am alone, yet not alone, for the Father is with me." In death you will be alone, yet not alone, for the Shepherd shall be with you.

> When death's cold sullen stream
> Shall o'er me roll.

But it is neither cold nor sullen. I have waded into it to my loins. It is warm and welcoming. Its surface mirrors the face and form of the great Companion.

Notice—up to the valley the shepherd is in the third

person. He leads, he feeds, he saves, but in the valley he is in the second person: "Thou art with me." It is worth the experience of death to have Christ in the second person; the rod and the staff used for us, not by us, are a comfort.

But why leave the field and enter a palace? He does not. Our ignorance leads us astray. Madam Mountford, born and reared in Palestine, tells us that the psalm is all in the open, no walls, no roof. The sheep has three enemies—poison plants, serpents, and wild beasts. The sheep cannot tell the poison plants from the green pastures. The shepherd leading into a new pasture plucks up the poison plants. Here and there a serpent waits. When the sheep seeks food he finds death. The shepherd pours hot fat into the hole, sealing the snake in his grave. Wild beasts lurk in the surrounding bushes. With sling, stones, and club he drives them far away. The table is prepared in the presence of enemies.

The Door of the Sheep

The setting sun throws deepening shadows over the fields, the sheep are led to the fold. The shepherd stands in the doorway. He is the door of the sheep. Each sheep is called by name. The rod is held across the entrance, and the strong sheep leap over it. Here comes one with a bruised head. He is anointed with oil. Here is one who missed his drink at the well. He is weak and faint. The shepherd fills the cup from the water in the bucket, the sheep plunges his face into the water, his cup runs over.

"Goodness and mercy." Christ's collie dogs follow all the days. Christ sends goodness and mercy to guard the rearward.

The "house of Jehovah" is where Jehovah is. Jacob

found him with the mountains for walls and the starry heavens for a roof. The king without the palace is more than the palace without the king. "The earth is his footstool," and the king is as near the footstool as to the throne. The place of his feet is glorious.

The Shepherd's Portion

If the shepherd owns the pasture and the sheep, to whom does the fleece belong? To the sheep or to the shepherd? I once saw a shepherd in the street of Alexandria throw a sheep and shear him. The sheep was dumb. His nostrils quivered as the shears nipped, but the fleece belonged to the shepherd.

Mesha, King of Moab, "was a sheepmaster, and rendered unto the King of Israel an hundred thousand lambs and an hundred thousand rams with the wool." The King of Moab refused, and the war cost him the life of his son. Many a man has paid the price of the loss of his children's souls by holding back the fleece.

We blame the profiteer, but what of the man who claims Christ for a shepherd and then withholds the fleece?

Louis XI "executed a solemn deed of ownership," conveying to the Virgin Mary the whole county of Boulogne in France, but reserved for himself all the revenues thereof.

The League of Nations calls for reservations. The covenant of peace with Christ admits of no reservations.

Achan, Gehazi, and Judas were profiteers. One got the leprosy, the second a military funeral, the third a rope and a field of blood.

"Covetousness is idolatry." To whom does the fleece belong?

PART II

ADDRESSES

I

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Last century Mallock of England wrote a book on the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" A witty American reviewer replied, "That depends on the liver." Yes! It depends on the liver and his environment and the adjustment he can make with his environment. Herbert Spencer wrote: "Life is a continuous adjustment between internal relations and external relations." The sum of my internal relations makes up myself; the sum of my external relations, my environment, and my life depends upon my ability to adjust myself properly to my environment.

The Problem of Adjustment

In the book that made boyhood a delight and has filled manhood with sweet and gracious memories, Daniel Defoe heaves the hero of his story from the heart of a storm to the shore of the island. A night in the treetop gives Robinson a chance to rest his body and calm his mind, and the sea an opportunity to repent of her rudeness. With the morning light, Robinson got himself together, gathered what he could from the wreck, and later learned of his new home and his brother man. The question that faced Crusoe as he slipped out of the tree was, "Is life worth living?" That depended upon what he carried with him and found, and the adjustment he could make. We are all Robinson Crusoes, though we are not always so sharply conscious of our plight.

We come and come from a vague somewhere,
Out from a sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with barks of tiny souls;
Souls that were launched on the other side
And slipped from heaven on the ebbing tide.

The question that faces each one is, "Is life worth living?" That depends upon what we bring with us, what we find, and the adjustment we can make; lungs to air; stomach to food and drink; eyes to light; ears to sound; mind to thought; heart to love; soul to God. If the adjustment is perfect the life will be complete; if imperfect, incomplete.

Whence and Whither?

Straightway a man begins to think, to distinguish himself and his surroundings, himself and his fellow men, he is faced by three serious questions: Whence came I? Whither go I? What am I? Questions of origin, of destiny, of character. To the question of origin, philosophy, science, and religion each give an answer.

Philosophy speaking through Plato says, "The soul is uncreated, eternal." The verb of life has three tenses—past, present, and future. The soul passes from one body to another as a man passes from house to house. The white light of philosophy falling on the prism of poetry in the hand of William Wordsworth says:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.

While we are busy with philosophy, science comes along and leads us to the monkey-cage; not that man is ascended, or descended, from the monkey, but both come from a common stock. The monkey is a case of arrested development. He went into the far country and never came back. Back of the common stock is the oyster; back of the oyster, mud. Mud, monkey, man; and man, only organized mud on end, becoming mud again when adjourned by death. With such an ancestry, be as good as you can between mud-puddles.

Religion claims that man was created in the image and likeness of God; the top step in the long stairway that leads from dust to Deity; the last link in the long chain that binds the footstool to the throne. One step is not the evolution from another, but a separate creation, expressing a succession of thoughts.

The Question of Character

Facing the future, we ask "Whither?" Philosophy says that we shall always be, because we always have been, uncreated—we are indestructible. Science says, "I do not know"; man may have reached permanence, he may come together again after the adjustment by death, but I cannot promise. Religion says, "Being made in the image and likeness of God, man will share his immortality, he will last until God unweaves the web of life." But the real question is not concerning origin, or destiny, but character. If I always was, then I ought to be as good as I can in the present stage. Choices create character; character determines destiny.

If I came from mud, by the way of the oyster and the monkey, I ought to be better than either, that I may justify being a man. If I came by creation, I ought not to insult my Maker by falling below his plan for me.

The Greeks went to a cave in the earth for wisdom. Over the entrance was a challenge: *Gnothi seauton*—"Know thyself."

> Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
> The proper study of mankind is man.

The best specimen for me to study is myself; the best specimen for you to study is yourself. It is pleasanter to study your neighbor. It is more profitable to study yourself. Mind your own business. Blessed is the man who mindeth his own business, for verily his business shall be minded. That I may mind my own business, I must understand myself. If I were a chicken hatched by a duck, my stepmother could not lead me into the water; I have no webs between my toes. If I were a duck and hatched by a hen, she could not keep me from the water; I have webs between my toes. The one who hatches cannot determine the destiny of the one she hatches. If men were as sensible as chickens they would not drown trying to swim; or as ducks, they would not wear out their webs trying to scratch.

Looking at myself I find a threefold being: body, mind, spirit. The body is the finest piece of mechanism made of matter. It is to the mind what the ship is to the sailor; what tools are to the mechanic. Care for it; deal with it justly; be fair to it; keep it in order. Once it is broken, the mind is bankrupt. Inside the body, giving it real value, is the mind. The mind is the standard of man. You buy hay by the ton, meat by the pound, land by the foot. You cannot measure mind by material standards. The measure of a man is not his waistband, but his hatband. The value of a ring is not the gold, but the jewel. Keep the body under, the mind on top. Inside the mind is the spirit. There is a spirit in man, and the inbreath-

ing of the Almighty giveth him understanding. It is as easy to walk on the heights as in the valley, to be at home with God as with man.

Limitations and Convictions

Two things are true of every man: He must learn his own limitations and trust his own convictions. A sophomore has not limitations; imagination and not judgment is on the throne. When I was a sophomore, it was my wise year. I knew more then than I have ever known since. I debated foreordination and free will for an hour with my father. At the close of the argument, he said, "Remember, my boy, I am older than you are and have had more experience." I replied, "Don't you forget that I have traveled more widely than you have and have had more observation." Though you bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, you will get only fool's dust. But do not be discouraged, all men have their limitations.

Trust your own convictions. Learn to work out a problem without consulting a key, to make a translation without riding a pony. Better a mile on foot than ten miles in the saddle across the fields of literature. The camel will travel a week without water, absorbing the humps on its own back. I know men who dare not venture out of sight of water; they have no humps and no back-bone to put humps on. Some men are like radishes: they come ten in a bunch to have any market value. Such men, in a country town, hang around the store or post-office; in a city, join a club because there is nobody there when they are alone. It is a great day in the child's life when it sits alone, stands alone, walks alone. Learn to stand on your own feet; do you own thinking, reach your own conclusions; crystallize your own convictions. Accept and honor your responsibility for yourself.

Civilization

Secondly, civilization. What is civilization? I do not know. Emerson says, "No man can define civilization." Guizot wrote a history of civilization, but he did not attempt a definition. Let us describe it as "thought expressed in matter"; today a thought, tomorrow a building; today a thought, tomorrow a machine; today a thought, tomorrow a ship; today a thought, tomorrow a railroad; today a thought, tomorrow a city. Embodied thought is civilization. As you glove your hand, you glove your thought, and gloved thought is civilization. Crusoe's civilization was very simple—a few ropes, nails, screws, seeds, articles of furniture from a wrecked ship.

This same Mallock wrote another book, "The New Paul and Virginia." They too escaped from a wreck and landed on an island. Climbing the hill they found a French cottage, thoroughly furnished; one side a bread-fruit tree bearing French rolls, on the other side a butter tree bearing pats of butter. Their civilization was much more complex that Crusoe's; and ours is much more complex than theirs. We are getting overcivilized. My father was reared in western Massachusetts, on the hills where the soil is so thin that they raise potatoes in slices, ready to fry, and the sheep's noses are like tooth-picks sharpened to find blades of grass between the stones. He and his brothers slept in the attic, and oftentimes the snow would sift through the shingles and make a white coverlid where the boys slept. When the call came for breakfast they would slip out of bed and dress in the room below where mother was getting breakfast. When I said to him, "What a shame to treat a boy like that," he replied, "Why I don't know, I never knew what it was to be tired until I was past fifty years old." In a

steam-heated house boys are born tired, and when they have growing pains eat their breakfast in bed. We are getting overcivilized, softened by luxury. The struggle in Europe is making as well as maiming men.

Some years ago I had a friend who owned a house in Boston. It was thoroughly furnished from cellar to roof. She owned another house by the shore. I sat on the veranda with her one August afternoon in her shore home. It was a perfect day, not a cloud flecked the blue; the tired waves slept on the white bosom of the beach. As I talked, she heaved a deep sigh. Fearing lest I was the cause, I said, "What is the trouble?" She replied, "Oh dear, I wonder if while I am here enjoying myself, the buffalo-bugs are eating my parlor carpet." I have no house, "no foot of land I own, no cottage here below." I have no carpet, only a few rugs on rented floors, but I would rather live in a leased house on bare floors, than have buffalo-bugs in my brain for a summer vacation; and that is where she had them. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." Many things bring care and trouble. Life is not worth living when things crowd out thoughts, and the pedestal is on the shoulder of the statue.

Material or Man

Thirdly, raw material. We turn from civilization to raw material. Crusoe was "monarch of all he surveyed; his right there was none to dispute." The island was his kingdom; the sea that washed its shores, his servant; the blue sky, his ministering angel. He lived on an island. We live on a continent. His raw material was limited; ours is unlimited. "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language"; but she is not worth listening to if

she is our master and not our servant. When raw material masters man he is a slave, and the life of a slave is not worth living.

Many years ago, a man built a house on the top of a sand-hill; at the foot he dug a well; over the well he rigged a sweep, and when his wife wanted water he went down the hill and carried it up to her. Because he loved her? Yes, and because he feared his neighbors. He could not bear to have them say "What a brute, to make his wife carry water." Blessed be neighbors. Jane, never trust yourself with John beyond the range of neighborhood pressure. Men mean well, but they are weak when outside of neighborhood pressure. A man is like a barrel, held together by hoops—outside pressure. A woman is like a tree, held together by the sap that builds from the inside. Another man bought the house. He rigged up a wind-mill, and winds that had whistled for a job for centuries were put to work to pump water. He put a reservoir in the attic. When his wife wanted water, she turned the faucet, and they had time to visit with each other, watching the sunset from the veranda. Life is worth living when forces of nature work for men.

A ship was wrecked on an island in the Pacific. The storm that sunk the ship murdered the crew, but saved one life, and tossed the saved sailor far up on the beach. In the morning the black natives found the pale-faced stranger lying on his back above the ebbing tide. They thought he was white clear through—had fallen from the clouds. They brought him back to life; made him their king and judge. The industry of the island consisted in catching turtles. When a man caught a turtle and turned it over it was his. All the labor he had put into the task brought him personal profit. There was no corporate capital between labor and raw material. Each respected

the rights of all. A man caught and turned a turtle. When he sought it later in the day it was gone. He complained to the judge. All denied the theft; there were no witnesses. The judge bade them mark their turtles with asphalt which bubbled up on the island. One day a man turned a turtle, and it was marked; another was turned, and it was marked. Some one had cornered the turtle market. The mark was a short, straight mark—the simplest on the island. The man who had chosen that mark was called to account. He said: "Yes, the turtles come in with the tide; they crawl over a heap of stones to lay their eggs. I marked the tops of the stones, and the turtles did the rest." Life to that man was worth living. Use the tides; study the habits of the turtles, mark the stones, and the raw material becomes your finished product, and life is worth living.

Your Fellow Man

Fourthly, fellow man. When I was a boy I learned Longfellow's "Psalm of Life":

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time;
>
> Footprints, that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again.

That is good poetry, but when Robinson Crusoe saw footprints on the sands, he did not take hope. Frightened, he sought his cave, closed the door, and terrified—waited. But he had to meet the man who made the footprints; so must we. Many a man has learned self-control, the

mastery of civilization and raw material, but has failed in managing men.

Theories of Life

There are two theories of life, the selfish and the sacrificial. The selfish theory resolves life in a whirlpool, with self at the center of the suction. The sacrificial theory heaves life into a hill that challenges the clouds and compels them to minister to the valleys waiting far below. One theory says, "Do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, to all the folks you can." The other theory says, "Get all the good you can, from all the folks you can, in all the ways you can, and keep all you get."

The one is the orange theory of life. I am very thirsty. Here is an orange, a golden globe of luscious juice. It fits my hands; I have it in my power. I squeeze it until all the fiber and juice are separate. I cut a hole in the rind; I adjust the hole to my mouth and suck. When my thirst is satisfied, there is nothing but the rind left. I tear it open to get the last drop; I throw it down to my feet and go my way. I return a half an hour later, step on the forgotten rind, slip up, and break my back. Many a man has broken his back slipping up on the life he has wrecked for business gain.

Æsop, the writer of fables, tells of a monkey who wanted roasted chestnuts, but he did not want to scorch his hands getting them out of the ashes. As our wants multiply, we seek to use others and profit by their work. The monkey thrust the cat's paw into the ashes only once, for cats hold parliaments in backyards, while the world sleeps, and give each other points. The fallacy of the fable lies in this, that men are not divided into monkeys and cats. We are all monkeys together, and while we fight, the chestnuts go on roasting, and when the fight

is finished we have ashes for dividends. When the nations of Europe have finished their fight for a place in the sun, the day will be dying, and amid the gathering shadows they will rest in the darkness.

There is another fable of a fox who invited a stork to dinner. The feast was a thin soup, in a shallow dish. The stork stood on one foot and watched while the fox ate. The next day the stork gave a return dinner. The soup was in a long narrow-necked jar. The fox feasted on memory that day. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The other theory of life is the sacrificial. It is beautifully told in the story of the Holy Grail. The Grail is the cup used by our Lord at the Supper. It was carried to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea. It disappeared one day, when a man touched it whose heart treasured an impure thought. Then came King Arthur's court, the Round Table, the search for the Holy Grail. Tennyson tells the story in his "Idylls of the King." I like better James Russell Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal." Sir Launfal would join the search for the Holy Grail. It was the last night in the castle. The knight slept on rushes in the hall. As he slept, he dreamed. In his dream he arose, donned his armor, mounted his horse and rode away. A leper crouched by the wayside and stretched a crippled hand for an alms. The knight turned his face away from the loathsome sight, tossed a gold coin to the beggar, and sped on his way. The beggar picked up the coin and threw it after the knight, for gold without love carries a curse. The years past and Sir Launfal returned, an old man. His horse was dead; his armor laid aside. Standing beneath the castle walls he demanded entrance, saying, "I am Sir Launfal." The sentinel laughing, said,

"Sir Launfal hath been dead this many-a-day." The knight turned away, found a brook, quenched his thirst, took a crust from his leathern pouch, and as he ate felt a Presence. At his side sat the leper. Without a word he stooped and filled the cup and gave it to the leper, and shared his crust. When the leper's lip touched the water, it turned to purple wine; when he broke the crust, it turned to wheaten loaf, and the leper stood, the Son of God. Smiling on the knight, he said:

> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.

The knight awoke, the morning sun flooded the hall; the horse stamped impatient in the stall; the spiders spun their webs in the unused armor on the wall. Sir Launfal had found the Holy Grail.

The true Lord's Supper is not in bread and wine, in church or cathedral, but in the giving of self for service to others; each giving his body, his blood, to meet the needs of the age in which he lives. Is life worth living? A thousand times, "Yes!" when you have mastered self, civilization, raw material, and learned to minister to your fellow man.

II

CHARACTER A CREDIT MAN'S ASSET[1]

Mr. Toastmaster, Gentlemen, and Guests:

It is a pleasure to step from the still air of delightful study into the active arena of life, where the dust is thick and the air hot with strife. Crossing the Atlantic, it is a treat to leave the wind-swept deck and stand where men feed coal to the leviathan of the great deep, and masters manage the machinery that determines the speed. I feel as though I were close to the heart of business, near the men who determine the speed of the Ship of State when I look into your faces.

Character as an Asset is my theme. It is pleasant and profitable to stand where the cloud trusts her child to the mountain, to watch while the struggling spring breaks over its barriers and becomes a babbling brook, to follow it in its struggle, broadening and deepening, till it becomes a river, nourishing cities, driving machinery, bearing the commerce of a continent on its back, and finally surrendering its trust to the sea.

When a corporation seeks an employee it wishes to know his character. Habits are the lines that make character. We form habits, and then habits form us, and disfigure or transfigure us. The soil takes in a seed and the seed takes up the soil, so a man does a thing in a certain way, and then the way transforms the man.

[1] An address delivered at the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Buffalo Credit Men's Association, Thursday evening, January 11, 1906.

Character a Composite

Every river has its own character, this character is its asset. This character is made up of heredity and environment. The life it starts with, the increment it gathers. Every pebble polished yields something of its substance, every root fed pays tribute, till the stream becomes a part of all that it has touched. Every spring at Saratoga is a combination of the hidden water in the heart of the earth, and the elements it has taken on its journey out to the open, and each spring has its character and works out its life. Every river has its character as well. Niagara River has a national reputation as an organizer of choruses, a builder of rainbows, and a generator of electricity, but its waters need to be baked, boiled, and filtered before fit to drink; unless restrained it has too much power. The Platte, like a famous candidate, broad, sweet, shallow, has its work of irrigation, but not of commerce or manufacturing. Men, like streams, have their characters, made up of heredity and environment, original and acquired capital, and this capital is the man's asset.

Words, like men, have biographies. They start out with one meaning and acquire several. This word character stood for an engraver's tool at first, a bit of steel which lengthened a workman's finger, through it he expressed his thought, this thought engraved upon metal plate or stone cube gave it character, this engraved surface inked and pressed upon a sheet of paper imparted its characters; thus we have engravings and books of certain characters. The character of engraving or book is the sum total of marks and the thought in and behind the marks. Then we take the word thus enriched back to the man, and charge him with a character. His character is the sum total of the lines made by thinking, acting, liv-

ing. The steel tool has two ends; while the engraver expresses the thought on the plate through one end, he impresses the same thought on his own mind with the other end, he markets character and thus becomes responsible for it. This is a triangular question. I am one angle, the company is the second, the young man is the third. "To thine own self be true." After the letter is written I must live with myself, face myself every morning, sleep with myself every night, live with myself every day. I must tell the truth as I know it, or soon I cannot know the truth when I see it. I must be true to the firm, consulting their interests; I must be true to my friend, for if he is not worthy of the place, then I injure all concerned when I say he is. Fortunately for all concerned he is worthy. I can gladly hold the door open while he enters in. How do I know? I know the habit-lines that make up his character. He has a good home and a good wife. From Eve's day down, woman has led man either into or out of Paradise.

When I see a man following his wife out, I'll not recommend him as a gardener, for I know he cannot be trusted to guard the fruit. Let him farm outside, not play gardener inside Eden. The other day on the street-car, a friend said to me, "I have just had to call one of my men down." "Why, what's the trouble?" "He is living beyond his income." Of course that means, he must get the balance from his employer, unknown to him, or from the men he sells to, or by cheating his creditor. The man who lives beyond his income is extravagant, either at home, because of his wife, or out of the home, in spite of her. If outside, he may be reformed; if inside, you have a double contract, and cannot well touch the other party. Ships that carry more sail than ballast are apt to capsize; an extravagant wife is too much sail for

ballast. Mothers and wives either make or unmake us men. A fool can be dragged to success by a wise wife, but a wise man is often driven to failure by a fool wife. "If she be weak, slight-natured, miserable, how shall men grow?" You say, "You have no right in my home." Ah, sirs, but I have a right to the product of your home when I am asked to market it. No honest man can urge the claims of a man to a responsible position who is yoked up with an extravagant wife.

To Take a Man's Measure

A man's measure is not taken during his working hours; many a horse will pull well in harness, but is wild in the pasture. Many a cow gives a good mess of milk but kicks it all over in a spirit of sport, and hooks down the bars when in the pasture. A man's measure is taken during his leisure. When at work another sets the pace, when at play he sets his own pace. What does he do, not when he must, but when he can? Does he gamble? Then all the virtues known among men will not float him, with that hole in his boat. No man will trust you with his treasure if you fool with your own. Does he drink? He may be trusted with a wheelbarrow, but not with an automobile, nor a locomotive. Pickled pig's feet may find a market, but not pickled human brains.

Who are his boon companions? "A man is known by the company he keeps." Not the men he works with, but the man he plays with. A street-car conductor is not judged by the men he collects fare from, but the men he seeks when off duty. A postman is not judged by the houses he leaves letters at, but the houses he enters when his route is ended. Leisure, not labor, brands a man. A small fly spoils a big pot of ointment, and "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Character is not only the sum of the lines made by the steel point in hours of labor, but by the rust spot formed by moisture in the hours of careless leisure. If you cannot keep good company, because unknown, then spend your leisure hours with the great men of the past; books welcome all comers, when you reach the great you will be worth knowing.

A large importing concern bought largely of English houses. An American manufacturer competed with the English house in one of its products. The head of the house sought the buyer of the importing house and said, "You buy largely of so and so?" "Yes." "Well, we make quite as good an article, and will meet their prices; and besides that, we will give ten per cent. for yourself, if you will give us the order." "All right; if your quality is as good, and your prices are the same, I'll give you the order." The order was given, the bill sent, the per cent. paid. Not in a check. Like the way of a bird in the air, of a fish in the sea, of a snake on the rock, is the way of money paid as a bonus. Checks leave trails, money casts no shadow. Two years passed. The manufacturer sought the buyer. He was a little the worse for liquor—frankly, men, I never saw a man who was the better for it—first he had the drink, then the drink had him, and he was feeling ugly. "Look here; your last orders are not so large as usual." "No! your goods are not up to contract; you agreed to make goods of a certain quality, you aren't keeping up." "But you are my man, aren't you?" "What do you mean by that?" "I pay you ten per cent., don't I?" "Yes! but your goods are not up to standard." "Say! I want to see your boss." "All right, come in, I'll introduce you." They entered the office together, he was introduced. The buyer said, "This gentleman has come to complain; before you hear him call in

the head bookkeeper with the journal." He came in. "Now this man will tell you that he has paid me ten per cent. on every bill we have bought; that is true." The head of the importing house then turned and asked, "When did you pay and how much?" Items were given. The buyer then said to the bookkeeper: "Consult the journal, and you will find the same amounts on the same date credited to the house. My salary covers my services, the ten per cent. went to the credit of the house; it was my business to buy as cheaply as I could." The complainant shuddered, his boat had struck a rock. He found an honest man where he thought he had bought a thief. "Is that all, Mr. S—?" Then the buyer took him by the collar and escorted him to the door. The next year the buyer was taken into the firm, today he is an equal partner; last January his share of profit was $37,500. And his character was his asset.

Two young people loved and married, put their savings together and stocked a country store, the store and stock took all their funds. The young wife borrowed $200 of her rich uncle to keep them over the summer, there was no margin for insurance, fire came, the store went, the stock disappeared. She wrote her uncle, and he was furious, thought the husband had worked him through the wife. The young fellow hired a small cottage out of the saved stuff, and went to work. He found a place in a neighboring city, in the wholesale store where he had bought his stock. Arose at five in the morning—breakfast at six—all day in the store—ten dollars a week. The wife did her own work. They saved and sent the uncle a dollar a week. He was mad at first, thought the dollar was simply bait for catching a larger loan. After a bit he sent the money back, saying he could afford the loss. It was returned, with the word they could not afford not

to make good. The uncle's golden wedding came; he sent an invitation to the young couple; the return mail brought two dollars' congratulations, but the statement that they could not afford the trip while in debt. He took the early train for the city, called on the head of the house employing the young man (an old-time friend), told the story of the struggle, the integrity, and said, "Don't you think it a little hard to keep such a man on ten dollars a week?" "Yes, I do! but I didn't know the man; we need just such a man in the office, and we'll pay him $1,400 a year." His character was his asset.

Character at bottom, is the only asset that stands. Fortunes come and go, character stands. Men make money, but God makes men. The earth is full of his treasures—generations will dig it out—but the lack is of men. And you older men have no right to ask of young men what you are not willing to give them. If it is wrong for young men to be extravagant, it is wrong for mature men. If it is wrong for young men to gamble, it is wrong for mature men. If it is wrong for young men to be impure, it is wrong for older men. A good example will do more to make character than all claims for it. Morality does not depend upon money.

> Right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win.
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin.

> What constitutes a State? Men, high-minded men.
> Men who their duties know,
> But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.

Adams, Jerome, Folk, Roosevelt, are where they are, because they are what they are. Character is the asset the State seeks in trusting men.

God give us men! a time like this demands,
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
  Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
  Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
  Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
  Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
  For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
  Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife—Lo! Freedom weeps.
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

III

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

"God, having of old times spoken to the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in a Son," writes an unknown defender of the faith in the early church. May we expect another message? Is the silence of God to be broken again? The Son promised to send another Paraclete, but his mission is limited; it is to glorify Christ, to take of his things and show them unto us; he is to lead into all truth, but the Son is Truth. As the electric current flashes the pictured slide on the waiting canvas, so the Paraclete flashes the Son of God on the waiting soul, but it is a silent process. As the south wind, saturated with warmth, breaks down the frost and frees the sleeping seeds, so the Paraclete applies the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness to sin-bound souls, and starts the seed of the Word to growth and harvest. Has the mind of God been fully uttered, has he made his last utterance? The churches abide by the Book, and seek to be subject to the Spirit. This abiding and subjection seeks and finds utterance through unnumbered pulpits and books seeking to explain the message spoken centuries ago.

The Rise of Christian Science

All preachers and writers are like members of an orchestra; the music is furnished, the leader wields the baton, instruments differ, temperaments differ, but all

seek to render the same music under the control of the Spirit. In 1886 a new voice broke the silence of the centuries. A new Deborah sat under a new palm tree and prophesied; the prophecy is not an interpretation, but a revelation. The new prophetess writes in the "Sentinel," May 23, 1901:

> Science and Health makes it plain to all Christian Scientists that the manhood and womanhood of God have already been revealed in a degree through Christ Jesus and Christian Science, his two witnesses. What remains to lead on the centuries and reveal my successor, is man in the image and likeness of the Father-Mother God, man the generic term for mankind.

We have a new score and a new leader. Preachers and teachers simply hold up a prism to analyze the white light that came from Christ; here is a new flood of light from the uplifted countenance of God. Not a witness to Christ, but a coequal witness with Christ.

The new testimony is the "Key to Scriptures." A locked treasure is not a treasure, the key is as essential as the chest and treasure. As Christ carries the keys of death and Hades, so the book carries the key to all that prophets and Son have spoken.

The Prophetess

Little is known concerning the birth, training, appearance of the prophets through whom God spoke to the fathers. Very little is known concerning the birth, training, habits, and personal appearance of the Son. The message is much, the man little. "He is the true and faithful witness." The testimony convicts or frees, not the personality of the witness. The witness is the ambassador, the way, the door. We know much of Mrs. Eddy—birthplace, parents, home, early training, suffer-

ing, escape. From cradle to grave she has been in the limelight. "This thing was not done in a corner," the X-ray of publicity lays bare the hidden structure of the woman and her message.

She was born July 16, 1821, at Bow, New Hampshire, five miles from Concord. Her father, mother, brothers, and sisters were well known and highly esteemed. The Baker family held a high place in the town, measured by the double New England standard of character and property. The grandfather was the heaviest tax-payer in town; her father and uncle lived together on the inherited farm. Mark Baker, Mary's father, was a justice of the peace, a deacon in the Concord Church, a school-committeeman, and for many years chaplain of the State militia. The first of the family came to Charlestown in 1634. Her mother was the daughter of Deacon Nathaniel Ambrose, who gave the money for the first Congregational Church in Pembroke. Filtered blood ran in Mary's veins. Blood will tell in human as in brute, else there can be no advance in civilization. The flesh-born is flesh, yet there is one kind of flesh of beast and another of man, and many kinds of human flesh. Three brothers and two sisters, born within ten years, had exhausted the vitality of the mother, and Mary was mortaged to sickness from her birth. She was born without the birthright of physical health. Moses was spared because he was a goodly child. Mary was spared because she had Christian parents. Her want of health barred her from the public school; mother, grandmother, and brother Albert taught her by turns. The brother shared with her during his vacations what he had learned during the college term. Latin and metaphysics were favorite studies. Under his instruction she took up moral science, natural philosophy, Latin, Greek, Hebrew. Like Samuel

the prophet, she heard voices, and often replied to her mother. Answering as Samuel did, the voices ceased.

The father was a devout and active Christian; the pastor a frequent visitor to the home, his visit was her opportunity. Her Bible was her chief literary companion. When she read that Daniel prayed often daily, she followed his example, and made record of her prayers. Her letters to her brother in college were girlish imitations of Bible style. When she was twelve years of age her father proposed membership in the church; she objected, not being ready. A severe quarrel followed; she had her way, and he had his say, declaring she had ten devils. When Mary was thirteen the family moved to Tilton. At fifteen she had prolonged theological discussions with the pastor, finally joining the church. Here she attended a private school, studying rhetoric.

In 1843, she was married to G. W. Glover, of Charleston, South Carolina. She was a widow within a year, and soon after his death a son was born. The next five years she spent with her father and sister, sick most of the time, teaching a little, writing for a New Hampshire paper. She became interested in spiritualism and magnetism. Living with her sister she became a confirmed invalid suffering from severe spinal complaint. In 1853, she married a Doctor Patterson, a traveling dentist. Denied the presence of her son, she mourned the denial deeply. In 1862, she went to Portland, Maine, to be treated by Doctor Quimby, a mesmerist and pyschologist.

His theory was that the mind gives immediate form to the animal spirit, and that the animal spirit gives form to the body as soon as the less plastic elements of the body are able to assume that form. Therefore, his first course in the treatment of a patient is to sit down beside him and put himself en rapport with him, which he does without producing the mesmeric

sleep. He says that in every disease the animal spirit, or spiritual form, is somewhat disconnected from the body, that it imparts to him all its grief and the cause of it, which may have been mental trouble or shock to the body, as overfatigue, excessive cold or heat, etc. This impresses the mind with anxiety, and the mind reacting on the body produces disease. With this spirit form Doctor Quimbly converses and endeavors to win it away from its grief, and when he succeeds in doing so it disappears and reunites with the body. Thus is commenced the first step toward recovery. This union frequently lasts but a short time, when the spirit again appears, exhibiting some new phase of its trouble. With this he again persuades and contends until he overcomes it, and it disappears as before. Thus two shades of trouble have disappeared from the mind and consequently from the animal spirit, and the body already has commenced its effort to come into a state in accordance with them.[1]

When Mrs. Patterson visited Doctor Quimby he had dropped mesmerism, added faith cure, and convinced the patient that he was a mediator between her and God.

She spent three weeks with the doctor, copied his notes, talked with him for many hours. She returned home cured. For a time she praised the doctor highly, then denied that she owed her system to him. Her sister visited the doctor and declared the whole thing to be sheer " bosh."

Going to live in Lynn, she slipped on the ice, sought medical treatment, was given up by the doctor, and discovered Christian Science, walking down-stairs, and declaring she had found the secret of health.

In 1873, she secured a divorce on good grounds, and lived around among friends.

In 1870, she issued her first pamphlet on " The Science of Man," and began to teach two students the new Science. In 1875, she issued her first edition of " Science and Health," and bought a house in Lynn where she

[1] Bangor Jeffersonian, 1857.

opened a school and held her first church service. In 1877, she married Mr. Eddy, her business manager. In 1878, she opened her work in Boston. The next year, at nearly sixty years of age, she moved to Boston. August 23, 1879, she incorporated the Church of Christ, Scientist, with twenty-six members. Now there is a membership of many thousands, a property worth millions, a magazine, a daily paper, a board of directors, and a guaranteed future for many years.

The Prophecy

Standing in a cathedral, in the dim religious light that falls through windows richly dight, one sees figures, crosses, crowns, anchors, in color. The white light of the Scriptures falls upon the Christian Science worshiper through the teachings of Mrs. Eddy; so long as the members of the church are willing to worship behind her interpretation of Scripture the church will persist. The Koran keeps the Mohammedan faith intact. Its thoughts mold the Mohammedan world. The Golden Bible keeps the Morman church solid. The Roman Catholic interpretation of the Bible keeps the church intact. Protestantism smites the prism of denominationalism, and each group chooses its own color. So long as "Science and Health" is held between the Bible and the worshiper the cult will endure. The book is called "Key to Scriptures," but what is the key to the book? What is the ruling thought in the scheme? "Home, Sweet Home" is played with variations, but there is a controlling theme. Gothic architecture has many modifications, but however modified we see the Gothic scheme. As the cross dominates Saint Marks in Venice, so one thought dominates "Science and Health." Gargoyles do not destroy Gothic architecture, though they divert attention from its stately beauty.

The curious statements in the Mrs. Eddy's system do not affect the controlling principle.

In her thinking Mrs. Eddy stands beside God and looks out upon the universe. We stand on the footstool and look toward the throne, she stands by the throne and looks out at the universe. We think with the earth as a center, we have shadows caused by turning; she stands in the sun where there is no shadow caused by turning. She assumes God's point of view. The Assumption of the Virgin Mary is based upon the apocryphal tradition. The assumption of Mary Baker Eddy rests upon her own assertion. The prophets assumed to speak for Jehovah. The Son asserted that he spoke for God. Mary Eddy assumed to speak from God's point of view. We may challenge the assumption, but need to understand it to get her point of view. She says:

> God is the Great I AM; the all-knowing, all-seeing, all-acting, all-wise, all-loving, and eternal Principle [because person implies limitation, all the persons we know are limited]; Mind, Soul, Spirit, Life, Truth, Love, Substance, Intelligence. God is one God, infinite and perfect, and cannot become finite and imperfect.
>
> In Divine Science man is the true image of God.
>
> I, or Ego, Principle, Spirit, Soul, incorporeal, unerring, immortal, and eternal mind. There is but one I, or Us, but one principle or Mind, governing all existence, yet man and woman are unchanged forever in their individual characters, even as numbers never blend with each other, though they are governed by one Principle. All the objects of God's creation reflect one Mind; and whatever reflects not this one Mind, is false and erroneous, even the belief that life, substance, and intelligence are both mental and material.

This great truth is illustrated by an analogy. The Master was always likening the kingdom of God to visible things, speaking parables, drawing parallels; "like" was often on his lips.

This Great Original and his image, is like this: Here is a great mirror, a man stands before it, his image greets him, duplicates his motions, advances, retreats, moves to and fro. It has no real being aside from his being. If he were not, it could not be. So God is eternal Being, and man is his eternal image. Man shares God's eternity, is the spiritual reflection of an Eternal Spirit. God and man are thus coexistent, and these two are all there is in the universe, to God.

From the beginning man was content to image God, had no consciousness of self. Suddenly he came to self-consciousness, lost God-consciousness; became as the gods. Lost God and found self. But God did not lose man. The child's dream is no reality to the watching mother; she sees the child, the sleeping child sees the dream figures. The delirium of the patient is unreal to the nurse, she sees the patient, the patient sees his own world. The child awakes, the dream fades, the mother is the one great reality; the patient is healed, the insanity passes, he sees the real world, outside himself.

So God sees only his own reflection, or image; this dream, this delusion is not real to God, so not really real. The fog which the sea sends up is real to the sea, so real that it shuts out the stars and sun; the sea rolls in the dim gray light, but the stars and sun shine on; by and by the fog dissipates, and the sea comes back again to the light. The darkness on the side of the earth turned from the sun is not real to the sun, it shines right on, pours its streams of light steadily forth; when the earth turns back again it gets what the sun had all the time been giving. God sees his own image through all the fog and darkness, and by and by man comes back to God. The entire system of Mrs. Eddy is based upon this assumption, that she shares and states God's point of view.

When she says matter is unreal, suffering is unreal, sin is unreal, she means to God.

Man, the image and reflection, losing God, finding self, asserting self, becomes in turn a creator. The image of man has no power, the image of God has well-nigh God's power. He is Intelligence, Mind, Soul, Spirit.

Dr. William Hanna Thompson says:

> The truth is that man is as little included in the limitations of animal life as an archangel would be if he visited this earth. Man is already equipped with an archangel's powers, as he would prove if only he had the *time* to do so, instead of merely the few and ever-hampered years of his earthly existence.

This image, endowed with the powers of an archangel, creates his own body. The body is the reflection of man, as man is the reflection of God. Horace Bushnell has a sermon on "The Dignity of Human Nature shown from its Ruins." He points out the mighty ruins of cities, kingdoms, religions, the awful passions, the mighty ambitions of man. We need to recall the fact that all buildings, literature, art, music, architecture, forms of government, come from the mind of man, as all rivers come from the sea. All things were put under man; we see not yet all things put under him, but we see Jesus, and Jesus is the Son of man, and all he is we may become, all he has we may share, for we are "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ." He is the Vine, we are the branches. He sits on the throne with God, we are to sit on thrones with him. Mrs. Eddy claims that all this power is now and here, has been as long as man has been, eternally; that the human body is the expression of mortal mind. The spider spins its web out of its own body; man spins his body out of his own stuff. It is real to man, unreal to God. The man God made is Spirit;

the man man made is flesh, and so unreal. Then man made the earth as the sculptor makes the pedestal to set the statue on, or the railroad manager constructs the road-bed to run the train on. The man made the visible universe; it is as much the expression of mortal mind as the body itself; God is man's heredity, but he makes his own environment.

The building is an expression of mortal mind, the bricks are the expression of mortal mind, this we can understand, for they embody thought, and were not until man made them; but the clay is also an expression of mortal mind. The artist paints the picture, man weaves the canvas, makes the brushes; but man made the cotton, and the paint; everything that appeals to the senses is the output of man, who is the expression of God. Man is as eternal as God; matter is by man, for man, and has no reality to God. Hence it follows that the life lived in matter is unreal to God, then all suffering in the flesh has no reality to God. An aviator can feel the rhythm of the airship, and knows by feeling whether the machine is working aright, for man made it. But God takes no interest in airships, for he did not make them. The earth is a great airship, made by man, launched by man, managed by man, but unreal to God. Hence the suffering in the body is unknown to God, and what is unknown to God is really unreal.

The Truth in the System

Whatever truth there may be in this teaching, this we all recognize. Matter is not to God what it is to man. Matter in its present form is not eternal, it was not what it is, it will not continue to be what it is. Nature is that which is always coming to be, being born—*nanciscor, natus*. The will of God was the womb of matter, and the

will of God will be the tomb of matter. Matter is to man a condition, a limitation. You wish to make a call on a man, you do not know whether he is in, you ring the bell, ask the maid, she replies that he is; you are shown to a room, take a seat, the man enters. You do not know what he is thinking; when he speaks words may tell, may mask thoughts. You do not see each other, "this mortal coil" hides, and yet displays, the current of thought. The current turns to heat, light, power, or is shut off through words. He may speak his mind, may not. You do not know your own mind, much less his mind. In thinking, as in weather, you deal with probabilities. You may change your mind, rather your decision. The wall shuts you from knowledge as to his being in the house, the walls of flesh shut you from knowledge as to what is in the mind. Not so with God. He knows whether a man is in a room or not; he knows the thoughts and intents of the heart. His word pierces to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow, discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart; but his word could not do that if he had not known before he spoke the word; the thought or knowledge put into the word must first have been in the mind of the speaker. The wireless operator on shipboard knows the message that is unknown to all others on board the same ship. God knows the thought-waves that beat out and out through the universe. He knows the thoughts of the heart before they have come to human consciousness. Christ knew what was in man. If matter is not to God what it is to man, what is it? Is it anything to him? Man's interpretation of matter is his own; the seed interprets the universe into the life it has, and expresses that interpretation in its own limitations. Is man's interpretation of the universe its creation? To him, yes. The pumpkin-seed and the kernel of corn are

planted in the same bit of earth, warmed by the same sun, moistened by the same rain; each builds up its own body, creates its own expression; neither can understand the task of the other. They root in the same hill; one builds a straight shaft of life, the other a creeping vine; if you could find the thought of each, you would find it could not understand the other. Take man, in the image and likeness of God, spiritually; can he also make his own body, his own earth, his own universe? If he can, will it be real to the Being whom he images? If the body, earth, universe, are not real to God in the sense they are to me, what do I know about their reality to him? If the body were real to God as it is to man, he could not see through it to know the thoughts. The same life crawls a caterpillar and flies a butterfly. The same soul has a psychic and a pneumatic body. "There is a psychic body, there is a pneumatic body." But God is not a psychic, the psychic is the image of the pneumatic. Can God, the Great Pneuma, know anything about the matter that cribs, cabins, and confines the soul? What is matter, anyway? A mode of motion, of what? No man knows. Heat is a mode of motion, light is a mode of motion, electricity is a mode of motion, and the same unknown force passes from one to the other by increased rapidity of motion. The most solid matter becomes fluid and gas in turn, subjected to heat; ice, water, vapor, invisible gas are all the same in changing form.

Rock is very solid, water is fluid, air is a gas. The bed of the Niagara Falls is rock; the water falling upon it gains solidity enough by rapidly falling to wear it away, and wind rushing up the gorge gets solidity enough to push the water back and hold the cataract in leash. A western cyclone is air in motion; moving rapidly enough, it destroys a town. Matter is a mode of motion.

A steel rail is very solid, but it is made up of atoms of matter in rapid motion; electricity is a mode of motion, touching the solid bar it turns it into tears of shining metal. The most solid form of matter may be vaporized and sent below the horizon of sense by the touch of an electric current. Once we were taught that the atom, the indivisible bit of matter, was the unit of value; the brick that, built up with other bricks, made the wall of visible matter. This atom was never found outside the mind of man, but as the coral reef becomes visible when enough insects die, and the outcome defies the wearing tide of the sea, so when you put enough atoms together, the reef of matter rises above the sea of thought. But now, we find the atom inhabited; the tenant is the ion of electricity. And this ion, like the earth, has a north and a south pole; neither Cook nor Peary has found it yet. When motion ceases will matter end? If matter is a mode of motion, yes. The story of Doctor Cook's sufferings in the far north is most tragic; what he knew and what he thought are curiously confounded. But he is as wise about the pole as we are about anything material. Our interpretation of matter is certainly mental; did the mind of man create matter? Who knows? The sword that will behead Mrs. Eddy's body of thought is not yet forged in the shop of material science. How do we know what the universe is to God? Do we know that it is at all? Do we know what it will be to us when the caterpillar finds his wings, and the psychic becomes pneumatic? Granting that man is the reflection, the image of God, that the present material universe, body, and earth, and heavens are the interpretation of mind, and to all intents and purposes the creation of mind, the rest is easy. "Sin is a moral madness," the assertion of self, in place of the reflection of God. In an

officeholder, it is perversion of a public trust to private gain. In Judas, it was the following of Jesus to Gethsemane for thirty pieces of silver; in man, it is denying the Allness of God and assertion of the somethingness of man. Sin ceases when man turns again to God. Sin is Ptolemaic, with man at the center. Righteousness is Copernican, with God at the center. Sin is State rights, seceding from and rebelling against the central Republic. Righteousness is the oath of allegiance and loyalty to God —prayer.

Desire is prayer; and no loss can occur from trusting God with our desires, that they may be molded and exalted before they take form in word and deed. . . Prayer cannot change the science of being. A request that another may work for us never does our work. God is Love. Can we ask him to be more? God is Intelligence. Can we inform the infinite Mind, or tell him anything he does not comprehend? Do we hope to change perfection? Shall we plead for more at the open fount, which already pours forth more than we can receive? Who would stand before a blackboard and pray the principle of mathematics to work out the problem? The rule is already established, and it is our task to work out the solution. Shall we ask the divine Principle of all goodness to do his own work? That work was finished long ago; and we have only to avail ourselves of God's rule in order to receive the blessing; to understand God is the work of eternity, and demands absolute consecration of thought and energy.

Atonement is the exemplification of man's unity with God, whereby he reflects divine Truth, Life, and Love. Jesus of Nazareth taught and demonstrated this oneness with the Father, and for this we owe him endless homage. His mission was both individual and collective. He did Life's work aright, not only in justice to himself, but also in mercy to mortals—to show them how to do theirs, but not to do it for them, or relieve them of a single responsibility. The atonement of Christ reconciles man to God, not God to man; for the Principle of Christ is God, and how can God propitiate himself? How can the Christ-heart reach higher than itself, when no fountain can reach

higher than its source? Christ could conciliate no nature above his own, derived from the eternal love. It was therefore Christ's purpose to reconcile man to God, not God to man. Love and Truth are not at war with God's idea, and man is this idea. Man cannot exceed God in Love, and so atone for himself. Jesus aided in reconciling man to God, only by giving man a truer sense of Love, the divine Principle of his teachings, which would redeem man from under the law of matter, by this explanation of the law of Spirit.

Alfred Farlow, chairman of the Christian Science Publication Committee, thus describes the treatment given by Mrs. Eddy: "An effort to possess a clear consciousness of divine power and presence, with the understanding that when the consciousness of the individual is illumined by a realization of what God is, that realization overcomes the disease as the light dispels darkness." That attempt is made whenever a believer in Christian Science tries to change the mind of the sufferer, forgets self, and realizes God. And the Master said, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny *himself*, take up his cross daily and follow me."

God is, man is, matter is not, save to man. Sin is assertion of self, and turning from God. Atonement is denying of self and returning to God. Prayer is surrender to God, to know and do his will. Sickness is real to the man who is sick, not to God who knows nothing of the body in which man believes his sickness is. Sin and sickness are the results of self-assertion and realization. Holiness and health are the results of realizing God. Christian Science is an attempt to realize here and now what Christianity promises for there and then.

Christian Science Unorganized Speculation

What shall we say then? That Christian Science, like the centaur of antiquity, is a myth, a creature of the

imagination, unlike anything in the heavens above, the earth below, or the waters of the sea? "There is one flesh of man, another of beasts"; the body and limbs of a horse cannot unite with the body, arms, and brains of a man; the mouth of a man could not prepare food for the body of a horse; the mind of a man would override the instincts of a horse. Christianity is on one level, science on quite another; science is organized knowledge, dealing with facts and phenomena. A Christian may be a scientist, may not be. A scientist may or may not be a Christian.

Christian Science is unorganized speculation. It reminds one of Hamlet's cloud, shaped like a camel, or weasel, or whale as the fancy serves. The "Key to the Scriptures" does not fit the lock. Mrs. Eddy bears the Bible away, as Samson bore off the gates of Gaza, she does not open the Scriptures; she removes them, the hinges are not left. "The Key" would mean just as much without the Scriptures as it does with. Her system of thought has no more to do with the Bible than the airship has to do with the field on which it casts a flying shadow, or a barnacle has to do with the ship to which it clings. It is more remote from the Bible which it claims to explain, than from Doctor Quimby's system which it denies. It is a world-view, as idealism and materialism are world-views. One man assumes that the mind is the source and spring of all that is. Another assumes that matter is the egg from which mind takes its winged flight. Admit the assumption of either, and you are borne on to the conclusion. Either assumption is a toboggan; once in and started, you can only cling, gasp, and go.

Admit Mrs. Eddy's assumption, that she presents the universe from God's point of view, and the rest is easy. Granted that, she is the only one to guide the airship.

God is all, man is the reflection of the Allness, all else is a cipher, conjured up by the mind of man, an imaginary line around nothing.

I deny the assumption. Man creates language; language is the expression of thought. Man fills words with thoughts, as the bee fills the cells with honey. Cell and honey are both made by the bee; language and thought are both created by man, they express and nourish the mental life.

Matter is God's language, God's cell. Life is God's honey in the cell, thought in the language. Matter is as real to God as the cell is to the bee, or words are to man. But honey is the real treasure to the bee, thought to the man, life to God.

That we do not understand matter and life as God does is no proof that they are not real to him. To the child learning to read, the words and sentences are everything, the thoughts nothing. To the man, words and sentences are nothing, the thought everything.

The child sees only the printed page, the man sees through it to the thought beneath. We are learning to read; by and by we shall see the thought, as God sees it.

Matter will become to us what it is to him. In the meantime, with grammar and lexicon, let us master our lesson in the school of life, learning to think his thoughts after him, till we know as we are known.

IV

SOUL-WINNING

A PROVERB is the wisdom of many and the wit of one. A bee plunders a hundred flowers to fill one cell with honey. A proverb-maker searches a century to pack a phrase, but the "phrase glitters like a jewel" five words long upon the stretched forefinger of all time. Words are the best preservative of thought we have found. Palaces and temples crumble to dust; pictures fade; words outlast the centuries. Solomon built temples and palaces; not one stone remains upon another. He wrote proverbs that outlast the centuries. One proverb runs, "He that is wise winneth souls." Wisdom wins. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. Knowledge furnishes the raw material for wisdom. Knowledge spins threads. Wisdom weaves webs. The woven web covers the naked form. Knowledge makes bricks; wisdom erects buildings, and buildings are civilization. Knowledge is the apple tree in the spring, adorned like a bride for her husband. Wisdom is the tree in the autumn bending beneath the burden of fruit that makes glad the heart of man.

She was a "sweet girl graduate with golden hair." She could dance divinely; play beautifully; paint passably; read, write, and talk in English, French, and German, but she could not think in any language. She had never been taught to think. The shelves of her memory were filled with the "canned goods" of other people's thinking. She knew it was true, for the label said so. When she graduated she read an essay on a social ques-

tion that had vexed men for a hundred years. When she stepped from the platform she disappeared. Why? Because there was nothing in her mind that was not in books. It is cheaper to buy a book than to support a woman. The binding costs less, and you can shut it up when you are tired without making any one mad.

Her grandmother sat in the corner knitting. She was a dear old lady with silver hair. She could not dance; it was wrong to dance when she was a girl. She could not play the piano. She was a past-master at the wash-tub. She could not paint; she had whitewashed the cellar walls. She knew nothing of French, or German, and her English was uncertain. She Mormonized her speech, giving plural verbs to singular nouns, but she was a wise old woman—and wisdom wins. When the young wife found her husband was losing interest and the matrimonial bond did not pay, she sought grandmother's advice how to renew the investment. Young mothers ask grandmother how to take the babies safely through teething, measles, and mumps. They never sought the advice of the girl who knew, but of the woman who was wise—for *wisdom wins.*

"With all thy getting get wisdom." You will not have much competition. You can ask your own price for it. The man who knows gets fifty dollars for a retainer; the man who is wise gets five thousand dollars. The doctor who knows gets five dollars a visit; the doctor who is wise gets five hundred dollars for a consultation. Wisdom wins. You may put a wise man where you will—the world will find him. If on an island, men seek him on rafts; if in the heart of a forest, they cut their way to him with axes. He does not need to advertise.

Many years ago the Philistines had the Hebrews under foot. There was not a smith in all Israel. A woman sat

under a palm tree and prophesied. Men listened to her speech. She organized an army and broke the back of Philistia—but Deborah was a wise woman, and wisdom wins.

The Soul the Companion of God

Wisdom wins souls, for wisdom knows values and *the soul is the most valuable created force in the universe. It is the companion of God,* the son of the Eternal. Last year we had a fire in Brookline. Thousands of dollars in rugs, books, pictures, jewels, and furniture were destroyed. Not a tear was shed. The grandmother of the family crept out of the second-story chamber window, dragged her broken body under a bush, was taken to the hospital, and died on the third day. The family wept. Things may be replaced; a life blotted out cannot be restored. The soul is of more value than all things.

The soul is valuable, first, *because of its essential being.* When I was living in Buffalo a physician and surgeon went with the Federal Regiment to the Philippines. After the brown brothers were convinced that the white men were their friends the doctor was dismissed from service and returned by way of Japan. In Tokio he bought a temple mirror, a bit of metal the size of a tea-plate. The back looks like a relief-map of New England. The face is polished until it equals a plate-glass mirror. I looked into it and saw what is to me the most interesting fact in Nature—my own face. If you had looked you would have seen what interests you most—your own face. I handed the mirror back to the doctor and congratulated him on having so fine a piece of metal workmanship. He replied: "You haven't seen the mirror. The man who made that was not thinking of the human face. Tomorrow morning hold it up in the light of the

sun and look at the ceiling." I did, and there traced in lines of light was the face and form of Gautama Buddha, the great king of the East. Today four hundred million men and women worship him. Where would you not go—what would you not do, to see the face of the God you worship? And yet these worshipers in the East see the sun kiss the mirror and the god is born. God hath wrought himself into the soul of man. It is the business of the church to lift the soul into the light of the Uplifted Countenance that there may be joy in the presence of the angels when a new soul flashes back the divine likeness.

The Soul's Outlook

Secondly, *the soul is of value because of its output.* He who heals the spring heals the outflow. On the edge of the Jordan plain in Palestine is a great spring. Every drop of water flowing over its edge makes the desert blossom like the rose. Centuries ago it was a fountain of death. Every drop of water blasted vegetable life. A prophet cast salt into the spring and healed the output, and the flow through the centuries witnesses to his power. So the man who wins a soul for God wins the output. Darwin says that all the earth food furnished to the vegetable world is prepared by the earthworm. Plants live on predigested food. Raw soil would kill the plant with indigestion. What we call civilization is the expression of human thought. Today a thought—tomorrow a building; today a thought—tomorrow a machine; today a thought—tomorrow a picture; today a thought—tomorrow a city. And he who wins the thinker wins the thought. When the daughter of Pharaoh lifted Moses from the Nile she unhinged the gates of slavery. She made the law of Sinai possible, organizing Israel,

and the foundation of Christianity. If she had known, she could have strangled the life in a moment and spared the land she loved—saving Moses, she made Israel and Christianity possible. When Hannah devoted Samuel to God she gave the life that organized Israel into a kingdom, anointed David as king, founded the School of the Prophets, and made the Hebrews a power in the Eastern world. By the banks of a Virginia river a woman shaped the life that formed the Republic. On the edge of the Western wilderness a woman molded the life that freed the Negro from the bondage of slavery. Men make governments. Women make men. Seek the ballot if you wish, but do not neglect the cradle. The first mortgage controls the property, and she who wins the soul wins the output.

The Sources of Wisdom

Where shall we get wisdom? From literature and from life. A good book is the life-blood of a master spirit saved up for a life beyond life. Books are the reservoirs that start the thinking of the centuries. A young man goes to his pastor and says, "Pastor, I want to be a doctor." A sensible choice—for so long as men are born of the flesh they are born to fleshly ills, and with inherited ills we must needs have doctors for the flesh. The young man takes four years in the academy, four years in the college, and then his mind is so tempered and edged that it will not turn when he cuts green cheese. Three years at the medical school and a year in the hospital; then the state turns the body of citizens to the care of the doctor—but when the wind blows across the young man's mind you smell drugs. He thinks symptoms, dreams of diseases, and plans cures. When he shakes a young lady by the hand he runs his finger

up her wrist to feel her pulse. When he looks into her eye he searches for symptoms of health and disease. When she is talking he seeks to catch a glimpse of her tongue to see if it is coated. He cannot help it. The literature that he has studied has molded and shaped his inner life. His brother prepares for the bench. Academy and college are followed by the legal school. When he proposes he argues as though before a jury. When he prays he pleads with the judge. The literature has shaped his thinking. Preparation for any profession involves a mastering of the literature, and the literature molds the mind. If you want wisdom to win souls, study the Book of Life, the one book that sums up what men have been taught by God and the way to God and what God has revealed of himself to man and the secret of finding him. Search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify to the One who is made unto us the wisdom of God. Study them as the doctor studies the medical book or the lawyer the book of law, and the wisdom of the book becomes your wisdom and you will win souls.

The second source of wisdom is life. A book is a door into the heart of the author, not a barrier between the writer and the thinker. In preparing for college I studied a grammar written by a professor at Brown University. I thought I knew something of the man from the book, but months in a classroom taught me how little a man can put of himself into a book. The Bible is not a substitute for God but a way to God, and he who speaks to you through others will speak to you directly if you seek him. If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth freely to all men and upbraideth not. Do you know how to pray? "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." But, you say, you have not received. Have

you asked? The door has not been opened. Have you knocked at the door or bruised your knuckles on the walls? You have not found. But have you sought? Do you know how to pray? The other day a lad went into a drug-store. He deposited a cent in an opening in a metal box fastened to the wall. He drew out a little package. He went away with it. He knew what he wanted. He knew where it was. He knew how to get it. He knew what to do with it. He had offered a metal prayer to a metal god and got a gum answer and chewed it. Do you know what you want? Where to get it? How to get it? What to do with it? You went to the telephone and called up a friend. You made known your request and walked away. Your wife said, "Did you get him?" "Yes." "What did he say?" "Oh, I don't know, I couldn't wait for an answer." Then you wasted your friend's time and yours. Yet this is a parable of much that we call prayer. The value of prayer is in the answer, not the request. And you haven't time to wait for the answer. Take time to be holy. It takes time to be holy. Some things you can hurry; prayer cannot be hastened. I have a friend in Buffalo who owns an electric automobile. He watches the indicator carefully lest he be left with a dead machine far from home. He uses the last of the current to reach the garage. The manager puts the machine against the dynamo. The owner sleeps. The dynamo purrs through the night, and a new soul is born. Do you know how to put your soul up against God and leave it there, and let him pour himself into your life and renew your strength? That is prayer.

The Use of Wisdom

We can get wisdom to win souls through the Bible and from God in prayer. *How shall we use it? First, in life;*

secondly, in speech, for though speech is a part of life, yet we divide the two. Be what you want others to become. Example is more than speech. You cannot hope to win others to a life you do not live, to a God you do not love, to principles you do not practise.

Secondly, in speech. You say: "I don't like to hear that man talk. He doesn't live what he professes." Is that why you are silent? We pervert words. For many years I advertised the "Sunday Service." Now I advertise the "Sabbath Worship." You called on John the other Sunday morning. His wife said that he had gone to service. You asked, "What—does John work on the Lord's Day?" She said, "Why, no, he has gone to church to service"; and you went over to the church to see what John did at service. You found him sitting at the end of a pew. He joined in the singing of the hymns. He bowed his head during the prayer. He gave a silver piece to the collection, and settled back comfortably for a spiritual massage while the preacher gave what he had gathered of thought during the week, and he called that a "service." The other evening I went into my kitchen to get a glass of milk and a cracker. I found the maid sitting on one side of the table and her friend on the other side. He was talking. She was listening. She was "at service." That's what I pay her five dollars a week for, and when she changes to another home that wants a character I can write that she is a good girl. I caught her at "service" faithful. It is only in the religious world that we think of service in the passive voice, being ministered unto, rather than ministering. The one most useful form of service is speech. "But," you say, "I do not believe in talking about religion; it is too sacred." Then you are wiser than your Master, Christ. He wrote no book. He organized no church. He sent out preach-

ers. He bade his disciples to go into all the world and preach, discipling all nations. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and out of the emptiness of the heart the mouth is silent. If you have no stock on the shelves, do not make an exhibit in the show-windows. Listen to a parable. John came to me the other day and said, "Pastor, do you know Jane?" I said, "Yes, nice girl, isn't she?" "Nice? She's the only one in the church." "Well, you go and tell her that. She will never know what you think of her by your telling me." So John called on Jane once. I asked him afterward if he had called and he said, "Yes, once." "Why not again?" "Oh, it's no use." I asked Jane, "Did John call on you?" "Yes, once." "Why not again?" "Oh, what's the use?" "What did he do?" "Why, he didn't do anything. He sat silent for a half hour, and then walked out." I said to John afterward, "Why didn't you tell her what your feelings toward her were?" "Oh," he said, "love is too sacred a subject to talk about"—and John is still single and he will be single until he recovers from that folly. Love too sacred to be talked about? Don't you know that a man in love can't talk of anything else, that a man who loves his child is always willing to talk about her, that a man who loves his country is always boasting about it? The passion of love, like a fire, blazes and conquers everything it touches. The trouble with you, my friend, is that you have lost your first love and now fall back upon the untruth that love is too sacred to be talked about.

A Bond and Its Coupons

During my life in Buffalo we had an evangelistic service under Doctor Torrey. We summoned a gentleman from Philadelphia to talk to us about doing personal

work. He gave the experience to about one hundred and fifty of us, so it was not a personal matter. He said: "My name is so and so. I have charge of the traveling agents of a large business enterprise. I teach men how to talk to sell goods. I am a Presbyterian. I have been a member of the church for twenty-three years. I have the highest-priced pew on the right-hand side of the broad aisle. I pay my rental regularly. I subscribe to the missionary enterprises of the church. I attend the service faithfully. But for twenty-three years I have not won a soul to Christ." He had never tried to. He had never spoken to a man about Christ. He had never urged the claims of the Master. The twenty-three years might become twenty-three centuries of silence without winning a soul.

"Doctor Torrey came to Philadelphia. I joined the chorus. After the first sermon the doctor urged us all to do personal work. I sat and watched while the others worked. Alexander turned to me and asked. 'Are you a Christian?' I said, 'I am, sir.' 'Why don't you go to work?' I was mad enough to knock him off the platform. What right had any man to talk to me like that? Then conscience said, 'Are you a Christian?' I replied, 'Yes.' 'Why don't you go to work?' I can knock Alexander down but I could not silence conscience. I stepped off the platform and met a man—he was coming toward the pulpit. I asked, 'Are you a Christian?' He said, 'No.' 'Do you want Christ?' 'I do.' I sat with him and led him to Christ. Oh, the joy of it! There is no joy like it." He then took a small book from his pocket and said (that was nine months ago): "Here are the names and addresses of two hundred and twenty men whom I have won to Christ in nine months. Twenty-three years of silence and not a soul won!

Nine months of pleading and two hundred and twenty souls won."

Off which bond will you take your coupons on the day of judgment, the bond of silence or the bond of speech?

Wisdom wins. Wisdom wins souls because it knows values. We get wisdom from the Bible and in prayer. We use wisdom in life and in speech, and wisdom wins.

V

ADONIRAM JUDSON[1]

THE name of a babe is sometimes a prophecy fulfilled by the character of the man. Isaac called his second-born Jacob, supplanter. He supplanted Esau twice. Mary named her babe Jesus, Saviour. He saved his people from their sins. In ancient Israel Abda named his son Adoniram, "the lord of exaltation." Solomon sent a levy of thirty thousand men to Lebanon to cut timber for his building. Adoniram was over the levy. A man who can manage thirty thousand laborers for months without a strike may well be called "the lord of exaltation." Rehoboam succeeded Solomon and sent Adoniram to collect tribute. The people stoned him to death. Thus he gave his life in service and sacrifice to his king. In Malden, Massachusetts, in the Congregational parsonage, a babe was born and named Adoniram—"the lord of exaltation." He gave his life in service and sacrifice to a greater than Solomon and to the building of a kingdom that has no frontier.

Heredity and environment have much to do with shaping character. The web of life is spun of threads woven by heredity and environment. Adoniram's father was a stern disciplinarian of the Puritan type. His mother was one of the finest products of New England home life. Strength and beauty were the two pillars in Adoniram's temple.

[1] An address delivered on the occasion of the Judson Centennial Celebration in Tremont Temple, Boston, Massachusetts, June 24, 1914.

The traveler in London seeks Saint Paul's Cathedral, an island of silence in a sea of sound. Tired of the strife of tongues, he finds rest under the shadow of the Eternal Presence in the great cathedral. The massive walls and springing dome shelter the bodies of men who helped to make England great. Nelson made her mistress of the seas. Wellington broke the spell of Napoleon and freed Europe from the power of France. Greater than either Nelson or Wellington is Sir Christopher Wren, who rebuilt Saint Paul's and the city of London after the great fire. In greater London are sixty parish churches planned by the great architect. On the wall of Saint Paul's is a memorial tablet to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren, "If you would behold my monument, look about you"—on the beauty of the cathedral; on the city, the capital of an empire; on the sixty parish churches nourishing the soul of the city, and on the score of churches in the American Republic built after the model of the parish church.

In the city of Malden, Massachusetts, is a noble meeting-house. On one of the walls is a tablet:

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON

BORN AUGUST 9, 1788.
DIED APRIL 12, 1850.

MALDEN, HIS BIRTHPLACE.

THE OCEAN, HIS SEPULCHRE.

CONVERTED BURMANS,
THE BURMAN BIBLE, HIS MONUMENT.

HIS RECORD IS ON HIGH.

The Years of Preparation

At three years of age, Judson, taught to read by his mother, read a chapter in the Bible to his father. At four years of age he gathered the neighboring children and preached to them. At seven years of age he studied and settled the question of the motion of the earth and sun. At sixteen years of age he entered Providence College, now Brown University, a year in advance. He was graduated three years later as valedictorian.

There are mental maladies, as well as physical diseases. Young men have mental mumps, "swelled head." In college Judson became a French infidel. Our fathers imported their political principles from France; the same ships brought over French infidelity. Few college students in those early days were Christians. Judson was led into the field of religious speculation by one of the most brilliant students in college. Reaching home he revealed his spiritual vacuum. His father reasoned with him, his mother wept and prayed in vain, for what is unreasonable cannot be reasoned away, what is not of the heart cannot be wept away. Germ diseases have their run—if the man is in good health, he conquers; if in poor health, they conquer. Much depends upon mental fiber whether a man is conquered by or conquers infidelity. Following his graduation Judson taught school a year and wrote text-books. His father was a wise man and sent him on a year of travel, hoping that meeting men would brush away the webs woven by speculation. Infidelity comes of overmuch thinking and too little action. Real life destroys unbelief as the sun burns off mists. Infidelity is born of books; religion is the life of God in the soul of man. There are inventors of religion as of machinery. The Patent Office is crowded with inventions

that do not work, and the test of reality proves the worthlessness of many inventions and more speculations. During his year of wandering, Judson joined a strolling band of actors and with them cheated the landlord of his just dues again and again—practical infidelity. If a man does not believe in God, why should he treat men honestly? (He afterward retraced his steps and paid the bills.) On his return trip he was a guest in a wayside inn. A dying man was in the next room. The groans of the sufferer, the noises made by the nurse, made sleep impossible. He began to think: "Suppose I were the dying man; am I ready? Suppose the dying man were my friend the infidel, is he ready?" The noises stopped: silence fell upon the house. In the morning the landlord told him that the man was dead. "Do you know who he was?" "Yes; Mr. ——, the most brilliant student ever graduated from Providence College." Two words flashed through Judson's mind. "Dead! Lost!" Turning his face toward home he entered Andover Seminary as a special student. He was not a Christian, but a seeker for the truth. In the Gulf Stream of seminary life the iceberg of his infidelity melted. Unbelief in phrases could not withstand the power of religion in life. A sermon by Rev. Claudius Buchanan turned his mind toward the mission field, and with five other young men he pledged his life to the foreign field.

A Man's Choice the Hinge of History

There was then no foreign missionary organization in the young republic. The States were a mission field, not a missionary force. Four of the young men formulated a petition and signed it, pleading with the churches to organize a foreign missionary board and send them to the foreign land. Young men, who have a long lease of life,

are short on patience. Older men, with a short lease of life, are long on patience. We pay years and acquire patience. These elderly men advised the young men to wait, and they would do the best they could. But Judson grew impatient and took an English ship for London that he might interest the English Christians in the missionary movement. There was a war on between France and England. The ship bearing the young missionary was seized by a French privateer, and he was thrust into the hold with the common sailors. Seasickness is the mother of pessimism. During the seminary course, Judson had received an invitation to become a tutor in English literature in Providence College and also a call to be the associate pastor of Doctor Griffin in Park Street Church, Boston. In the hold of the ship, a prisoner with the common sailors, sick unto death, he began to question the wisdom of his choice. To save himself from insanity, he began to translate the Hebrew Scriptures into Latin. The ship surgeon, finding the book, asked for the owner. They conversed in Latin, and Judson was moved to the officers' quarters. Landing in Bayonne, France, he marched through the street toward the prison, in company with the common sailors. He lifted up his voice in the little French he knew, to attract attention. The people laughed at him. He then tried English by way of attracting attention. A gentleman from America stepped up to him and warned him, "Be quiet, or you will get into trouble." Judson replied, "I have accomplished my purpose, I will now be quiet." He told his story. The American made him a visit, secured his release from prison, got him a pass from Napoleon to London, and Judson crossed over to England. There was trouble then between England and the United States, and the English Christians did not care to assume the support of

the American missionaries. Judson took ship for America. There he found that the Congregational Church had organized their foreign missionary work. Four of the young men were ordained to the foreign field. Judson and Newell were married and set sail from Salem on the Caravan for India. Luther Rice sailed from Philadelphia. England had closed all American ports, and under special permit the vessels were allowed to sail on condition that they would not salute any ship on the high seas.

New occasions teach new duties.
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires,
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Nor attempt the future's portals
With the past's blood-rusted key.

Judson was facing a new problem. In a Christian country the children of Christian parents were baptized, but he was facing the heathen world. Could he baptize the children of heathen parents? Should he baptize the heathen parents when they became Christians by sprinkling or immersion? What was the primitive form? The early church baptized adults on confession of faith. Seventeen weeks on his way from America to India he studied the question and made up his mind that he must become a Baptist. He conferred with his wife and, with a woman's conservatism, she refused to go with him. He might become a Baptist; she never would. They reached Calcutta to find a number of books in the library discussing the question on both sides. They read the books carefully, and soon after their arrival both applied for membership in the Baptist church.

Luther Rice, sailing from Philadelphia, faced the same

problem. He applied for membership in the Baptist church. They were thousands of miles from home, separated from the churches of which they were members, cut off from the source of supplies, without an organization guaranteeing support. Accordingly Rice took ship and returned to America to arouse the Baptist churches and organize "The General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States of America for Foreign Missions," which is today known as the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

The Years of Service and Sacrifice

The country of the Indias was under the control of the British East India Company, a corporation organized for revenue only. They said, "The Indians have religions enough of their own, they do not need Christianity, and we do not need American missionaries," and bade the American missionaries take their return ship for home. Judson and his wife drifted around for many months. Luther Rice returned with the pledged support of the Baptist churches, and the new mission struck root in Rangoon. You cannot teach eight million people English. One man can learn a foreign language. Judson bent his energies to the mastery of the Burmese language. He spent seven years before he baptized the first convert, and translated the Burmese Bible, so that he could teach it to the people. It took long years to drive a tunnel through the Hoosac Mountains. It took seven years to tunnel the Burmese language, but once the work was done, a precious freight of truth could be shipped through.

War sprung up between Burma and England. The Burmese king could not distinguish between the Americans and the English. They were of the same color,

spoke the same language, worshiped the same God. The American missionary drew his money from the English bank. The king reasoned that he was an English spy. He was seized and cast into prison. For nine months he wore three pairs of fetters. It might be well for men who believe in the dignity of human nature and the divinity of man, to take a course in a heathen prison where human nature, untouched by the light of revelation, expresses itself in terms of prison life. American prisons feed the prisoners. Heathen prisons do not. If a man is poor, he may starve. If he has rich friends, they may buy the privilege of feeding him. Heathen prisons are unspeakably filthy. Heathenism knows not the alphabet of sanitation. The prison keepers are unspeakably cruel. Judson was as dainty as a woman in the care of his person. He was thrown into a prison whose floors were covered with filth, a fellow prisoner with groups of Burmese heathen whose minds were as filthy as the soil they trod on. Some one had given the King of Burma a lion. When he learned that the English had a lion on their flag, he had the lion moved to the prison and starved, surrounded by the prisoners.

Mrs. Judson begged the use of the empty cage for her husband's room. The noble woman visited him day after day and week after week, bringing him clean clothes and needed food. She was absent from the prison some weeks and returned bearing a babe in her arms.

As the English soldiers pressed more and more closely on Ava, the capital, the king moved the prisoners from Ava to Aungbinle. Judson wrote the story of the travel in blood on the white manuscript of the Burmese road. The servant of a fellow prisoner tore his turban from his head and gave half to his master and half to Judson and bandaged their feet. Reaching Aungbinle, they were

thrown into a more cruel prison and five pairs of fetters put on the missionary's ankles, a long rod thrust between the manacled legs, and he was suspended for hours until his shoulders only touched the soil. His wife followed him and ministered to him. Her sufferings had dried the springs of food, and the missionary, with manacled ankles, carried the starving child from Burmese woman to Burmese woman, begging her to feed and thus save the life of his babe.

The English were successful, conquered the Burmese king, and made it a condition of peace that all prisoners should be released, and Judson became the translator of the new treaty. The government offered him three thousand dollars a year to serve as an English officer. He refused the offer and returned to his missionary work. His wife's health failed. She died, and he buried the body under a hopia tree. The babe soon followed the mother, and the body was buried beside her. He returned to his work of translation and teaching, living in an attic over the recitation-room.

Some years later, he married the widow of George Dana Boardman. The work was carried on for many years. Her health failing, he started for America with his wife and growing family. She died on the journey and was buried at St. Helena. He resumed his voyage with his children, and reached home at the end of thirty-two years' absence, a broken man, his voice a whisper. But the Christians of America greeted him as the tide answers to the call of the moon. He went from church to church, missions his message. Doctor Wayland and Doctor Kendrick stood by his side and repeated the message.

After recovering his health and strength, he married Miss Emily Chubbuck, June 2, 1846, and started for his field. One hundred and thirty-nine days from Boston, he

sighted the mountains of Burma again. After eighteen months he took up the task to which he had dedicated his life. The work at Moulmein welcomed him, but he longed for Rangoon. Within a year they sailed for and settled in Rangoon, leaving their treasures in the house in Moulmein. Fire destroyed the house and contents. He wrote to a fellow missionary, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The new Burman king was a bigoted Buddhist and blocked the work in every possible way. The English flag no longer protected them. Mission work was carried on in secret. Mr. Judson toiled on with his dictionary and met a few converts and inquirers in secret. Ten Burmans, one Karen, and two Americans gathered at the Lord's Supper. Eleven disciples and four inquirers met him in secret. In 1813 he entered Rangoon, and in 1847 he reentered Rangoon and taught eleven disciples. His great work was translation and making the dictionary. Hunted like a wild beast, watched by the government, plotted against by Catholic priests, he was at last driven back to Moulmein. He toiled like a galley-slave at his task of translation. November, 1849, he caught a severe cold, followed by dysentery and a congestive fever. A sea voyage was the last resort. Within a week of the time he bade his wife farewell he died after intense agony, and his body was committed to the deep. Three weeks after the parting the second child was born; the day of his birth was the day of his father's death. Ten days after the burial of the father the son sought him in the land of life.

Four choices were possible for Adoniram Judson. He might have remained an infidel, lived and died a strolling actor. When the last curtain fell and the lights were cut off, no one would have honored him. He might have

returned to Providence College, become a tutor, a professor, or possibly, with his splendid powers, the president of the college. He might have spent his years setting the veneer of culture on the coarser grain of student life. His life-work ended, death would have been followed by a quiet funeral, a white slab, and forgetfulness. He might have become associate pastor of the leading church of Boston and, in time, full pastor. He might have given his years to the local church, doing a needed but a narrow work. At the end of life he would have been buried on the edge of Boston, with a polished shaft, a month of memory, and forgetfulness. He stood on the firing-line for thirty-two years. He has become a world power. The eyes of Christendom are turned toward the restless sea that covers the quiet body, and the heart of Christendom honors the man who counted not his life dear to himself but gave his powers to his King. The sea has his body in trust. Christ has his spirit. We have the inspiration of his life. Another generation in Burma waits for the gospel; another generation in America is responsible for giving the gospel. We can trust the sea to guard her treasure, we can trust the Christ to guard his spirit; can the Christ trust us to do our duty as Judson did his and honor his memory by carrying on his work and doing Christ's will?

VI

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

A CENTURY and a half ago our political forefathers, tired of making bricks without straw, accomplished an exodus. Journeying through the wilderness of war they entered the land of promise of political equality. They stated the causes which impelled them to separation from England, and declared:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Political liberty depends upon obedience to law. Law is the expression of will for the regulation of life.

Three centuries ago our spiritual forefathers accomplished an exodus seeking religious liberty. In the cabin of the Mayflower they drew up a compact binding themselves to obey just and equal laws to be made for the general good. Religious liberty depends upon obedience to law.

The Puritans settling Massachusetts Bay organized a Congregational church, a democracy conditioning liberty upon obedience to law. Those who did not obey the laws enacted by them were undesirable citizens.

Henry Dunster, president of Harvard College for fourteen years, was turned out of office because he denied infant baptism. The doors of the First Baptist Church

in Boston were nailed up, and Baptists were fined and flogged in the colony.

The Puritans believed in the union of Church and State, and imprisoned those who refused to support the State Church by paying taxes.

The First Amendment to the Federal Constitution declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Massachusetts refused to accept the amendment. It was not until 1833 that she divorced Church and State.

In the struggle for religious liberty the Baptists were leaders. There are three words, used in different fields of thought, that mean the same: contract, treaty, covenant. A contract is an agreement in the business world, a treaty is an agreement in the political world, a covenant is an agreement in the religious world. Breaking of contract demoralizes business, of treaty demoralizes states, of covenant demoralizes religion. When either contract, treaty, or covenant is a "scrap of paper" the foundations are destroyed.

We speak of the Bible as the Old and the New Testament, better, *Covenant*. The word covenant sums up the Hebrew religion. The law was in the ark of the covenant. Abraham cut covenant with Jehovah. The promises to Israel were conditioned upon keeping the covenant. When the nation broke the covenant Jehovah withdrew the promise.

Christ gave a new covenant. Religious liberty depends upon keeping covenant with Christ.

A constitution written by men may be amended by men. A covenant given by the Christ can be changed only by him.

Every denomination stands for certain great principles.

These determine its separation from other bodies, its union with men of like faith. Many of these principles are shared by other groups, but not all of them. Many of them are now shared which were formerly rejected. Our platform of principles has many planks. There are differences of interpretation by men who stand on the same platform.

The Right of Private Judgment

I. *Baptists believe in the right of private judgment.* Every man stands or falls to his own master. Every spoke in the wheel is joined to the hub, and held in place by the rim. Power comes to each spoke from a common center. Every Christian has a personal relation with Christ. Every man must digest his own food, and build up his own body, every Christian eat his own bread of Life. We stand in the open and do not get our "dim religious light, through windows richly dight." Every man must take the light into his own eyes, and the light of Life into his own soul. In the Jewish faith the family was the unit of value. When Abraham was circumcised the slaves shared the covenant. In the Christian faith the individual is the unit of value. Abraham had the right of life and death over Isaac. No father has such a right now. The state makes every man a citizen as a unit; the father cannot swear allegiance for the son. Every student passes his own examination before graduating; no son can graduate on the scholarship of his father. Responsibility depends upon the right of private judgment. Spiritual birth, like physical birth, is a personal matter.

The Headship of Christ

II. *We accept the Headship of Christ.* He is the Head of the church, and the Head over all things unto the

church. He does not share his authority with any council, any bishop or pope, any tradition. His word is our law. In the "Charge of the Light Brigade" "somebody blundered," but not the men who obeyed the order. In our army Christ is the Captain. He never blunders, and it is ours to obey. If he thinks enough of an order to give it, we must think enough of it to obey it. The law of the member is found in the head; it is not for the hand to veto or amend the order from the brain. No man is under bonds to accept Christ, he may reject him by the use of his will, but having accepted him as Lord, no man has a right to change his orders. Every kind of life comes under law. Fooling with law forfeits the life. "There is a law of the spirit of life." We trifle with it at our peril. A Christian has but two duties, to find out what Christ commands, to obey what he commands. The will of Christ is the end of argument, the beginning of action. Doing, not dodging duty, is the mark of a good man. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." The marriage service reads, "Love, honor, and obey." It is quite customary to cut out the "obey." This may be done by mutual agreement, but when the soul weds Christ by faith, no one has the right to cut out "obey" without the Master's will.

III. In our use of private judgment *we accept the Bible as the supreme rule of faith and practise.* Christ's use of the Old Testament commends it to us. The New Testament is our source of authority concerning what Christ was, is, and commands. It is to us what the guide-book is to the traveler, the judgment of the Supreme Court to the lawyer, the book of tactics to the soldier. Christ preceded the church. The church, the *ekklesia,* the called-out ones, were called out by him. The record of the calling is in the New Testament. The church did not

make the Testament. The truth in the book made the church. It is not to judge the book, but to be judged by it. The disciples went everywhere preaching the word given them to preach. A group of men wrote and adopted the Constitution, their successors may amend it. Christ called the Church, gave it its constitution, without power of amendment. Men called, repeated the call, and the New Testament is the record of the Man who called them, what he said, what he bade them do. The Christ called the church and gave it the Book through men he taught. His spoken word is our law of life. The record of that word is in the Book. It found us, we did not find it. It rules us, we do not rule it.

The Nature of the Church

IV. We believe that *the church of Christ is an organization of baptized believers in Christ.* An idiot asylum is a group of mental degenerates, a church is a group of baptized regenerates. To call Jesus Lord is proof of spiritual life. The Jews and Gentiles of the world nineteen centuries ago became Christians by personal acceptance of Jesus as Lord; there is no other way today. The physical food must be taken and digested by each one for himself; the mental food must be accepted and inwardly digested by each one for himself; the spiritual truth that builds up character must be accepted by faith and digested by each one for himself. Obedience comes after acceptance, and acceptance means regeneration by the Spirit. The members of a body are sharers of the blood, nerve, life of the body. The church is the body of Christ, and we are members in particular. The man whose life is surrendered to Christ ought to be baptized; no other has a right to the ordinance. Once a man is dead his will is a trust; he cannot change it, no

one else has a right to. If he were living where he could change it, he might come back. Christ left certain commands, an order of service: "Preach, teach, baptize." He is living, he has never changed his will, we ought not to. His personal followers baptized only after confession of faith; they knew what he meant when he sent them forth. The early church was made up of baptized believers. That is the mold for the centuries.

What is Baptism?

V. As to the form of baptism, using our private judgment, studying the New Testament, *we believe that Jesus was immersed, that he commanded immersion on confession of faith, that the apostles baptized by immersion on confession of faith.* That is sufficient for us. To know what Jesus did, to know what he commanded, to know what his followers did, closes the argument. The word used means immersion, the symbol used means immersion. The Greek Catholic Church practises immersion, the Roman Catholic Church practised immersion until it believed that salvation depended upon baptism, then changed the form to meet the new faith. Dean Stanley says:

> Even in the Church of England it is still observed in theory. The rubric in the public baptism for infants enjoins that, unless for special causes, they are to be dipped, not sprinkled. Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth were both immersed.

The Lord's Supper

VI. *As to the Lord's Supper, we hold that it belongs to the church.* We never heard of a group of people celebrating the Supper who did not believe in Christ. It does not belong to the State or to the world. The early church was made up of men and women who had been

Jews or heathen. The Jews would not observe the Supper until they had accepted Christ. The heathen would not observe the Supper while heathen. Only Christians cared to remember Christ. There was nobody to invite. Christians needed no invitation, others had no desire to celebrate the memorial feast. We find no hint of an invitation, no form of an invitation. The man who has a right to partake needs no invitation, the man who has no right cannot have it conferred by invitation. The conditions are very different now. We are surrounded by organizations of Christians, we acknowledge that they are organized into churches, they observe the Lord's Supper as a memorial feast. We do not till them as a field outside the church, we cooperate with them as a force in Christian work. Such men and women must be their own judges as to their right to the Lord's Supper wherever spread. If they have a right they need no invitation; if they have no right we cannot confer it by invitation. We do not stand by the open baptistery and urge them to enter that; why should we stand by the table and urge them to partake with us?

Relation Between Church and State

VII. *We believe in the absolute separation of Church and State.* When Roger Williams advocated this principle he was banished from Massachusetts. Nations beyond the sea still support organized religion by the state. The principle of separation advocated by the Baptists from the beginning of American history is now accepted by all forms of faith except the Roman Catholic. Leo XIII, in an encyclical addressed to his flock in the United States, January 6, 1895, writes, after noting the undeniable prosperity of the Roman Catholic Church in America:

Yet though all this is true, it would be very erroneous to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the type of the most desirable status of the Church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for State and Church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced. The fact that Catholicity with you is in good condition, nay, is enjoying a prosperous growth, is by all means to be attributed to the fecundity with which God has endowed his Church, in virtue of which, unless men or circumstances interfere, she spontaneously expands and propagates herself; but she would bring forth more abundant fruits if, in addition to liberty, she enjoyed the favor and patronage of public authority.

November 1, 1885, Pius X, writing of France, says:

If it be true that any Christian State does something which is eminently disastrous and reprehensible in separating itself from the Church, how much more deplorable is that in France.

Portugal adopted a republican constitution, Pope Pius X issued a decree nullifying the constitution.

We of our apostolic authority, reprobate, condemn, and reject the law separating Church and State in Portugal. We proclaim and announce that whatever it contains contrary to the inviolable rights of the Church is null and void.

Boniface VIII, in the Bull *Unam Sanctam* affirms:

The tribunal of the Church is higher than that of the civil power. Now, the superior is able to revise the causes of the inferior; but the inferior is in no wise able to revise the causes of the superior.

It matters not which pope speaks, he speaks for all time, by authority. The Baptist principle, and in this country, the Protestant principle, is the absolute separation of Church and State. The State must keep her hands off

the Church, and the Church must keep her hands out of the pocket of the State.

The Missionary Field

VIII. "The world is the field." *It is the duty of the Church to conquer the world.* This conquest is by preaching, teaching, and living the truth. Each generation of Christians is responsible for the living generation of unbelievers. The living are not responsible for the dead, either to preach to them or to pray for them. The living are not responsible for the unborn. The present generation of believers is responsible for the present generation of unbelievers. We are not, like Lot's wife, to look over our shoulders, nor like the apostles on Olivet, to stand staring up into heaven, but to go into all the world and preach to every creature, responsible for the Jerusalem in which we live, the Judea, the Samaria, and uttermost parts of the earth stretching around us; the limit of responsibility, the last man, of time, the last breath.

Christ faced his generation, we must face our generation, filling up what is behind of his sufferings in our own body. The living church is the body for the living Christ to save the spiritually dead of each generation. When a man breaks a contract the appeal is to the courts. When a state breaks a treaty the appeal is to arms. When a man breaks a covenant the writer of it withdraws the spirit and liberty becomes lawlessness.

Political liberty depends upon obedience to Law.

Religious liberty depends upon obedience to Law.

Christ is the Law-giver of spiritual life. "If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed."

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